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WILD WALES:

ITS PEOPLE, LANGUAGE, AND SCENERY.

BY GEORGE BORROW,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIBLE IN SPAIN," ETC.

"Their Lord they shall praise,
Their language they shall keep,
Their land they shall lose,
Except Wild Wales."

TALIESIN: *Destiny of the Britons.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

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WILD WALES:

ITS PEOPLE, LANGUAGE, AND SCENERY.

CHAPTER I.

BOXING HARRY.—MR. BOS.—BLACK BOBIN.—DROVERS.—COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

I ARRIVED at the hostelry of Mr. Pritchard without meeting any adventure worthy of being marked down. I went into the little parlour, and, ringing the bell, was presently waited upon by Mrs. Pritchard, a nice matronly woman, whom I had not before seen, of whom I inquired what I could have for dinner.

"This is no great place for meat," said Mrs. Pritchard, "that is fresh meat, for sometimes a fortnight passes without anything being killed in the neighbourhood. I am afraid at present

there is not a bit of fresh meat to be had. What we can get you for dinner I do not know, unless you are willing to make shift with bacon and eggs."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said I, "I will have the bacon and eggs with tea and bread-and-butter, not forgetting a pint of ale—in a word, I will box Harry."

"I suppose you are a commercial gent," said Mrs. Pritchard.

"Why do you suppose me a commercial gent?" said I. "Do I look one?"

"Can't say you do much," said Mrs. Pritchard; "you have no rings on your fingers, nor a gilt chain at your waistcoat-pocket, but when you said 'Box Harry,' I naturally took you to be one of the commercial gents, for when I was at Liverpool I was told that that was a word of theirs."

"I believe the word properly belongs to them," said I. "I am not one of them; but I learnt it from them, a great many years ago, when I was much amongst them. Those whose employers were in a small way of business, or allowed them insufficient salaries, frequently

used to 'box Harry,' that is have a beef-steak, or mutton-chop, or perhaps bacon and eggs, as I am going to have along with tea and ale instead of the regular dinner of a commercial gentleman, namely, fish, hot joint and fowl, pint of sherry, tart, ale and cheese, and bottle of old port, at the end of all."

Having made arrangements for "boxing Harry" I went into the tap-room, from which I had heard the voice of Mr. Pritchard proceeding during the whole of my conversation with his wife. Here I found the worthy landlord seated with a single customer; both were smoking. The customer instantly arrested my attention. He was a man seemingly about forty years of age with a broad red face, with certain somethings, looking very much like incipient carbuncles, here and there upon it. His eyes were grey and looked rather as if they squinted; his mouth was very wide, and when it opened displayed a set of strong white, uneven teeth. He was dressed in a pepper-and-salt coat of the Newmarket cut, breeches of corduroy and brown top boots, and had on his

head a broad, black, coarse, low-crowned hat. In his left hand he held a heavy whale-bone whip with a brass head. I sat down on a bench nearly opposite to him and the landlord.

"Well," said Mr. Pritchard; "did you find your way to Llanfair?"

"Yes," said I.

"And did you execute the business satisfactorily which led you there?" said Mr. Pritchard.

"Perfectly," said I.

"Well, what did you give a stone for your live pork?" said his companion glancing up at me, and speaking in a gruff voice.

"I did not buy any live pork," said I; "do you take me for a pig-jobber?"

"Of course," said the man in pepper-and-salt; "who but a pig-jobber could have business at Llanfair?"

"Does Llanfair produce nothing but pigs?" said I.

"Nothing at all," said the man in the pepper-and-salt, "that is nothing worth mentioning. You wouldn't go there for runts, that is if you were in your right senses; if you were in want

of runts you would have gone to my parish and have applied to me Mr. Bos; that is if you were in your senses. Wouldn't he, John Pritchard?"

Mr. Pritchard thus appealed to took the pipe out of his mouth, and with some hesitation said that he believed the gentleman neither went to Llanfair for pigs nor black cattle but upon some particular business.

"Well," said Mr. Bos, "it may be so, but I can't conceive how any person, either gentle or simple, could have any business in Anglesey save that business was pigs or cattle."

"The truth is," said I, "I went to Llanfair to see the birth-place of a great man—the cleverest Anglesey ever produced."

"Then you went wrong," said Mr. Bos, "you went to the wrong parish, you should have gone to Penmynnydd; the clebber man of Anglesey was born and buried at Penmynnydd, you may see his tomb in the church."

"You are alluding to Black Robin," said I, "who wrote the ode in praise of Anglesey—yes, he was a very clever young fellow, but excuse me, he was not half such a poet as Gronwy Owen."

"Black Robin," said Mr. Bos, "and Gronow Owen, who the Devil were they? I never heard of either. I wasn't talking of them, but of the clebberest man the world ever saw. Did you never hear of Owen Tiddir? If you didn't, where did you get your education?"

"I have heard of Owen Tudor," said I, "but never understood that he was particularly clever; handsome he undoubtedly was—but clever——"

"How not clebber?" interrupted Mr. Bos. "If he wasn't clebber, who was clebber? Didn't he marry a great queen, and was not Harry the Eighth his great grandson?"

"Really," said I, "you know a great deal of history."

"I should hope I do;" said Mr. Bos. "O, I wasn't at school at Blewmaris for six months for nothing; and I haven't been in Northampton, and in every town in England without learning something of history. With regard to history I may say that few——. Won't you drink?" said he patronizingly, as he pushed a jug of ale which stood before him on a little table towards me.

Begging politely to be excused on the plea that I was just about to take tea, I asked him in what capacity he had travelled all over England.

"As a drover to be sure," said Mr. Bos, "and I may say that there are not many in Anglesey better known in England than myself—at any rate I may say that there is not a public-house between here and Worcester at which I am not known."

"Pray excuse me," said I, "but is not droving rather a low-lifed occupation?"

"Not half so much as pig-jobbing," said Bos, "and that that's your trade I am certain, or you would never have gone to Llanfair."

"I am no pig-jobber," said I, "and when I asked you that question about droving, I merely did so because one Ellis Wynn, in a book he wrote, gives the drovers a very bad character, and puts them in Hell for their mal-practices."

"O, he does," said Mr. Bos, "well the next time I meet him at Corwen I'll crack his head for saying so. Mal-practices—he had better look at his own, for he is a pig-jobber too. Written a book has he? then I suppose he has been left a

legacy, and gone to school after middle-age, for when I last saw him, which is four years ago, he could neither read nor write."

I was about to tell Mr. Bos that the Ellis Wynn that I meant was no more a pig-jobber than myself, but a respectable clergyman, who had been dead considerably upwards of a hundred years, and that also, notwithstanding my respect for Mr. Bos's knowledge of history, I did not believe that Owen Tudor was buried at Penmynnydd, when I was prevented by the entrance of Mrs. Pritchard, who came to inform me that my repast was ready in the other room, whereupon I got up and went into the parlour to "box Harry."

Having despatched my bacon and eggs, tea and ale, I fell into deep meditation. My mind reverted to a long past period of my life, when I was to a certain extent mixed up with commercial travellers, and had plenty of opportunities of observing their habits, and the terms employed by them in conversation. I called up several individuals of the two classes into which they used to be divided, for commercial travellers

in my time were divided into two classes, those who ate dinners and drank their bottle of port, and those who "boxed Harry." What glorious fellows the first seemed! What airs they gave themselves! What oaths they swore! and what influence they had with hostlers and chamber-maids! and what a sneaking-looking set the others were! shabby in their apparel; no fine ferocity in their countenances; no oaths in their mouths, except such a trumpery apology for an oath as an occasional "confounded hard;" with little or no influence at inns, scowled at by hostlers, and never smiled at by chamber-maids—and then I remembered how often I had bothered my head in vain to account for the origin of the term "box Harry," and how often I had in vain applied both to those who did box and to those who did not "box Harry," for a clear and satisfactory elucidation of the expression—and at last found myself again bothering my head as of old in a vain attempt to account for the origin of the term "boxing Harry."

CHAPTER II.

NORTHAMPTON.—HORSE-BREAKING.—SNORING.

TIRED at length with my vain efforts to account for the term which in my time was so much in vogue amongst commercial gentlemen I left the little parlour, and repaired to the common room. Mr. Pritchard and Mr. Bos were still there smoking and drinking, but there was now a candle on the table before them, for night was fast coming on. Mr. Bos was giving an account of his travels in England, sometimes in Welsh sometimes in English, to which Mr. Pritchard was listening with the greatest attention, occasionally putting in a "see there now," and "what a fine thing it is to have gone about." After some time Mr. Bos exclaimed:

"I think, upon the whole, of all the places I have seen in England I like Northampton best."

"I suppose," said I, "you found the men of Northampton good-tempered, jovial fellows?"

"Can't say I did," said Mr. Bos; "they are all shoemakers, and of course quarrelsome and contradictory, for where was there ever a shoemaker who was not conceited and easily riled? No, I have little to say in favour of Northampton as far as the men are concerned. It's not the men but the women that make me speak in praise of Northampton. The men are all ill-tempered, but the women quite the contrary. I never saw such a place for merched anladd as Northampton. I was a great favourite with them, and could tell you such tales."

And then Mr. Bos putting his hat rather on one side of his head told us two or three tales of his adventures with the merched anladd of Northampton, which brought powerfully to my mind part of what Ellis Wynn had said with respect to the practices of drovers in his day,

detestation for which had induced him to put the whole tribe into Hell.

All of a sudden I heard a galloping down the road, and presently a mighty plunging, seemingly of a horse, before the door of the inn. I rushed out followed by my companions, and lo, on the open space before the inn was a fine young horse, rearing and kicking, with a young man on his back. The horse had neither bridle nor saddle, and the young fellow merely rode him with a rope, passed about his head—presently the horse became tolerably quiet, and his rider jumping off led him into the stable, where he made him fast to the rack and then came and joined us, whereupon we all went into the room from which I and the others had come on hearing the noise of the struggle.

"How came you on the colt's back Jenkins?" said Mr. Pritchard, after we had all sat down and Jenkins had called for some cwrw. "I did not know that he was broke in."

"I am breaking him in myself," said Jenkins speaking Welsh. "I began with him to-night."

"Do you mean to say," said I, "that you have begun breaking him in by mounting his back?"

"I do," said the other.

"Then depend upon it," said I, "that it will not be long before he will either break his neck or knees or he will break your neck or crown. You are not going the right way to work."

"O, myn Diawl!" said Jenkins, "I know better. In a day or two I shall have made him quite tame, and have got him into excellent paces, and shall have saved the money I must have paid away, had I put him into a jockey's hands."

Time passed, night came on, and other guests came in. There was much talking of first-rate Welsh and very indifferent English, Mr. Bos being the principal speaker in both languages; his discourse was chiefly on the comparative merits of Anglesey runts and Scotch bullocks, and those of the merched anladd of Northampton and the lasses of Wrexham. He preferred his own country runts to the Scotch kine, but said upon the whole, though a Welshman, he must give the preference to the merched

of Northampton over those of Wrexham, for free-and-easy demeanour, notwithstanding that in that point which he said was the most desirable point in females, the lasses of Wrexham were generally considered out-and-outers.

Fond as I am of listening to public-house conversation, from which I generally contrive to extract both amusement and edification, I became rather tired of this, and getting up, strolled about the little village by moonlight till I felt disposed to retire to rest, when returning to the inn, I begged to be shown the room in which I was to sleep. Mrs. Pritchard forthwith taking a candle conducted me to a small room upstairs. There were two beds in it. The good lady pointing to one, next the window, in which there were nice clean sheets, told me that was the one which I was to occupy, and bidding me good night, and leaving the candle departed. Putting out the light I got into bed, but instantly found that the bed was not long enough by at least a foot. "I shall pass an uncomfortable night," said I, "for I never yet could sleep comfortably in a bed too short. However, as

I am on my travels, I must endeavour to accommodate myself to circumstances." So I endeavoured to compose myself to sleep: before, however, I could succeed, I heard the sound of stumping steps coming upstairs, and perceived a beam of light through the crevices of the door, and in a moment more the door opened and in came two loutish farming lads whom I had observed below, one of them bearing a rushlight stuck into an old blacking-bottle. Without saying a word they flung off part of their clothes, and one of them having blown out the rushlight, they both tumbled into bed, and in a moment were snoring most sonorously. "I am in a short bed," said I, "and have snorers close by me; I fear I shall have a sorry night of it." I determined, however, to adhere to my resolution of making the best of circumstances, and lay perfectly quiet, listening to the snorings as they rose and fell; at last they became more gentle and I fell asleep, notwithstanding my feet were projecting some way from the bed. I might have lain ten minutes or a quarter of an hour when I suddenly started up in the bed

broad awake. There was a great noise below the window of plunging and struggling interspersed with Welsh oaths. Then there was a sound as if of a heavy fall, and presently a groan. "I shouldn't wonder," said I, "if that fellow with the horse has verified my words, and has either broken his horse's neck or his own. However, if he has, he has no one to blame but himself. I gave him fair warning, and shall give myself no farther trouble about the matter, but go to sleep," and so I did.

CHAPTER III.

BRILLIANT MORNING.—TRAVELLING WITH EDIFICATION.—A GOOD CLERGYMAN.—GYBI.

I AWOKE about six o'clock in the morning, having passed the night much better than I anticipated. The sun was shining bright and gloriously into the apartment. On looking into the other bed I found that my chums, the young farm-labourers, had deserted it. They were probably already in the field busy at labour. After lying a little time longer I arose, dressed myself and went down. I found my friend honest Pritchard smoking his morning pipe at the front door and after giving him the sele of the day, I inquired of him the cause of the disturbance beneath my window the night before, and learned that the man of the horse had been thrown by the animal

off its back, that the horse almost immediately after had slipped down, and that both had been led home very much hurt. We then talked about farming and the crops, and at length got into a discourse about Liverpool. I asked him how he liked that mighty seaport; he said very well, but that he did not know much about it—for though he had had a house there where his family had resided, he had not lived much at Liverpool himself his absences from that place having been many and long.

"Have you travelled then much about England?" said I.

"No," he replied. "When I have travelled it has chiefly been across the sea to foreign places."

"But what foreign places have you visited?" said I.

"I have visited," said Pritchard, "Constantinople, Alexandria, and some other cities in the south latitudes."

"Dear me," said I, "you have seen some of the most celebrated places in the world—and yet you were silent, and said nothing about

your travels whilst that fellow Bos was pluming himself at having been at such places as Northampton and Worcester, the haunts of shoemakers and pig-jobbers."

"Ah," said Pritchard, "but Mr. Bos has travelled with edification; it is a fine thing to have travelled when one has done so with edification, but I have not. There is a vast deal of difference between me and him—he is considered the 'cutest man in these parts, and is much looked up to."

"You are really," said I, "the most modest person I have ever known and the least addicted to envy. Let me see whether you have travelled without edification."

I then questioned him about the places which he had mentioned, and found he knew a great deal about them, amongst other things he described Cleopatra's needle, and the At Maidan at Constantinople with surprising exactness.

"You put me out," said I; "you consider yourself inferior to that droving fellow Bos and to have travelled without edification, whereas you know a thousand times more than he, and indeed

much more than many a person who makes his five hundred a year by going about lecturing on foreign places, but as I am no flatterer I will tell you that you have a fault which will always prevent your rising in this world, you have modesty; those who have modesty shall have no advancement, whilst those who can blow their own horn lustily, shall be made governors. But allow me to ask you in what capacity you went abroad?"

"As engineer to various steamships," said Pritchard.

"A director of the power of steam," said I, "and an explorer of the wonders of Iscander's city willing to hold the candle to Mr. Bos. I will tell you what, you are too good for this world, let us hope you will have your reward in the next."

I breakfasted and asked for my bill; the bill amounted to little or nothing—half-a-crown I think for tea-dinner, sundry jugs of ale, bed and breakfast. I defrayed it, and then inquired whether it would be possible for me to see the inside of the church.

"O yes," said Pritchard. "I can let you in, for I am churchwarden and have the key."

The church was a little edifice of some antiquity, with a little wing and without a spire; it was situated amidst a grove of trees. As we stood with our hats off in the sacred edifice, I asked Pritchard if there were many Methodists in those parts.

"Not so many as there were," said Pritchard, "they are rapidly decreasing, and indeed dissenters in general. The cause of their decrease is that a good clergyman has lately come here, who visits the sick and preaches Christ, and in fact does his duty. If all our clergymen were like him there would not be many dissenters in Ynis Fon."

Outside the church, in the wall, I observed a tablet with the following inscription in English.

Here lieth interred the body of Ann, wife of Robert Paston, who deceased the sixth day of October, Anno Domini

1671.

R. P. A.

"You seem struck with that writing?" said Pritchard, observing that I stood motionless, staring at the tablet.

"The name of Paston," said I, "struck me; it is the name of a village in my own native district, from which an old family, now almost extinct, derived its name. How came a Paston into Ynys Fon? Are there any people bearing that name at present in these parts?"

"Not that I am aware," said Pritchard.

"I wonder who his wife Ann was?" said I, "from the style of that tablet she must have been a considerable person."

"Perhaps she was a daughter of the Lewis family of Llan Dyfnant," said Pritchard; "that's an old family and a rich one. Perhaps he came from a distance and saw and married a daughter of the Lewis of Dyfnant—more than one stranger has done so. Lord Vivian came from a distance and saw and married a daughter of the rich Lewis of Dyfnant."

I shook honest Pritchard by the hand, thanked him for his kindness and wished him farewell, whereupon he gave mine a hearty squeeze, thanking me for my custom.

"Which is my way," said I, "to Pen Caer Gybi?"

"You must go about a mile on the Bangor road, and then turning to the right pass through Penmynnydd, but what takes you to Holyhead?"

"I wish to see," said I, "the place where Cybi the tawny saint preached and worshipped. He was called tawny because from his frequent walks in the blaze of the sun his face had become much sun-burnt. This is a furiously hot day, and perhaps by the time I get to Holyhead, I may be so sun-burnt as to be able to pass for Cybi himself."

CHAPTER IV.

MOELFRE.—OWAIN GWYNEDD.—CHURCH OF PENMYNYDD.—THE ROSE OF MONA.

LEAVING Pentraeth Coch I retraced my way along the Bangor road till I came to the turning on the right. Here I diverged from the aforesaid road, and proceeded along one which led nearly due west; after travelling about a mile I stopped, on the top of a little hill; corn-fields were on either side, and in one an aged man was reaping close to the road; I looked south, west, north and east; to the south was the Snowdon range far away, with the Wyddfa just discernible; to the west and north was nothing very remarkable, but to the east or rather north-east, was mountain Lidiart and the tall hill confronting it across the bay.

"Can you tell me," said I to the old reaper, "the name of that bald hill, which looks towards Lidiart?"

"We call that hill Moelfre," said the old man desisting from his labour, and touching his hat.

"Dear me," said I; "Moelfre, Moelfre!"

"Is there anything wonderful in the name, sir?" said the old man smiling.

"There is nothing wonderful in the name," said I, "which merely means the bald hill, but it brings wonderful recollections to my mind. I little thought when I was looking from the road near Pentraeth Coch yesterday on that hill, and the bay and strand below it, and admiring the tranquillity which reigned over all, that I was gazing upon the scene of one of the most tremendous conflicts recorded in history or poetry."

"Dear me," said the old reaper; "and whom may it have been between? the French and English, I suppose."

"No," said I; "it was fought between one of your Welsh kings, the great Owain Gwy-

nedd, and certain northern and Irish enemies of his."

"Only think," said the old man, "and it was a fierce battle, sir?"

"It was indeed," said I; "according to the words of a poet, who described it, the Menai could not ebb on account of the torrent of blood which flowed into it, slaughter was heaped upon slaughter, shout followed shout, and around Moelfre a thousand war flags waved."

"Well, sir," said the old man, "I never before heard anything about it, indeed I don't trouble my head with histories, unless they be bible histories."

"Are you a Churchman?" said I.

"No," said the old man, shortly; "I am a Methodist."

"I belong to the Church," said I.

"So I should have guessed, sir, by your being so well acquainted with pennillion and histories. Ah, the Church. . ."

"This is dreadfully hot weather," said I, "and I should like to offer you sixpence for ale, but

as I am a Churchman I suppose you would not accept it from my hands."

"The Lord forbid, sir," said the old man, "that I should be so uncharitable! If your honour chooses to give me sixpence, I will receive it willingly. Thank your honour! Well, I have often said there is a great deal of good in the Church of England."

I once more looked at the hill which overlooked the scene of Owen Gwynedd's triumph over the united forces of the Irish Lochlanders and Normans, and then after inquiring of the old man whether I was in the right direction for Penmynnydd, and finding that I was, I set off at a great pace, singing occasionally snatches of Black Robin's ode in praise of Anglesey, amongst others the following stanza:—

> "Bread of the wholesomest is found
> In my mother-land of Anglesey;
> Friendly bounteous men abound
> In Penmynnydd of Anglesey."

I reached Penmynnydd, a small village consisting of a few white houses and a mill. The meaning of Penmynnydd is literally the top of

a hill. The village does not stand on a hill, but the church which is at some distance, stands on one, or rather on a hillock. And it is probable from the circumstance of the church standing on a hillock, that the parish derives its name. Towards the church after a slight glance at the village, I proceeded with hasty steps, and was soon at the foot of the hillock. A house, that of the clergyman, stands near the church, on the top of the hill. I opened a gate, and entered a lane which seemed to lead up to the church.

As I was passing some low buildings, probably offices pertaining to the house, a head was thrust from a door-way, which stared at me. It was a strange hirsute head, and probably looked more strange and hirsute, than it naturally was, owing to its having a hairy cap upon it.

"Good day," said I.

"Good days, sar," said the head, and in a moment more a man of middle stature, about fifty, in hairy cap, shirt-sleeves, and green apron round his waist, stood before me. He looked the beau-ideal of a servant of all work.

"Can I see the church?" said I.

"Ah, you want to see the church," said honest Scrub. "Yes sar! you shall see the church. You go up road there past church—come to house, knock at door—say what you want—and nice little girl show you church. Ah, you quite right to come and see church—fine tomb there and clebber man sleeping in it with his wife, clebber man that—Owen Tiddir; married great queen—dyn clebber iawn."

Following the suggestions of the man of the hairy cap I went round the church and knocked at the door of the house, a handsome parsonage. A nice little servant-girl presently made her appearance at the door, of whom I inquired whether I could see the church.

"Certainly, sir," said she; "I will go for the key and accompany you."

She fetched the key and away we went to the church. It is a venerable chapel-like edifice, with a belfry towards the west; the roof sinking by two gradations, is lower at the eastern or altar end, than at the other. The girl, unlocking the door, ushered me into the interior.

"Which is the tomb of Tudor?" said I to the pretty damsel.

"There it is, sir," said she, pointing to the north side of the church; "there is the tomb of Owen Tudor."

Beneath a low-roofed arch lay sculptured in stone, on an altar tomb, the figures of a man and woman; that of the man in armour; that of the woman in graceful drapery. The male figure lay next the wall.

"And you think," said I to the girl, "that yonder figure is that of Owen Tudor?"

"Yes, sir," said the girl; "yon figure is that of Owen Tudor; the other is that of his wife, the great queen; both their bodies rest below."

I forbore to say that the figures were not those of Owen Tudor and the great queen, his wife; and I forbore to say that their bodies did not rest in that church, nor anywhere in the neighbourhood, for I was unwilling to dispel a pleasing delusion. The tomb is doubtless a tomb of one of the Tudor race, and of a gentle partner of his, but not of the Rose of Mona and Catharine of France. Her bones rest in

some corner of Westminster's noble abbey; his moulder amongst those of thousands of others, Yorkists and Lancastrians, under the surface of the plain, where Mortimer's Cross once stood, that plain on the eastern side of which meanders the murmuring Lug; that noble plain, where one of the hardest battles which ever blooded English soil was fought; where beautiful young Edward gained a crown, and old Owen lost a head, which when young had been the most beautiful of heads, which had gained for him the appellation of the Rose of Anglesey, and which had captivated the glances of the fair daughter of France, the widow of Monmouth's Harry, the immortal victor of Agincourt.

Nevertheless, long did I stare at that tomb which though not that of the Rose of Mona and his queen, is certainly the tomb of some mighty one of the mighty race of Theodore—then saying something in Welsh to the pretty damsel at which she started, and putting something into her hand, at which she curtseyed, I hurried out of the church.

CHAPTER V.

MENTAL EXCITATION. — LAND OF POETS. — THE MAN IN GREY. — DRINKING HEALTHS. — THE GREATEST PRYDYDD. — ENVY. — WELSHMEN NOT HOGS. — GENTLEMANLY FEELING. — WHAT PURSUIT? — TELL HIM TO WALK UP. — EDITOR OF THE "TIMES." — CAREFUL WIFE. — DEPARTURE.

I REGAINED the high road by a short cut, which I discovered, across a field. I proceeded rapidly along for some time. My mind was very much excited: I was in the birth-place of the mighty Tudors—I had just seen the tomb of one of them; I was also in the land of the bard; a country which had produced Gwalchmai, who sang the triumphs of Owain, and him who had sung the Cowydd of Judgment, Gronwy Owen. So no wonder I was excited. On I went reciting bardic snatches connected with Anglesey. At length I began repeating Black Robin's ode in praise of the island, or rather my own translation of it, executed more than thirty years

before, which amongst others, contains the following lines :—

"Twelve sober men the muses woo,
Twelve sober men in Anglesey,
Dwelling at home, like patriots true,
In reverence for Anglesey."

"O," said I, after I had recited that stanza, "what would I not give to see one of those sober patriotic bards, or at least one of their legitimate successors, for by this time no doubt, the sober poets, mentioned by Black Robin, are dead. That they left legitimate successors who can doubt? for Anglesey is never to be without bards. Have we not the words, not of Robin the Black, but Huw the Red to that effect?

"'Brodir, gnawd ynddi prydydd;
Heb ganu ni bu ni bydd.'

"That is: a hospitable country, in which a poet is a thing of course. It has never been and will never be without song."

Here I became silent, and presently arrived at the side of a little dell or ravine, down which the road led, from east to west. The northern and southern sides of this dell were precipitous.

Beneath the southern one stood a small cottage. Just as I began to descend the eastern side, two men began to descend the opposite one, and it so happened that we met at the bottom of the dingle, just before the house, which bore a sign, and over the door of which was an inscription to the effect that ale was sold within. They saluted me; I returned their salutation, and then we all three stood still looking at one another. One of the men was rather a tall figure, about forty, dressed in grey, or pepper-and-salt, with a cap of some kind on his head, his face was long and rather good-looking, though slightly pock-broken. There was a peculiar gravity upon it. The other person was somewhat about sixty—he was much shorter than his companion, and much worse dressed—he wore a hat that had several holes in it, a dusty, rusty black coat, much too large for him; ragged yellow velveteen breeches, indifferent fustian gaiters, and shoes, cobbled here and there, one of which had rather an ugly bulge by the side near the toes. His mouth was exceedingly wide, and his nose remarkably

long; its extremity of a deep purple; upon his features was a half-simple smile or leer; in his hand was a long stick. After we had all taken a full view of one another I said in Welsh, addressing myself to the man in grey, "Pray may I take the liberty of asking the name of this place?"

"I believe you are an Englishman, sir," said the man in grey, speaking English, "I will therefore take the liberty of answering your question in the English tongue. The name of this place is Dyffryn Gaint."

"Thank you," said I; "you are quite right with regard to my being an Englishman, perhaps you are one yourself?"

"Sir," said the man in grey, "I have not the honour to be so. I am a native of the small island, in which we are."

"Small," said I, "but famous, particularly for producing illustrious men."

"That's very true indeed, sir," said the man in grey, drawing himself up; "it is particularly famous for producing illustrious men."

"There was Owen Tudor?" said I.

"Very true," said the man in grey, "his tomb is in the church a little way from hence."

"Then," said I, "there was Gronwy Owen, one of the greatest bards that ever lived. Out of reverence to his genius I went yesterday to see the place of his birth."

"Sir," said the man in grey, "I should be sorry to leave you without enjoying your conversation at some length. In yonder house they sell good ale, perhaps you will not be offended if I ask you to drink some with me and my friend?"

"You are very kind," said I, "I am fond of good ale, and fonder still of good company—suppose we go in?"

We went into the cottage, which was kept by a man and his wife, both of whom seemed to be perfectly well acquainted with my two new friends. We sat down on stools, by a clean white table in a little apartment with a clay floor—notwithstanding the heat of the weather, the little room was very cool and pleasant owing to the cottage being much protected

from the sun by its situation. The man in grey called for a jug of ale, which was presently placed before us along with three glasses. The man in grey having filled the glasses from the jug which might contain three pints, handed one to me, another to his companion, and then taking the third drank to my health. I drank to his, and that of his companion; the latter after nodding to us both, emptied his at a draught, and then with a kind of half-fatuous leer, exclaimed, "Da iawn, very good."

The ale, though not very good, was cool and neither sour nor bitter; we then sat for a moment or two in silence, my companions on one side of the table, and I on the other. After a little time the man in grey looking at me said:

"Travelling I suppose in Anglesey for pleasure?"

"To a certain extent," said I; "but my chief object in visiting Anglesey was to view the birth-place of Gronwy Owen; I saw it yesterday and am now going to Holy Head chiefly with a view to see the country."

"And how came you, an Englishman, to know anything of Gronwy Owen?"

"I studied Welsh literature when young," said I, "and was much struck with the verses of Gronwy: he was one of the great bards of Wales, and certainly the most illustrious genius that Anglesey ever produced."

"A great genius I admit," said the man in grey, "but pardon me, not exactly the greatest Ynis Fon has produced. The race of the bards is not quite extinct in the island, sir. I could name one or two—however, I leave others to do so—but I assure you the race of bards is not quite extinct here."

"I am delighted to hear you say so," said I, "and make no doubt that you speak correctly, for the Red Bard has said that Mona is never to be without a poet—but where am I to find one? Just before I saw you I was wishing to see a poet; I would willingly give a quart of ale to see a genuine Anglesey poet."

"You would, sir, would you?" said the man in grey, lifting his head on high, and curling his upper lip.

"I would, indeed," said I, "my greatest desire at present is to see an Anglesey poet, but where am I to find one?"

"Where is he to find one?" said he of the tattered hat; "where's the gwr boneddig to find a prydydd? No occasion to go far, he, he, he."

"Well," said I, "but where is he?"

"Where is he? why there," said he pointing to the man in grey—"the greatest prydydd in tîr Fon or the whole world."

"Tut, tut, hold your tongue," said the man in grey.

"Hold my tongue, myn Diawl, not I—I speak the truth," then filling his glass he emptied it exclaiming, "I'll not hold my tongue. The greatest prydydd in the whole world."

"Then I have the honour to be seated with a bard of Anglesey?" said I, addressing the man in grey.

"Tut, tut," said he of the grey suit.

"The greatest prydydd in the whole world," iterated he of the bulged shoe, with a slight hiccup, as he again filled his glass.

"Then," said I, "I am truly fortunate."

"Sir," said the man in grey, "I had no intention of discovering myself, but as my friend here has betrayed my secret, I confess that I am a bard of Anglesey—my friend is an excellent individual but indiscreet, highly indiscreet, as I have frequently told him," and here he looked most benignantly reproachful at him of the tattered hat.

"The greatest prydydd," said the latter, "the greatest prydydd that—" and leaving his sentence incomplete he drank off the ale which he had poured into his glass.

"Well," said I, "I cannot sufficiently congratulate myself, for having met an Anglesey bard—no doubt a graduate one. Anglesey was always famous for graduate bards, for what says Black Robin?

> "Though Arvon graduate bards can boast,
> Yet more canst thou, O Anglesey."

"I suppose by graduate bard you mean one who has gained the chair at an eisteddfod?" said the man in grey. "No, I have never gained the silver chair—I have never had an opportunity. I have been kept out of the eisteddfodau. There is such a thing as envy,

sir—but there is one comfort, that envy will not always prevail."

"No," said I; "envy will not always prevail—envious scoundrels may chuckle for a time at the seemingly complete success of the dastardly arts to which they have recourse, in order to crush merit—but Providence is not asleep. All of a sudden they see their supposed victim on a pinnacle far above their reach. Then there is weeping, and gnashing of teeth with a vengeance, and the long melancholy howl. O, there is nothing in this world which gives one so perfect an idea of retribution as the long melancholy howl of the disappointed envious scoundrel when he sees his supposed victim smiling on an altitude far above his reach."

"Sir," said the man in grey, "I am delighted to hear you. Give me your hand, your honourable hand. Sir, you have now felt the handgrasp of a Welshman, to say nothing of an Anglesey bard, and I have felt that of a Briton, perhaps a bard, a brother, sir? O, when I first

saw your face out there in the dyffryn, I at once recognised in it that of a kindred spirit, and I felt compelled to ask you to drink. Drink sir! but how is this? the jug is empty—how is this?—O, I see—my friend sir, though an excellent individual, is indiscreet sir—very indiscreet. Landlord, bring this moment another jug of ale!"

"The greatest prydydd," stuttered he of the bulged shoe—"the greatest prydydd—Oh——"

"Tut, tut," said the man in grey.

"I speak the truth and care for no one," said he of the tattered hat. "I say the greatest prydydd. If any one wishes to gainsay me let him show his face, and Myn Diawl——"

The landlord brought the ale, placed it on the table, and then stood as if waiting for something.

"I suppose you are waiting to be paid," said I; "what is your demand?"

"Sixpence for this jug, and sixpence for the other," said the landlord.

I took out a shilling and said: "It is but right that I should pay half of the reckoning,

and as the whole affair is merely a shilling matter I should feel obliged in being permitted to pay the whole, so, landlord, take the shilling and remember you are paid." I then delivered the shilling to the landlord, but had no sooner done so than the man in grey, starting up in violent agitation, wrested the money from the other, and flung it down on the table before me saying :—

"No, no, that will never do. I invited you in here to drink, and now you would pay for the liquor which I ordered. You English are free with your money, but you are sometimes free with it at the expense of people's feelings. I am a Welshman, and I know Englishmen consider all Welshmen hogs. But we are not hogs, mind you ! for we have little feelings which hogs have not. Moreover, I would have you know that we have money, though perhaps not so much as the Saxon." Then putting his hand into his pocket he pulled out a shilling, and giving it to the landlord said in Welsh : "Now thou art paid, and mayst go

thy ways till thou art again called for. I do not know why thou didst stay after thou hadst put down the ale. Thou didst know enough of me to know that thou didst run no risk of not being paid."

"But," said I, after the landlord had departed, "I must insist on being my share. Did you not hear me say that I would give a quart of ale to see a poet?"

"A poet's face," said the man in grey, "should be common to all, even like that of the sun. He is no true poet, who would keep his face from the world."

"But," said I, "the sun frequently hides his head from the world, behind a cloud."

"Not so," said the man in grey. "The sun does not hide his face, it is the cloud that hides it. The sun is always glad enough to be seen, and so is the poet. If both are occasionally hid, trust me it is no fault of theirs. Bear that in mind; and now pray take up your money."

"The man is a gentleman," thought I to myself, "whether poet or not; but I really believe him

to be a poet; were he not he could hardly talk in the manner I have just heard him."

The man in grey now filled my glass, his own and that of his companion. The latter emptied his in a minute, not forgetting first to say "the best prydydd in all the world!" the man in grey was also not slow to empty his own. The jug now passed rapidly between my two friends, for the poet seemed determined to have his full share of the beverage. I allowed the ale in my glass to remain untasted, and began to talk about the bards, and to quote from their works. I soon found that the man in grey knew quite as much of the old bards and their works as myself. In one instance he convicted me of a mistake.

I had quoted those remarkable lines in which an old bard, doubtless seeing the Menai Bridge by means of second sight, says: "I will pass to the land of Mona notwithstanding the waters of the Menai, without waiting for the ebb"—and was feeling not a little proud of my erudition when the man in grey after looking at me for a moment fixedly, asked me the name

of the bard who composed them—"Sion Tudor," I replied.

"There you are wrong," said the man in grey; "his name was not Sion Tudor, but Robert Vychan, in English, Little Bob. Sion Tudor wrote an englyn on the Skerries whirlpool in the Menai; but it was Little Bob, who wrote the stanza in which the future bridge over the Menai is hinted at."

"You are right," said I, "you are right. Well, I am glad that all song and learning are not dead in Ynis Fon."

"Dead," said the man in grey, whose features began to be rather flushed, "they are neither dead, nor ever will be. There are plenty of poets in Anglesey—why, I can mention twelve, and amongst them, and not the least—pooh, what was I going to say? twelve there are, genuine Anglesey poets, born there, and living there for the love they bear their native land. When I say they all live in Anglesey, perhaps I am not quite accurate, for one of the dozen does not exactly live in Anglesey, but just over the bridge. He is an elderly man, but his awen,

I assure you, is as young and vigorous as ever."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said I, "if he was a certain ancient gentleman, from whom I obtained information yesterday, with respect to the birth-place of Gronwy Owen."

"Very likely," said the man in grey; "well, if you have seen him consider yourself fortunate, for he is a genuine bard, and a genuine son of Anglesey, notwithstanding he lives across the water."

"If he is the person I allude to," said I, "I am doubly fortunate, for I have seen two bards of Anglesey."

"Sir," said the man in grey, "I consider myself quite as fortunate in having met such a Saxon as yourself, as it is possible for you to do, in having seen two bards of Ynis Fon."

"I suppose you follow some pursuit besides bardism?" said I; "I suppose you farm?"

"I do not farm," said the man in grey, "I keep an inn."

"Keep an inn?" said I.

"Yes," said the man in grey. "The —— Arms at L——."

"Sure," said I, "inn-keeping and bardism are not very cognate pursuits?"

"You are wrong," said the man in grey, "I believe the awen, or inspiration, is quite as much at home in the bar as in the barn, perhaps more. It is that belief which makes me tolerably satisfied with my position, and prevents me from asking Sir Richard to give me a farm instead of an inn."

"I suppose," said I, "that Sir Richard is your landlord?"

"He is," said the man in grey, "and a right noble landlord too."

"I suppose," said I, "that he is right proud of his tenant?"

"He is," said the man in grey, "and I am proud of my landlord, and will here drink his health. I have often said that if I were not what I am, I should wish to be Sir Richard."

"You consider yourself his superior?" said I.

"Of course," said the man in grey—"a baronet is a baronet; but a bard is a bard you know—I never forget what I am, and the respect due to my sublime calling. About a month ago I was seated in an upper apartment, in a fit of rapture, there was a pen in my hand, and paper before me on the table, and likewise a jug of good ale, for I always find that the awen is most prodigal of her favours, when a jug of good ale is before me. All of a sudden my wife came running up, and told me that Sir Richard was below, and wanted to speak to me. 'Tell him to walk up,' said I. 'Are you mad?' said my wife. 'Don't you know who Sir Richard is?' 'I do,' said I, 'a baronet is a baronet, but a bard is a bard. Tell him to walk up.' Well, my wife went and told Sir Richard that I was writing and could not come down, and that she hoped he would not object to walk up. 'Certainly not; certainly not,' said Sir Richard. 'I shall be only too happy to ascend to a genius on his hill. You may be proud of such a husband, Mrs. W.'

And here it will be as well to tell you that my name is W.— J. W. of ——. Sir Richard then came up, and I received him with gravity and politeness. I did not rise of course, for I never forget myself a moment, but I told him to sit down, and added, that after I had finished the pennill I was engaged upon, I would speak to him. Well, Sir Richard smiled and sat down, and begged me not to hurry myself, for that he could wait. So I finished the pennill, deliberately mind you, for I did not forget who I was, and then turning to Sir Richard entered upon business with him."

"I suppose Sir Richard is a very good-tempered man?" said I.

"I don't know," said the man in grey. "I have seen Sir Richard in a devil of a passion, but never with me—no, no! Trust Sir Richard for not riding the high horse with me—a baronet is a baronet, but a bard is a bard; and that Sir Richard knows."

"The greatest prydydd," said the man of the

tattered hat, emptying the last contents of the jug into his glass, "the greatest prydydd that ——."

"Well," said I, "you appear to enjoy very great consideration, and yet you were talking just now of being ill-used."

"So I have been," said the man in grey, "I have been kept out of the eisteddfoddau—and then—what do you think? That fellow the editor of the *Times*——."

"O," said I, "if you have anything to do with the editor of the *Times* you may, of course, expect nothing but shabby treatment, but what business could you have with him?"

"Why I sent him some pennillion for insertion, and he did not insert them."

"Were they in Welsh or English?"

"In Welsh, of course."

"Well, then the man had some excuse for disregarding them—because you know the *Times* is written in English."

"O, you mean the London *Times*," said the man in grey. "Pooh! I did not allude to that

trumpery journal, but the Liverpool *Times*, the Amserau. I sent some pennillion to the editor for insertion and he did not insert them. Peth a clwir cenfigen yn Saesneg?"

"We call cenfigen in English envy," said I; "but as I told you before, envy will not always prevail."

"You cannot imagine how pleased I am with your company," said the man in grey. "Landlord, landlord!"

"The greatest prydydd," said the man of the tattered hat, "the greatest prydydd."

"Pray don't order any more on my account," said I, "as you see my glass is still full. I am about to start for Caer Gybi. Pray where are you bound for?"

"For Bangor," said the man in grey. "I am going to the market."

"Then I would advise you to lose no time," said I, "or you will infallibly be too late; it must now be one o'clock."

"There is no market to-day," said the man in grey, "the market is to-morrow, which is Satur-

day. I like to take things leisurely, on which account, when I go to market, I generally set out the day before, in order that I may enjoy myself upon the road. I feel myself so happy here that I shall not stir till the evening. Now pray stay with me and my friend till then."

"I cannot," said I, "if I stay longer here I shall never reach Caer Gybi to-night. But allow me to ask whether your business at L—— will not suffer by your spending so much time on the road to market?"

"My wife takes care of the business whilst I am away," said the man in grey, "so it won't suffer much. Indeed it is she who chiefly conducts the business of the inn. I spend a good deal of time from home, for besides being a bard and innkeeper, I must tell you I am a horse-dealer and a jobber, and if I go to Bangor it is in the hope of purchasing a horse or pig worth the money."

"And is your friend going to market too?" said I.

"My friend goes with me to assist me and

bear me company. If I buy a pig he will help me to drive it home; if a horse, he will get up upon its back behind me. I might perhaps do without him, but I enjoy his company highly. He is sometimes rather indiscreet, but I do assure you he is exceedingly clever."

"The greatest prydydd," said the man of the bulged shoe, "the greatest prydydd in the world."

"O, I have no doubt of his cleverness," said I, "from what I have observed of him. Now before I go allow me to pay for your next jug of ale."

"I will do no such thing," said the man in grey. "No farthing do you pay here for me or my friend either. But I will tell you what you may do. I am, as I have told you, an innkeeper as well as a bard. By the time you get to L—— you will be hot and hungry and in need of refreshment, and if you think proper to patronize my house, the —— Arms by taking your chop and pint there, you will oblige me. Landlord, some more ale."

"The greatest prydydd," said he of the bulged shoe, "the greatest prydydd——"

"I will most certainly patronize your house," said I to the man in grey, and shaking him heartily by the hand I departed.

CHAPTER VI.

INN AT L——.—THE HANDMAID.—THE DECANTER.—RELIGIOUS GENTLEMAN.—TRULY DISTRESSING.—SENTENTIOUSNESS.—WAY TO PAY BILLS.

I PROCEEDED on my way in high spirits indeed, having now seen not only the tomb of the Tudors, but one of those sober poets for which Anglesey has always been so famous. The country was pretty, with here and there a hill, a harvest-field, a clump of trees or a grove. I soon reached L——, a small but neat town. "Where is the —— Arms?" said I to a man whom I met.

"Yonder, sir, yonder," said he, pointing to a magnificent structure on the left.

I went in and found myself in a spacious hall. A good-looking young woman in a white dress, with a profusion of pink ribbons con-

fronted me with a curtsey. "A pint and a chop!" I exclaimed, with a flourish of my hand and at the top of my voice. The damsel gave a kind of start, and then, with something like a toss of the head, led the way into a very large room, on the left, in which were many tables, covered with snowy-white cloths, on which were plates, knives and forks, the latter seemingly of silver, tumblers and wine-glasses.

"I think you asked for a pint and a chop, sir?" said the damsel, motioning me to sit down at one of the tables.

"I did," said I, as I sat down, "let them be brought with all convenient speed, for I am in something of a hurry."

"Very well, sir," said the damsel, and then with another kind of toss of the head, she went away, not forgetting to turn half round, to take a furtive glance at me, before she went out of the door.

"Well," said I, as I looked at the tables, with their snowy-white cloths, tumblers, wine-glasses and what not, and at the walls of the room glittering with mirrors, "surely a poet never

kept so magnificent an inn before; there must be something in this fellow besides the awen, or his house would never exhibit such marks of prosperity, and good taste—there must be something in this fellow; though he pretends to be a wild erratic son of Parnassus, he must have an eye to the main chance, a genius for turning the penny, or rather the sovereign, for the accommodation here is no penny accommodation, as I shall probably find. Perhaps, however, like myself, he has an exceedingly clever wife who whilst he is making verses, or running about the country swigging ale with people in bulged shoes, or buying pigs or glandered horses, looks after matters at home, drives a swinging trade, and keeps not only herself, but him respectable—but even in that event he must have a good deal of common sense in him, even like myself, who always allow my wife to buy and sell, carry money to the bank, draw cheques, inspect and pay tradesmen's bills, and transact all my real business, whilst I myself pore over old books, walk about shires, discoursing with gypsies, under hedgerows, or with

sober bards—in hedge ale-houses." I continued musing in this manner until the handmaid made her appearance with a tray, on which were covers and a decanter, which she placed before me. "What is that?" said I, pointing to the decanter.

"Only a pint of sherry, sir," said she of the white dress and ribbons.

"Dear me," said I, "I ordered no sherry, I wanted some ale—a pint of ale."

"You called for a pint, sir" said the handmaid, "but you mentioned no ale, and I naturally supposed that a gentleman of your appearance"—here she glanced at my dusty coat—"and speaking in the tone you did, would not condescend to drink ale with his chop; however, as it seems I have been mistaken, I can take away the sherry and bring you the ale."

"Well, well," said I, "you can let the sherry remain; I do not like sherry, and am very fond of ale, but you can let the wine remain; upon the whole I am glad you brought it—indeed I merely came to do a good turn to the master of the house."

"Thank you, sir," said the handmaid.

"Are you his daughter?" said I.

"O no, sir;" said the handmaid reverently; "only his waiter."

"You may be proud to wait on him," said I.

"I am, sir," said the handmaid, casting down her eyes.

"I suppose he is much respected in the neighbourhood?" said I.

"Very much so, sir," said the damsel, "especially amidst the connection."

"The connection," said I. "Ah I see, he has extensive consanguinity, most Welsh have. But," I continued, "there is such a thing as envy in the world, and there are a great many malicious people in the world, who speak against him."

"A great many, sir, but we take what they say from whence it comes."

"You do quite right," said I. "Has your master written any poetry lately?"

"Sir!" said the damsel, staring at me.

"Any poetry," said I, "any pennillion?"

"No, sir," said the damsel; "my master is a respectable man, and would scorn to do anything of the kind."

"Why," said I, "is not your master a bard as well as an innkeeper?"

"My master, sir, is an innkeeper," said the damsel; "but as for the other, I don't know what you mean."

"A bard," said I, "is a prydydd, a person who makes verses—pennillion; does not your master make them?"

"My master make them? No sir; my master is a religious gentleman, and would scorn to make such profane stuff."

"Well," said I, "he told me he did within the last two hours. I met him at Dyffrin Gaint, along with another man, and he took me into the public-house, where we had a deal of discourse."

"You met my master at Dyffryn Gaint?" said the damsel.

"Yes," said I, "and he treated me with ale, told me that he was a poet and that he was going to Bangor to buy a horse or a pig."

"I don't see how that could be, sir," said the damsel; "my master is at present in the house,

rather unwell, and has not been out for the last three days—there must be some mistake."

"Mistake," said I. "Isn't this the —— Arms?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

"And isn't your master's name W——?"

"No, sir, my master's name is H——, and a more respectable man——"

"Well," said I, interrupting her—"all I can say is that I met a man in Dyffryn Gaint, who treated me with ale, told me that his name was W——, that he was a prydydd and kept the —— Arms at L.——"

"Well," said the damsel, "now I remember there is a person of that name in L——, and he also keeps a house which he calls the —— Arms, but it is only a public-house."

"But," said I, "is he not a prydydd, an illustrious poet; does he not write pennillion which everybody admires?"

"Well," said the damsel, "I believe he does write things which he calls pennillion, but everybody laughs at them."

"Come, come," said I, "I will not hear the productions of a man who treated me with ale, spoken of with disrespect. I am afraid that you are one of his envious maligners, of which he gave me to understand that he had a great many."

"Envious sir! not I indeed; and if I were disposed to be envious of anybody it would not be of him; O dear, why he is——".

"A bard of Anglesey," said I, interrupting her, "such a person as Gronwy Owen describes in the following lines, which by the bye were written upon himself:—

"'Where'er he goes he's sure to find
Respectful looks and greetings kind.'

"I tell you that it was out of respect to that man that I came to this house. Had I not thought that he kept it, I should not have entered it and called for a pint and chop—how distressing! how truly distressing!"

"Well, sir," said the damsel, "if there is anything distressing you have only to thank your acquaintance who chooses to call his mug

house by the name of a respectable hotel, for I would have you know that this is an hotel, and kept by a respectable and religious man, and not kept by——. However, I scorn to say more, especially as I might be misinterpreted. Sir, there's your pint and chop, and if you wish for anything else you can ring. Envious, indeed, of such—Marry come up!" and with a toss of her head, higher than any she had hitherto given, she bounced out of the room.

Here was a pretty affair! I had entered the house and ordered the chop and pint in the belief that by so doing I was patronizing the poet, and lo, I was not in the poet's house, and my order would benefit a person for whom, however respectable and religious, I cared not one rush. Moreover the pint which I had ordered appeared in the guise not of ale, which I am fond of, but of sherry, for which I have always entertained a sovereign contempt, as a silly, sickly compound, the use of which will transform a nation, however bold and warlike by nature, into a race of sketchers, scribblers

and punsters, in fact into what Englishmen are at the present day. But who was to blame? Why, who but the poet and myself? The poet ought to have told me that there were two houses in L—— bearing the sign of the —— Arms, and that I must fight shy of the hotel and steer for the pot-house, and when I gave the order I certainly ought to have been a little more explicit; when I said a pint I ought to have added—of ale. Sententiousness is a fine thing sometimes, but not always. By being sententious here, I got sherry, which I dislike, instead of ale which I like, and should have to pay more for what was disagreeable, than I should have had to pay for what was agreeable. Yet I had merely echoed the poet's words in calling for a pint and chop, so after all the poet was to blame for both mistakes. But perhaps he meant that I should drink sherry at his house, and when he advised me to call for a pint, he meant a pint of sherry. But the maid had said he kept a pot-house, and no pot-houses have wine-licences; but the maid after all might be an

envious baggage, and no better than she should be. But what was now to be done? Why, clearly make the best of the matter, eat the chop and leave the sherry. So I commenced eating the chop, which was by this time nearly cold. After eating a few morsels I looked at the sherry: "I may as well take a glass," said I. So with a wry face I poured myself out a glass.

"What detestable stuff!" said I, after I had drunk it. "However, as I shall have to pay for it I may as well go through with it." So I poured myself out another glass, and by the time I had finished the chop I had finished the sherry also.

And now what was I to do next? Why, my best advice seemed to be to pay my bill and depart. But I had promised the poet to patronize his house, and had by mistake ordered and despatched a pint and chop in a house which was not the poet's. Should I now go to his house and order a pint and chop there? Decidedly not! I had patronized a house which I believed to be the poet's; if I patronized the

wrong one, the fault was his, not mine—he should have been more explicit. I had performed my promise, at least in intention.

Perfectly satisfied with the conclusion I had come to, I rang the bell. "The bill?" said I to the handmaid.

"Here it is!" said she placing a strip of paper in my hand.

I looked at the bill, and, whether moderate or immoderate, paid it with a smiling countenance, commended the entertainment highly, and gave the damsel something handsome for her trouble in waiting on me.

Reader, please to bear in mind that as all bills must be paid, it is much more comfortable to pay them with a smile than with a frown, and that it is much better by giving sixpence, or a shilling to a poor servant, which you will never miss at the year's end, to be followed from the door of an inn by good wishes, than by giving nothing to be pursued by cutting silence, or the yet more cutting Hm!

"Sir," said the good-looking, well-ribboned

damsel, "I wish you a pleasant journey, and whenever you please again to honour our establishment with your presence both my master and myself shall be infinitely obliged to you."

CHAPTER VII.

OATS AND METHODISM.—THE LITTLE GIRL.—TY GWYN.—BIRD OF THE ROOF.—PUREST ENGLISH.—RAILROADS.—INCONSISTENCY.—THE BOOTS.

It might be about four in the afternoon when I left L —— bound for Pen Caer Gybi, or Holy Head, seventeen miles distant. I reached the top of the hill on the west of the little town, and then walked briskly forward. The country looked poor and mean—on my right was a field of oats, on my left a Methodist chapel—oats and Methodism! what better symbols of poverty and meanness?

I went onward a long way, the weather was broiling hot, and I felt thirsty. On the top of a long ascent stood a house by the roadside. I went to the door and knocked—no answer—"Oes neb yn y tŷ?" said I.

"Oes!" said an infantine voice.

I opened the door and saw a little girl. "Have you any water?" said I.

"No," said the child, "but I have this," and she brought me some butter-milk in a basin. I just tasted it, gave the child a penny and blessed her.

"Oes genoch tad?"

"No," said she; "but I have a mam." Tad im mam; blessed sounds; in all languages expressing the same blessed things.

After walking for some hours I saw a tall blue hill in the far distance before me. "What is the name of that hill?" said I to a woman whom I met.

"Pen Caer Gybi," she replied.

Soon after I came to a village near to a rocky gulley. On inquiring the name of the village, I was told it was Llan yr Afon, or the church of the river. I passed on; the country was neither grand nor pretty—it exhibited a kind of wildness, however, which did not fail to interest me—there were stones, rocks and furze in abundance. Turning round the corner

of a hill, I observed through the mists of evening, which began to gather about me, what seemed to be rather a genteel house on the roadside, on my left, and a little way behind it a strange kind of monticle, on which I thought I observed tall upright stones. Quickening my pace, I soon came parallel with the house, which as I drew nigh, ceased to look like a genteel house, and exhibited an appearance of great desolation. It was a white, or rather grey structure of some antiquity. It was evidently used as a farm-house, for there was a yard adjoining to it, in which were stacks and agricultural implements. Observing two men in the yard, I went in. They were respectable, farming-looking men, between forty and fifty; one had on a coat and hat, the other a cap and jacket. "Good evening," I said in Welsh.

"Good evening," they replied in the same language, looking inquiringly at me.

"What is the name of this place?" said I.

"It is called Tŷ gwyn," said the man of the hat.

"On account of its colour, I suppose?" said I.

"Just so," said the man of the hat.

"It looks old," said I.

"And it is old," he replied. "In the time of the Papists it was one of their chapels."

"Does it belong to you?" I demanded.

"O no, it belongs to one Mr. Sparrow from Liverpool. I am his bailiff, and this man is a carpenter who is here doing a job for him."

Here ensued a pause, which was broken by the man of the hat saying in English, to the man of the cap:

"Who can this strange fellow be? he has not a word of English, and though he speaks Welsh his Welsh sounds very different from ours. Who can he be?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the other.

"I know who he is," said the first, "he comes from Llydaw, or Armorica, which was peopled from Britain estalom, and where I am told the real old Welsh language is still spoken."

"I think I heard you mention the word Llydaw?" said I, to the man of the hat.

"Ah," said the man of the hat, speaking

Welsh, "I was right after all ; oh, I could have sworn you were Llydaweg. Well, how are the descendants of the ancient Britons getting on in Llydaw ?"

"They were getting on tolerably well," said I, "when I last saw them, though all things do not go exactly as they could wish."

"Of course not," said he of the hat. "We too have much to complain of here, the lands are almost entirely taken possession of by Saxons, wherever you go you will find them settled, and a Saxon bird of the roof must build its nest in Gwyn dŷ."

"You call a sparrow in your Welsh a bird of the roof do you not ?" said I.

"We do," said he of the hat. "You speak Welsh very well considering you were not born in Wales. It is really surprising that the men of Llydaw should speak the iaith so pure as they do."

"The Welsh when they went over there," said I, "took effectual means that their descendants should speak good Welsh, if all tales be true."

"What means?" said he of the hat.

"Why," said I; "after conquering the country they put all the men to death, and married the women, but before a child was born they cut out all the women's tongues, so that the only language the children heard when they were born was pure Cumraeg. What do you think of that?"

"Why, that it was a cute trick," said he of the hat.

"A more clever trick I never heard," said he of the cap.

"Have you any memorials in the neighbourhood of the old Welsh?" said I.

"What do you mean?" said the man of the hat.

"Any altars of the Druids?" said I; "any stone tables?"

"None," said the man of the hat.

"What may those stones be?" said I, pointing to the stones which had struck my attention.

"Mere common rocks," said the man.

"May I go and examine them?" said I.

"O yes!" said he of the hat, "and we will go with you."

We went to the stones, which were indeed common rocks, and which when I reached them presented quite a different appearance, from that which they presented to my eye when I viewed them from afar.

"Are there many altars of the Druids in Llydaw?" said the man of the hat.

"Plenty," said I, "but those altars are older than the time of the Welsh colonists, and were erected by the old Gauls."

"Well," said the man of the cap, "I am glad to have seen a man of Llydaw."

"Whom do you call a man of Llydaw?" said I.

"Whom but yourself?" said he of the hat.

"I am not a man of Llydaw," said I, in English, "but of Norfolk where the people eat the best dumplings in the world, and speak the purest English. Now a thousand thanks for your civility. I would have some more chat with you, but night is coming on, and I am bound to Holyhead."

Then leaving the men staring after me, I bent my steps towards Holy Head.

I passed by a place called Llan something, standing lonely on its hill. The country around looked sad and desolate. It is true night had come on when I saw it.

On I hurried. The voices of children sounded sweetly at a distance across the wild champaign on my left.

It grew darker and darker. On I hurried along the road; at last I came to lone, lordly groves. On my right was an open gate and a lodge. I went up to the lodge. The door was open, and in a little room I beheld a nice-looking old lady sitting by a table, on which stood a lighted candle, with her eyes fixed on a large book.

"Excuse me," said I; "but who owns this property?"

The old lady looked up from her book, which appeared to be a Bible, without the slightest surprise, though I certainly came upon her unawares, and answered:

"Mr. John Wynn."

I shortly passed through a large village, or rather town, the name of which I did not learn. I then went on for a mile or two, and saw a red light at some distance. The road led nearly up to it, and then diverged towards the north. Leaving the road I made towards the light by a lane, and soon came to a railroad station.

"You won't have long to wait, sir," said a man—"the train to Holy Head will be here presently."

"How far is it to Holy Head?" said I.

"Two miles, sir, and the fare is only sixpence."

"I despise railroads," said I, "and those who travel by them," and without waiting for an answer, returned to the road. Presently I heard the train—it stopped for a minute at the station, and then continuing its course passed me on my left hand, voiding fierce sparks, and making a terrible noise—the road was a melancholy one; my footsteps sounded hollow upon it. I seemed to be its only traveller—a wall extended for a long, long way on my left. At

length I came to a turnpike. I felt desolate and wished to speak to somebody. I tapped at the window, at which there was a light, a woman opened it. How far to Holy Head?" said I in English.

"Dim Saesneg," said the woman.

I repeated my question in Welsh.

"Two miles," said she.

"Still two miles to Holy Head by the road," thought I. "Nos da," said I to the woman and sped along. At length I saw water on my right, seemingly a kind of bay, and presently a melancholy ship. I doubled my pace, which was before tolerably quick, and soon saw a noble-looking edifice on my left, brilliantly lighted up. "What a capital inn that would make," said I, looking at it wistfully, as I passed it. Presently I found myself in the midst of a poor, dull ill-lighted town.

"Where is the inn?" said I to a man.

"The inn, sir; you have passed it. The inn is yonder," he continued, pointing towards the noble-looking edifice.

"What, is that the inn?" said I.

"Yes, sir, the railroad hotel—and a first-rate hotel it is."

"And are there no other inns?"

"Yes, but they are all poor places. No gent puts up at them—all the gents by the railroad put up at the railroad hotel."

What was I to do? after turning up my nose at the railroad, was I to put up at its hotel? Surely to do so would be hardly acting with consistency. "Ought I not rather to go to some public-house, frequented by captains of fishing-smacks, and be put in a bed a foot too short for me," said I, as I reflected on my last night's couch at Mr. Pritchard's. "No, that wont do—I shall go to the hotel, I have money in my pocket, and a person with money in his pocket has surely a right to be inconsistent if he pleases."

So I turned back and entered the railroad hotel with lofty port and with sounding step, for I had twelve sovereigns in my pocket, besides a half one, and some loose silver, and feared not to encounter the gaze of any waiter

or landlord in the land. "Send boots!" I roared to the waiter, as I flung myself down in an arm-chair, in a magnificent coffee-room. "What the deuce are you staring at? send boots can't you, and ask what I can have for dinner."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, and with a low bow departed.

"These boots are rather dusty," said the boots, a grey-haired venerable-looking man after he had taken off my thick, solid, square-toed boots. "I suppose you came walking from the railroad?"

"Confound the railroad!" said I, "I came walking from Bangor. I would have you know that I have money in my pocket, and can afford to walk. I am fond of the beauties of nature; now it is impossible to see much of the beauties of nature unless you walk. I am likewise fond of poetry and take especial delight in inspecting the birth-places and haunts of poets. It is because I am fond of poetry, poets and their haunts that I am come to Anglesey. Anglesey does not abound in the beauties of nature, but

there never was such a place for poets; you meet a poet, or the birth-place of a poet everywhere."

"Did your honour ever hear of Gronwy Owen?" said the old man.

"I have," I replied, "and yesterday I visited his birth-place; so you have heard of Gronwy Owen?"

"Heard of him, your honour; yes, and read his works. That Cowydd y Farn of his is a wonderful poem."

"You say right," said I; "the Cowydd of Judgment contains some of the finest things ever written—that description of the toppling down of the top crag of Snowdon, at the day of Judgment, beats anything in Homer."

"Then there was Lewis Morris, your honour," said the old man, "who gave Gronwy his education and wrote 'The Lasses of Meirion'—and ——"

"And 'The Cowydd to the Snail,'" said I, interrupting him—"a wonderful man he was."

"I am rejoiced to see your honour in our house," said boots; "I never saw an English

gentleman before who knew so much about Welsh poetry, nor a Welsh one either. Ah, if your honour is fond of poets and their places you did right to come to Anglesey—and your honour was right in saying that you can't stir a step without meeting one; you have an example of the truth of that in me—for to tell your honour the truth, I am a poet myself, and no bad one either."

Then tucking the dusty boots under his arm, the old man with a low congee, and a "Good night, your honour!" shuffled out of the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAER GYBY.—LEWIS MORRIS.—NOBLE CHARACTER.

I DINED or rather supped well at the Railroad Inn—I beg its pardon, Hotel, for the word Inn at the present day is decidedly vulgar. I likewise slept well; how could I do otherwise, passing the night, as I did, in an excellent bed in a large, cool, quiet room? I arose rather late, went down to the coffee-room and took my breakfast leisurely, after which I paid my bill and strolled forth to observe the wonders of the place.

Caer Gybi or Cybi's town is situated on the southern side of a bay on the north-western side of Anglesey. Close to it on the south-west is a very high headland called in Welsh

Pen Caer Gybi, or the head of Cybi's city, and in English Holy Head. On the north, across the bay, is another mountain of equal altitude, which if I am not mistaken bears in Welsh the name of Mynydd Llanfair, or Saint Mary's Mount. It is called Cybi's town from one Cybi, who about the year 500 built a college here to which youths noble and ignoble resorted from far and near. He was a native of Dyfed or Pembrokeshire, and was a friend and for a long time a fellow-labourer of Saint David. Besides being learned, according to the standard of the time, he was a great walker, and from bronzing his countenance by frequent walking in the sun was generally called Cybi Velin, which means tawny or yellow Cybi.

So much for Cybi, and his town! And now something about one whose memory haunted me much more than that of Cybi during my stay at Holyhead.

Lewis Morris was born at a place called Tref y Beirdd, in Anglesey, in the year 1700. Anglesey, or Mona, has given birth to many illustrious men, but few, upon the whole, entitled to

more honourable mention than himself. From a humble situation in life, for he served an apprenticeship to a cooper at Holyhead, he raised himself by his industry and talents to affluence and distinction, became a landed proprietor in the county of Cardigan, and inspector of the royal domains and mines in Wales. Perhaps a man more generally accomplished never existed; he was a first-rate mechanic, an expert navigator, a great musician, both in theory and practice, and a poet of singular excellence. Of him it was said, and with truth, that he could build a ship and sail it, frame a harp and make it speak, write an ode and set it to music. Yet that saying, eulogistic as it is, is far from expressing all the vast powers and acquirements of Lewis Morris. Though self-taught, he was confessedly the best Welsh scholar of his age, and was well-versed in those cognate dialects of the Welsh—the Cornish, Armoric, Highland Gaelic and Irish. He was likewise well acquainted with Hebrew, Greek and Latin, had studied Anglo-Saxon with some success, and was a writer of bold and vigorous English. He was besides a good

general antiquary, and for knowledge of ancient Welsh customs, traditions and superstitions had no equal. Yet all has not been said which can be uttered in his praise; he had qualities of mind which entitled him to higher esteem than any accomplishment connected with intellect or skill. Amongst these were his noble generosity and sacrifice of self for the benefit of others. Weeks and months he was in the habit of devoting to the superintendance of the affairs of the widow and the fatherless: one of his principal delights was to assist merit, to bring it before the world and to procure for it its proper estimation: it was he who first discovered the tuneful genius of blind Parry; it was he who first put the harp into his hand; it was he who first gave him scientific instruction; it was he who cheered him with encouragement and assisted him with gold. It was he who instructed the celebrated Evan Evans in the ancient language of Wales, enabling that talented but eccentric individual to read the pages of the Red Book of Hergest as easily as those of the Welsh Bible; it was he who corrected his verses

with matchless skill, refining and polishing them till they became well worthy of being read by posterity; it was he who gave him advice, which, had it been followed, would have made the Prydydd Hir, as he called himself, one of the most illustrious Welshmen of the last century; and it was he who first told his countrymen that there was a youth of Anglesey whose genius, if properly encouraged, promised fair to rival that of Milton: one of the most eloquent letters ever written is one by him, in which he descants upon the beauties of certain poems of Gronwy Owen, the latent genius of whose early boyhood he had observed, whom he had clothed, educated and assisted up to the period when he was ordained a minister of the Church, and whom he finally rescued from a state bordering on starvation in London, procuring for him an honourable appointment in the New World. Immortality to Lewis Morris! But immortality he has won, even as his illustrious pupil has said, who in his elegy upon his benefactor, written in America in the four-and-twenty

measures, at a time when Gronwy had not heard the Welsh language spoken for more than twenty years, has words to the following effect :—

"As long as Bardic lore shall last, science and learning be cherished, the language and blood of the Britons undefiled, song be heard on Parnassus, heaven and earth be in existence, foam be on the surge, and water in the river, the name of Lewis of Mon shall be held in grateful remembrance."

CHAPTER IX.

THE PIER.—IRISH REAPERS.—WILD IRISH FACE.—FATHER TOBAN.—THE HERD OF SWINE.—LATIN BLESSING.

THE day was as hot as the preceding one. I walked slowly towards the west, and presently found myself upon a pier, or breakwater, at the mouth of the harbour. A large steamer lay at a little distance within the pier. There were fishing boats on both sides, the greater number on the outer side, which lies towards the hill of Holy Head. On the shady side of the breakwater under the wall were two or three dozen of Irish reapers; some were lying asleep, others in parties of two or three were seated with their backs against the wall, and were talking Irish; these last all appeared to be well-made middle-sized young fellows, with rather a ruffianly look; they stared at me as I passed. The whole

party had shillealahs either in their hands or by their sides. I went to the extremity of the pier, where was a little lighthouse, and then turned back. As I again drew near the Irish, I heard a hubbub and observed a great commotion amongst them. All, whether those whom I had seen sitting, or those whom I had seen reclining had got, or were getting on their legs. As I passed them they were all standing up, and their eyes were fixed upon me with a strange kind of expression, partly of wonder, methought, partly of respect. "Yes, 'tis he, sure enough," I heard one whisper. On I went, and at about thirty yards from the last I stopped, turned round and leaned against the wall. All the Irish were looking at me—presently they formed into knots and began to discourse very eagerly in Irish, though in an under tone. At length I observed a fellow going from one knot to the other, exchanging a few words with each. After he had held communication with all he nodded his head, and came towards me with a quick step, the rest stood silent and motionless with their eyes

turned in the direction in which I was, and in which he was advancing. He stopped within a yard of me and took off his hat. He was an athletic fellow of about twenty-eight, dressed in brown frieze. His features were swarthy, and his eyes black; in every lineament of his countenance was a jumble of savagery and roguishness. I never saw a more genuine wild Irish face—there he stood looking at me full in the face, his hat in one hand and his shillealah in the other.

"Well, what do you want?" said I, after we had stared at each other about half a minute.

"Sure, I'm just come on the part of the boys and myself to beg a bit of a favour of your reverence."

"Reverence," said I, "what do you mean by styling me reverence?"

"Och sure, why because to be styled your reverence is the right of your reverence."

"Pray what do you take me for?"

"Och sure, we knows your reverence very well."

"Well, who am I?"

"Och, why Father Toban to be sure."

"And who knows me to be Father Toban?"

"Och, a boy here knows your reverence to be Father Toban."

"Where is that boy?"

"Here he stands, your reverence."

"Are you that boy?"

"I am, your reverence."

"And you told the rest that I was Father Toban?"

"I did, your reverence."

"And you know me to be Father Toban?"

"I do, your reverence."

"How do you know me to be Father Toban?"

"Och, why because many's the good time that I have heard your reverence, Father Toban, say mass."

"And what is it you want me to do?"

"Why, see here, your reverence, we are going to embark in the dirty steamer yonder for ould Ireland, which starts as soon as the tide serves,

and we want your reverence to bless us before we goes."

"You want me to bless you?"

"We do, your reverence, we want you to spit out a little bit of a blessing upon us before we goes on board."

"And what good would my blessing do you?"

"All kinds of good, your reverence; it would prevent the dirty steamer from catching fire, your reverence, or from going down, your reverence, or from running against the blackguard Hill of Howth in the mist, provided there should be one."

"And suppose I were to tell you that I am not Father Toban?"

"Och, your reverence, will never think of doing that."

"Would you believe me if I did?"

"We would not, your reverence."

"If I were to swear that I am not Father Toban?"

"We would not, your reverence."

"On the evangiles?"

"We would not, your reverence."

"On the Cross?"

"We would not, your reverence."

"And suppose I were to refuse to give you a blessing?"

"Och, your reverence will never refuse to bless the poor boys."

"But suppose I were to refuse?"

"Why in such a case, which by the bye is altogether impossible, we should just make bould to give your reverence a good big bating."

"You would break my head?"

"We would, your reverence."

"Kill me?"

"We would, your reverence."

"You would really put me to death?"

"We would not, your reverence."

"And what's the difference between killing and putting to death?"

"Och, sure there's all the difference in the world. Killing manes only a good big bating, such as every Irishman is used to, and which your reverence would get over long before matins, whereas putting your reverence to death

would prevent your reverence from saying mass for ever and a day."

"And you are determined on having a blessing?"

"We are, your reverence."

"By hook or by crook?"

"By crook or by hook, your reverence."

"Before I bless you, will you answer me a question or two?"

"I will, your reverence."

"Are you not a set of great big blackguards?"

"We are, your reverence."

"Without one good quality?"

"We are, your reverence."

"Would it not be quite right to saddle and bridle you all, and ride you violently down Holyhead or the Giant's Causeway into the waters, causing you to perish there, like the herd of swine of old?"

"It would, your reverence."

"And knowing and confessing all this you have the cheek to come and ask me for a blessing?"

"We have, your reverence."

"Well, how shall I give the blessing?"

"Och, sure your reverence knows very well how to give it."

"Shall I give it in Irish?"

"Och, no, your reverence—a blessing in Irish is no blessing at all."

"In English?"

"Och, murder, no, your reverence, God preserve us all from an English blessing!"

"In Latin?"

"Yes, sure, your reverence; in what else should you bless us but in holy Latin?"

"Well then prepare yourselves."

"We will, your reverence—stay one moment whilst I whisper to the boys that your reverence is about to bestow your blessing upon us."

Then turning to the rest who all this time had kept their eyes fixed intently upon us, he bellowed with the voice of a bull:

"Down on your marrow bones, ye sinners, for his reverence Toban is about to bless us all in holy Latin."

He then flung himself on his knees on the

pier, and all his countrymen, baring their heads, followed his example—yes, there knelt thirty bareheaded Eirionaich on the pier of Caer Gybi beneath the broiling sun. I gave them the best Latin blessing I could remember, out of two or three which I had got by memory out of an old Popish book of devotion, which I bought in my boyhood at a stall. Then turning to the deputy I said, "Well, now are you satisfied?"

"Sure, I have a right to be satisfied, your reverence; and so have we all—sure we can now all go on board the dirty steamer, without fear of fire or water, or the blackguard Hill of Howth either."

"Then get up, and tell the rest to get up, and please to know and let the rest know, that I do not choose to receive farther trouble, either by word or look, from any of ye, as long as I remain here."

"Your reverence shall be obeyed in all things," said the fellow, getting up. Then walking away to his companions he cried, "Get up, boys, and plase to know that his reverence

Toban is not to be farther troubled by being looked at or spoken to by any one of us, as long as he remains upon this dirty pier."

"Divil a bit farther trouble shall he have from us!" exclaimed many a voice, as the rest of the party arose from their knees.

In half a minute they disposed themselves in much the same manner as that in which they were, when I first saw them—some flung themselves again to sleep under the wall, some seated themselves with their backs against it and laughed and chatted, but without taking any notice of me; those who sat and chatted took, or appeared to take, as little notice as those who lay and slept of his reverence Father Toban.

CHAPTER X.

GAGE OF SUFFOLK.—FELLOW IN A TURBAN.—TOWN OF HOLYHEAD.—FATHER BOOTS.—AN EXPEDITION.—HOLY HEAD AND FINISTERRÆ.—GRYFFITH AB CYNAN.—THE FAIRIES' WELL.

LEAVING the pier I turned up a street to the south, and was not long before I arrived at a kind of market-place, where were carts and stalls, and on the ground, on cloths, apples and plums, and abundance of greengages,—the latter, when good, decidedly the finest fruit in the world, a fruit, for the introduction of which into England, the English have to thank one Gage of an ancient Suffolk family, at present extinct, after whose name the fruit derives the latter part of its appellation. Strolling about the market-place I came in contact with a fellow dressed in a turban and dirty blue linen robes

and trowsers. He bore a bundle of papers in his hand, one of which he offered to me. I asked him who he was.

"Arap," he replied.

He had a dark, cunning, roguish countenance, with small eyes, and had all the appearance of a Jew. I spoke to him in what Arabic I could command on a sudden, and he jabbered to me in a corrupt dialect, giving me a confused account of a captivity which he had undergone amidst savage Mahometans. At last I asked him what religion he was of.

"The Christian," he replied.

"Have you ever been of the Jewish?" said I.

He returned no answer save by a grin.

I took the paper, gave him a penny, and then walked away. The paper contained an account in English of how the bearer, the son of Christian parents, had been carried into captivity by two Mahometan merchants, a father and son, from whom he had escaped with the greatest difficulty.

"Pretty fools," said I, "must any people have been who ever stole you; but O what fools

if they wished to keep you after they had got you!"

The paper was stuffed with religious and antislavery cant, and merely wanted a little of the teetotal nonsense to be a perfect specimen of humbug.

I strolled forward, encountering more carts and more heaps of greengages; presently I turned to the right by a street, which led some way up the hill. The houses were tolerably large and all white. The town, with its white houses placed by the seaside, on the skirt of a mountain, beneath a blue sky and a broiling sun, put me something in mind of a Moorish piratical town, in which I had once been. Becoming soon tired of walking about, without any particular aim, in so great a heat, I determined to return to the inn, call for ale, and deliberate on what I had best next do. So I returned and called for ale. The ale which was brought was not ale which I am particularly fond of. The ale which I am fond of is ale about nine or ten months' old, somewhat hard, tasting well of the malt and little of the hop—ale such as farmers, and noble-

men too, of the good old time, when farmers' daughters did not play on pianos and noblemen did not sell their game, were in the habit of offering to both high and low, and drinking themselves. The ale which was brought me was thin washy stuff, which though it did not taste much of hop, tasted still less of malt, made and sold by one Allsopp, who I am told calls himself a squire and a gentleman—as he certainly may with quite as much right as many a lord calls himself a nobleman and a gentleman; for surely it is not a fraction more trumpery to make and sell ale than to fatten and sell game. The ale of the Saxon squire, for Allsopp is decidedly an old Saxon name, however unakin to the practice of old Saxon squires the selling of ale may be, was drinkable, for it was fresh, and the day, as I have said before, exceedingly hot; so I took frequent draughts out of the shining metal tankard in which it was brought, deliberating both whilst drinking, and in the intervals of drinking, on what I had next best do. I had some thoughts of crossing to the northern side of the bay, then, bearing to the north-east, wend my way to

Amlwch, follow the windings of the sea-shore to Mathafarn eithaf and Pentraeth Coch, and then return to Bangor, after which I could boast that I had walked round the whole of Anglesey, and indeed trodden no inconsiderable part of the way twice. Before coming, however, to any resolution I determined to ask the advice of my friend the boots on the subject. So I finished my ale, and sent word by the waiter that I wished to speak to him; he came forthwith, and after communicating my deliberations to him in a few words I craved his counsel. The old man, after rubbing his right forefinger behind his right ear for about a quarter of a minute, inquired if I meant to return to Bangor, and on my telling him that it would be necessary for me to do so, as I intended to walk back to Llangollen by Caernarvon and Beth Gelert, strongly advised me to return to Bangor by the railroad train, which would start at seven in the evening, and would convey me thither in an hour and a half. I told him that I hated railroads, and received for answer that he had no particular liking for them himself, but that he occasionally made use

of them on a pinch, and supposed that I likewise did the same. I then observed, that if I followed his advice I should not see the north side of the island nor its principal town Amlwch, and received for answer that if I never did, the loss would not be great—that as for Amlwch it was a poor poverty-stricken place—the inn a shabby affair—the master a very so-so individual, and the boots a fellow without either wit or literature. That upon the whole he thought I might be satisfied with what I had seen already, for after having visited Owen Tudor's tomb, Caer Gybi and his hotel, I had in fact seen the cream of Mona. I then said that I had one objection to make, which was that I really did not know how to employ the time till seven o'clock, for that I had seen all about the town.

"But has your honour ascended the Head?" demanded Father Boots.

"No," said I, "I have not."

"Then," said he, "I will soon find your honour ways and means to spend the time agreeably till the starting of the train. Your honour shall ascend the Head under the guidance of my

nephew, a nice intelligent lad, your honour, and always glad to earn a shilling or two. By the time your honour has seen all the wonders of the Head and returned, it will be five o'clock. Your honour can then dine, and after dinner trifle away the minutes over your wine or brandy-and-water till seven, when your honour can step into a first-class for Bangor."

I was struck with the happy manner in which he had removed the difficulty in question, and informed him that I was determined to follow his advice. He hurried away, and presently returned with his nephew, to whom I offered half-a-crown provided he would show me all about Pen Caer Gyby. He accepted my offer with evident satisfaction, and we lost no time in setting out upon our expedition.

We had to pass over a great deal of broken ground, sometimes ascending, sometimes descending, before we found ourselves upon the side of what may actually be called the headland. Shaping our course westward we came to the vicinity of a lighthouse standing on the verge of a precipice, the foot of which was washed by the sea.

Leaving the lighthouse on our right we followed a steep winding path which at last brought us to the top of the pen or summit, rising according to the judgment which I formed about six hundred feet from the surface of the sea. Here was a level spot some twenty yards across, in the middle of which stood a heap of stones or cairn. I asked the lad whether this cairn bore a name and received for answer that it was generally called Bar-cluder y Cawr Glâs, words which seem to signify the top heap of the Grey Giant.

"Some king, giant, or man of old renown lies buried beneath this cairn," said I. "Whoever he may be I trust he will excuse me for mounting it, seeing that I do so with no disrespectful spirit." I then mounted the cairn, exclaiming:—

> "Who lies 'neath the cairn on the headland hoar,
> His hand yet holding his broad claymore,
> Is it Beli, the son of Benlli Gawr?"

There stood I on the cairn of the Grey Giant, looking around me. The prospect, on every side, was noble: the blue interminable sea to the west and north; the whole stretch of Mona

to the east; and far away to the south the mountainous region of Eryri, comprising some of the most romantic hills in the world. In some respects this Pen Santaidd, this holy headland, reminded me of Finisterræ, the Gallegan promontory which I had ascended some seventeen years before, whilst engaged in battling the Pope with the sword of the gospel in his favourite territory. Both are bold, bluff headlands looking to the west, both have huge rocks in their vicinity, rising from the bosom of the brine. For a time, as I stood on the cairn, I almost imagined myself on the Gallegan hill; much the same scenery presented itself as there, and a sun equally fierce struck upon my head as that which assailed it on the Gallegan hill. For a time all my thoughts were of Spain. It was not long, however, before I bethought me that my lot was now in a different region, that I had done with Spain for ever, after doing for her all that lay in the power of a lone man, who had never in this world anything to depend upon, but God and his own slight strength. Yes, I had done with Spain, and was now in Wales; and, after a

slight sigh, my thoughts became all intensely Welsh. I thought on the old times when Mona was the grand seat of Druidical superstition, when adoration was paid to Dwy Fawr, and Dwy Fach, the sole survivors of the apocryphal Deluge; to Hu the Mighty and his plough; to Ceridwen and her cauldron; to András the Horrible; to Wyn ab Nudd, Lord of Unknown, and to Beli, Emperor of the Sun. I thought on the times when the Beal fire blazed on this height, on the neighbouring promontory, on the cope-stone of Eryri, and on every high hill throughout Britain on the eve of the first of May. I thought on the day when the bands of Suetonius crossed the Menai strait in their broad-bottomed boats, fell upon the Druids and their followers, who with wild looks and brandished torches lined the shore, slew hundreds with merciless butchery upon the plains, and pursued the remainder to the remotest fastnesses of the isle. I figured to myself long-bearded men with white vestments toiling up the rocks, followed by fierce warriors with glittering helms and short broad two-edged swords; I thought

I heard groans, cries of rage, and the dull, awful sound of bodies precipitated down rocks. Then as I looked towards the sea I thought I saw the fleet of Gryffith Ab Cynan steering from Ireland to Aber Menai, Gryffith the son of a fugitive king, born in Ireland in the Commot of Columbcille, Gryffith the frequently baffled the often victorious; once a manacled prisoner sweating in the sun, in the market-place of Chester, eventually king of North Wales; Gryffith, who "though he loved well the trumpet's clang loved the sound of the harp better"; who led on his warriors to twenty-four battles, and presided over the composition of the twenty-four measures of Cambrian song. Then I thought ——. But I should tire the reader were I to detail all the intensely Welsh thoughts, which crowded into my head as I stood on the Cairn of the Grey Giant.

Satiated with looking about and thinking I sprang from the cairn, and rejoined my guide. We now descended the eastern side of the hill till we came to a singular-looking stone, which had much the appearance of a Druid's stone. I

inquired of my guide whether there was any tale connected with this stone.

"None," he replied; "but I have heard people say that it was a strange stone and on that account I brought you to look at it."

A little farther down he showed me part of a ruined wall.

"What name does this bear?" said I.

"Clawdd yr Afalon," he replied. "The dyke of the orchard."

"A strange place for an orchard," I replied. "If there was ever an orchard on this bleak hill, the apples must have been very sour."

Over rocks and stones we descended till we found ourselves on a road, not very far from the shore, on the south-east side of the hill.

"I am very thirsty," said I, as I wiped the perspiration from my face; "how I should like now to drink my fill of cool spring water."

"If your honour is inclined for water," said my guide, "I can take you to the finest spring in all Wales."

"Pray do so," said I, "for I really am dying of thirst."

"It is on our way to the town," said the lad, "and is scarcely a hundred yards off."

He then led me to the fountain. It was a little well under a stone wall, on the left side of the way. It might be about two feet deep, was fenced with rude stones, and had a bottom of sand.

"There," said the lad, "is the fountain. It is called the Fairies' well, and contains the best water in Wales."

I lay down and drank. O, what water was that of the Fairies' well! I drank and drank and thought I could never drink enough of that delicious water; the lad all the time saying that I need not be afraid to drink, as the water of the Fairies' well had never done harm to anybody. At length I got up, and standing by the fountain repeated the lines of a bard on a spring, not of a Welsh but a Gaelic bard, which are perhaps the finest lines ever composed on the theme. Yet MacIntyre, for such was his name, was like myself an admirer of good ale, to say nothing of whiskey, and loved to indulge in it at a proper time and place. But

there is a time and place for everything, and sometimes the warmest admirer of ale would prefer the lymph of the hill-side fountain to the choicest ale that ever foamed in tankard from the cellars of Holkham. Here are the lines, most faithfully rendered :—

"The wild wine of nature,
Honey-like in its taste,
The genial, fair, thin element
Filtering through the sands,
Which is sweeter than cinnamon,
And is well known to us hunters.
O, that eternal, healing draught,
Which comes from under the earth,
Which contains abundance of good
And costs no money !"

Returning to the hotel I satisfied my guide and dined. After dinner I trifled agreeably with my brandy-and-water till it was near seven o'clock when I paid my bill, thought of the waiter and did not forget Father Boots. I then took my departure, receiving and returning bows, and walking to the station got into a first-class carriage and soon found myself at Bangor.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INN AT BANGOR.—PORT DYN NORWIG.—SEA SERPENT.—THOROUGHLY WELSH PLACE.—BLESSING OF HEALTH.

I WENT to the same inn at Bangor at which I had been before. It was Saturday night and the house was thronged with people, who had arrived by train from Manchester and Liverpool, with the intention of passing the Sunday in the Welsh town. I took tea in an immense dining- or ball-room, which was, however, so crowded with guests that its walls literally sweated. Amidst the multitude I felt quite solitary—my beloved ones had departed for Llangollen, and there was no one with whom I could exchange a thought or a word of kindness. I addressed several individuals, and in every instance repented; from some I got no answers, from

others what was worse than no answers at all—in every countenance near me suspicion, brutality, or conceit, was most legibly imprinted—I was not amongst Welsh but the scum of manufacturing England.

Every bed in the house was engaged—the people of the house, however, provided me a bed at a place which they called the cottage, on the side of a hill in the outskirts of the town. There I passed the night comfortably enough. At about eight in the morning I arose, returned to the inn, breakfasted, and departed for Beth Gelert by way of Caernarvon.

It was Sunday, and I had originally intended to pass the day at Bangor, and to attend divine service twice at the cathedral, but I found myself so very uncomfortable, owing to the crowd of interlopers, that I determined to proceed on my journey without delay; making up my mind, however, to enter the first church I should meet in which service was being performed; for it is really not good to travel on the Sunday without going into a place of worship.

The day was sunny and fiercely hot, as all

the days had lately been. In about an hour I arrived at Port Dyn Norwig: it stood on the right side of the road. The name of this place, which I had heard from the coachman who drove my family and me to Caernarvon and Llanberis a few days before, had excited my curiosity with respect to it, as it signifies the Port of the Norway man, so I now turned aside to examine it. "No doubt," said I to myself, "the place derives its name from the piratical Danes, and Norse having resorted to it in the old time." Port Dyn Norwig seems to consist of a creek, a staithe, and about a hundred houses: a few small vessels were lying at the staithe. I stood about ten minutes upon it staring about, and then feeling rather oppressed by the heat of the sun, I bent my way to a small house which bore a sign, and from which a loud noise of voices proceeded. "Have you good ale?" said I in English to a good-looking buxom dame, of about forty, whom I saw in the passage.

She looked at me but returned no answer.

"Oes genoch cwrw da?" said I.

"Oes!" she replied with a smile, and open-

ing the door of a room on the left-hand bade me walk in.

I entered the room; six or seven men, seemingly sea-faring people, were seated drinking and talking vociferously in Welsh. Their conversation was about the sea serpent: some believed in the existence of such a thing, others did not—after a little time one said "Let us ask this gentleman for his opinion."

"And what would be the use of asking him?" said another, "we have only Cumraeg, and he has only Saesneg."

"I have a little broken Cumraeg, at the service of this good company," said I. "With respect to the snake of the sea I beg leave to say that I believe in the existence of such a creature; and am suprised that any people in these parts should not believe in it: why, the sea serpent has been seen in these parts."

"When was that, Gwr Boneddig?" said one of the company.

"About fifty years ago," said I. "Once in October, in the year 1805, as a small vessel of the Traeth was upon the Menai, sailing very

slowly, the weather being very calm, the people on board saw a strange creature like an immense worm swimming after them. It soon overtook them, climbed on board through the tiller-hole, and coiled itself on the deck under the mast—the people at first were dreadfully frightened, but taking courage they attacked it with an oar and drove it overboard; it followed the vessel for some time but a breeze springing up they lost sight of it."

"And how did you learn this?" said the last who had addressed me.

"I read the story," said I, "in a pure Welsh book called the Greal."

"I now remember hearing the same thing," said an old man, "when I was a boy; it had slipt out of my memory, but now I remember all about it. The ship was called the Robert Ellis. Are you of these parts, gentleman?"

"No," said I, "I am not of these parts."

"Then you are of South Wales—indeed your Welsh is very different from ours."

"I am not of South Wales," said I, "I am of the seed not of the sea-snake but of the coil-

ing serpent, for so one of the old Welsh poets called the Saxons."

"But how did you learn Welsh?" said the old man.

"I learned it by the grammar," said I, "a long time ago."

"Ah, you learnt it by the grammar," said the old man; "that accounts for your Welsh being different from ours. We did not learn our Welsh by the grammar—your Welsh is different from ours, and of course better, being the Welsh of the grammar. Ah, it is a fine thing to be a grammarian."

"Yes, it is a fine thing to be a grammarian," cried the rest of the company, and I observed that everybody now regarded me with a kind of respect.

A jug of ale which the hostess had brought me had been standing before me some time. I now tasted it and found it very good. Whilst dispatching it, I asked various questions about the old Danes, the reason why the place was called the port of the Norwegian, and about its trade. The good folks knew nothing about the

old Danes, and as little as to the reason of its being called the port of the Norwegian—but they said that besides that name it bore that of Melin Heli, or the mill of the salt pool, and that slates were exported from thence, which came from quarries close by.

Having finished my ale, I bade the company adieu and quitted Port Dyn Norwig, one of the most thoroughly Welsh places I had seen, for during the whole time I was in it, I heard no words of English uttered, except the two or three spoken by myself. In about an hour I reached Caernarvon.

The road from Bangor to Caernarvon is very good and the scenery interesting—fine hills border it on the left, or south-east, and on the right at some distance is the Menai with Anglesey beyond it. Not far from Caernarvon a sandbank commences, extending for miles up the Menai, towards Bangor, and dividing the strait into two.

I went to the Castle Inn which fronts the square or market-place, and being shown into a room ordered some brandy-and-water, and sat

down. Two young men were seated in the room. I spoke to them and received civil answers, at which I was rather astonished, as I found by the tone of their voices that they were English. The air of one was far superior to that of the other, and with him I was soon in conversation. In the course of discourse he informed me that being a martyr to ill-health he had come from London to Wales, hoping that change of air, and exercise on the Welsh hills, would afford him relief, and that his friend had been kind enough to accompany him. That he had been about three weeks in Wales, had taken all the exercise that he could, but that he was still very unwell, slept little and had no appetite. I told him not to be discouraged, but to proceed in the course which he had adopted till the end of the summer, by which time I thought it very probable that he would be restored to his health, as he was still young. At these words of mine a beam of hope brightened his countenance, and he said that he had no other wish than to regain his health, and that if he did he should be the happiest of men. The intense wish of the

poor young man for health caused me to think how insensible I had hitherto been to the possession of the greatest of all terrestrial blessings. I had always had the health of an elephant, but I never remembered to have been sensible to the magnitude of the blessing or in the slightest degree grateful to the God who gave it. I shuddered to think how I should feel if suddenly deprived of my health. Far worse, no doubt, than that poor invalid. He was young, and in youth there is hope—but I was no longer young At last, however, I thought that if God took away my health He might so far alter my mind that I might be happy even without health, or the prospect of it; and that reflection made me quite comfortable.

CHAPTER XII.

NATIONAL SCHOOL.—THE YOUNG PREACHER.—PONT BETTWS.—SPANISH WORDS.—TWO TONGUES TWO FACES.—THE ELEPHANT'S SNOUT.—LLYN CWELLYN.—THE SNOWDON RANGER.—MY HOUSE.—CASTELL Y CIDWM.—DESCENT TO BETHGELERT.

It might be about three o'clock in the afternoon when I left Caernarvon for Beth Gelert, distant about thirteen miles. I journeyed through a beautiful country of hill and dale, woods and meadows, the whole gilded by abundance of sunshine. After walking about an hour without intermission I reached a village, and asked a man the name of it.

"Llan— something," he replied.

As he was standing before a long building, through the open door of which a sound proceeded like that of preaching, I asked him what place it was, and what was going on in it, and received for answer that it was the National

School, and that there was a clergyman preaching in it. I then asked if the clergyman was of the Church, and on learning that he was, I forthwith entered the building, where in one end of a long room I saw a young man in a white surplice preaching from a desk to about thirty or forty people who were seated on benches before him. I sat down and listened. The young man preached with great zeal and fluency. The sermon was a very seasonable one, being about the harvest, and in it things temporal and spiritual were very happily blended. The part of the sermon which I heard—I regretted that I did not hear the whole—lasted about five-and-twenty minutes: a hymn followed, and then the congregation broke up. I inquired the name of the young man who preached, and was told that it was Edwards, and that he came from Caernarvon. The name of the incumbent of the parish was Thomas.

Leaving the village of the harvest sermon I proceeded on my way which lay to the south-east. I was now drawing nigh to the mountainous district of Eryri—a noble hill called

Mount Eilio appeared before me to the north; an immense mountain called Pen Drws Coed lay over against it on the south, just like a couchant elephant with its head lower than the top of its back. After a time I entered a most beautiful sunny valley, and presently came to a bridge over a pleasant stream running in the direction of the south. As I stood upon that bridge I almost fancied myself in paradise; everything looked so beautiful or grand—green, sunny meadows lay all around me, intersected by the brook, the waters of which ran with tinkling laughter over a shingley bottom. Noble Eilio to the north; enormous Pen Drws Coed to the south; a tall mountain far beyond them to the east. "I never was in such a lovely spot!" I cried to myself in a perfect rapture. "O, how glad I should be to learn the name of this bridge standing on which I have had 'heaven opened to me,' as my old friends the Spaniards used to say." Scarcely had I said these words when I observed a man and a woman coming towards the bridge from the direction in which I was bound. I hastened to meet them in the

hope of obtaining information, they were both rather young and were probably a couple of sweethearts taking a walk or returning from meeting. The woman was a few steps in advance of the man; seeing that I was about to address her she averted her head and quickened her steps, and before I had completed the question, which I put to her in Welsh, she had bolted past me screaming "Ah Dim Saesneg," and was several yards distant.

I then addressed myself to the man who had stopped, asking him the name of the bridge.

"Pont Bettws," he replied.

"And what may be the name of the river?" said I.

"Afon— something," said he.

And on my thanking him he went forward to the woman who was waiting for him by the bridge.

"Is that man Welsh or English?" I heard her say when he had rejoined her.

"I don't know," said the man—"he was civil enough; why were you such a fool?"

"O, I thought he would speak to me in English," said the woman, "and the thought of

that horrid English puts me into such a flutter; you know I can't speak a word of it."

They proceeded on their way and I proceeded on mine, and presently coming to a little inn on the left side of the way, at the entrance of a village, I went in.

A respectable-looking man and woman were seated at tea at a table in a nice clean kitchen. I sat down on a chair near the table, and called for ale—the ale was brought me in a jug—I drank some, put the jug on the table, and began to discourse with the people in Welsh—a handsome dog was seated on the ground; suddenly it laid one of its paws on its master's knee.

"Down, Perro," said he.

"Perro!" said I; "why do you call the dog Perro?"

"We call him Perro," said the man, "because his name is Perro."

"But how came you to give him that name?" said I.

"We did not give it to him," said the man —"he bore that name when he came into our hands; a farmer gave him to us when he

was very young, and told us his name was Perro."

"And how came the farmer to call him Perro?" said I.

"I don't know," said the man—"why do you ask?"

"Perro," said I, "is a Spanish word, and signifies a dog in general. I am rather surprised that a dog in the mountains of Wales should be called by the Spanish word for dog." I fell into a fit of musing. "How Spanish words are diffused! Wherever you go you will find some Spanish word or other in use. I have heard Spanish words used by Russian mujiks, and Turkish fig-gatherers—I have this day heard a Spanish word in the mountains of Wales, and I have no doubt that were I to go to Iceland I should find Spanish words used there. How can I doubt it? when I reflect that more than six hundred years ago, one of the words to denote a bad woman was Spanish. In the oldest of Icelandic domestic sagas, Skarphedin the son of Nial the seer called Hallgerdr widow of Gunnar a puta—and that word so maddened Hallgerdr that she never rested till she had

brought about his destruction. Now, why this preference everywhere for Spanish words over those of every other language? I never heard French words or German words used by Russian mujiks and Turkish fig-gatherers. I question whether I should find any in Iceland forming part of the vernacular. I certainly never found a French or even a German word in an old Icelandic saga. Why this partiality everywhere for Spanish words? the question is puzzling; at any rate it puts me out——"

"Yes, it puts me out!" I exclaimed aloud, striking my fist on the table with a vehemence which caused the good folks to start half up from their seats—before they could say anything, however, a vehicle drove up to the door, and a man getting out came into the room. He had a glazed hat on his head, and was dressed something like the guard of a mail. He touched his hat to me, and called for a glass of whiskey. I gave him the sele of the evening and entered into conversation with him in English. In the course of discourse I learned that he was the postman, and was going his rounds in his cart—he was more than respectful

to me, he was fawning and sycophantic. The whiskey was brought and he stood with the glass in his hand. Suddenly he began speaking Welsh to the people; before, however, he had uttered two sentences the woman lifted her hand with an alarmed air, crying "Hush! he understands." The fellow was turning me to ridicule. I flung my head back, closed my eyes, opened my mouth and laughed aloud. The fellow stood aghast; his hand trembled, and he spilt the greater part of the whiskey upon the ground. At the end of about half a minute I got up, asked what I had to pay and on being told two pence, I put down the money. Then going up to the man I put my right fore-finger very near to his nose, and said "Dwy o iaith dwy o wyneb, two languages two faces, friend!"—Then after leering at him for a moment I wished the people of the house good evening and departed.

Walking rapidly on towards the east I soon drew near the termination of the valley. The valley terminates in a deep gorge or pass between Mount Eilio—which by the bye is part of the chine of Snowdon—and Pen Drws Coed. The

latter, that couchant elephant with its head turned to the north-east, seems as if it wished to bar the pass with its trunk; by its trunk I mean a kind of jaggy ridge which descends down to the road. I entered the gorge, passing near a little waterfall which with much noise runs down the precipitous side of Mount Eilio—presently I came to a little mill by the side of a brook running towards the east. I asked the miller-woman who was standing near the mill, with her head turned towards the setting sun, the name of the mill and the stream. The mill is called "The mill of the river of Lake Cwellyn," said she, "and the river is called the river of Lake Cwellyn."

"And who owns the land?" said I.

"Sir Richard," said she. "I Sir Richard yw yn perthyn y tîr. Mr. Williams, however, possesses some part of Mount Eilio."

"And who is Mr. Williams?" said I.

"Who is Mr. Williams?" said the miller's wife. "Ho, ho! what a stranger you must be to ask me who is Mr. Williams."

I smiled and passed on. The mill was below

the level of the road, and its wheel was turned by the water of a little conduit supplied by the brook at some distance above the mill. I had observed similar conduits employed for similar purposes in Cornwall. A little below the mill was a weir, and a little below the weir the river ran frothing past the extreme end of the elephant's snout. Following the course of the river I at last emerged with it from the pass into a valley surrounded by enormous mountains. Extending along it from west to east, and occupying its entire southern part lay an oblong piece of water, into which the streamlet of the pass discharged itself. This was one of the many beautiful lakes, which a few days before I had seen from the Wyddfa. As for the Wyddfa I now beheld it high above me in the north-east looking very grand indeed, shining like a silver helmet whilst catching the glories of the setting sun.

I proceeded slowly along the road, the lake below me on my right hand whilst the shelvy side of Snowdon rose above me on the left. The evening was calm and still, and no noise

came upon my ear save the sound of a cascade falling into the lake from a black mountain, which frowned above it on the south, and cast a gloomy shadow far over it.

This cataract was in the neighbourhood of a singular-looking rock, projecting above the lake from the mountain's side. I wandered a considerable way without meeting or seeing a single human being. At last when I had nearly gained the eastern end of the valley I saw two men seated on the side of the hill, on the verge of the road, in the vicinity of a house which stood a little way up the hill. The lake here was much wider than I had hitherto seen it, for the huge mountain on the south had terminated and the lake expanded considerably in that quarter, having instead of the black mountain a beautiful hill beyond it.

I quickened my steps and soon came up to the two individuals. One was an elderly man, dressed in a smock frock and with a hairy cap on his head. The other was much younger, wore a hat, and was dressed in a coarse suit of blue nearly new and doubtless his Sunday's

best. He was smoking a pipe. I greeted them in English and sat down near them. They responded in the same language, the younger man with considerable civility and briskness, the other in a tone of voice denoting some reserve.

"May I ask the name of this lake?" said I, addressing myself to the young man who sat between me and the elderly one.

"Its name is Llyn Cwellyn, sir," said he, taking the pipe out of his mouth. "And a fine lake it is."

"Plenty of fish in it?" I demanded.

"Plenty, sir; plenty of trout and pike and char."

"Is it deep?" said I.

"Near the shore it is shallow, sir, but in the middle and near the other side it is deep, so deep that no one knows how deep it is."

"What is the name," said I, "of the great black mountain there on the other side?"

"It is called Mynydd Mawr or the Great Mountain. Yonder rock, which bulks out from it, down the lake yonder, and which you passed

as you came along, is called Castell Cidwm, which means Wolf's rock or castle.

"Did a wolf ever live there?" I demanded.

"Perhaps so," said the man, "for I have heard say that there were wolves of old in Wales."

"And what is the name of the beautiful hill yonder, before us across the water?"

"That, sir, is called Cairn Drws y Coed," said the man.

"The stone heap of the gate of the wood," said I.

"Are you Welsh, sir?" said the man.

"No," said I, "but I know something of the language of Wales. I suppose you live in that house?"

"Not exactly, sir, my father-in-law here lives in that house, and my wife with him. I am a miner, and spend six days in the week at my mine, but every Sunday I come here, and pass the day with my wife and him."

"And what profession does he follow?" said I; "is he a fisherman?"

"Fisherman!" said the elderly man contemptuously, "not I. I am the Snowdon Ranger."

"And what is that?" said I.

The elderly man tossed his head proudly, and made no reply.

"A ranger means a guide, sir," said the younger man—"my father-in-law is generally termed the Snowdon Ranger because he is a tip-top guide, and he has named the house after him the Snowdon Ranger. He entertains gentlemen in it who put themselves under his guidance in order to ascend Snowdon and to see the country."

"There is some difference in your professions," said I; "he deals in heights, you in depths, both, however, are break-necky trades."

"I run more risk from gunpowder than anything else," said the younger man. "I am a slate-miner and am continually blasting. I have, however, had my falls. Are you going far to-night, sir?"

"I am going to Bethgelert," said I.

"A good six miles, sir, from here. Do you come from Caernarvon?"

"Farther than that," said I. "I come from Bangor."

"To-day, sir, and walking?"

"To-day, and walking."

"You must be rather tired, sir, you came along the valley very slowly."

"I am not in the slightest degree tired," said I; "when I start from here, I shall put on my best pace, and soon get to Bethgelert."

"Anybody can get along over level ground," said the old man laconically.

"Not with equal swiftness," said I. "I do assure you, friend, to be able to move at a good swinging pace over level ground is something not to be sneezed at. Not," said I, lifting up my voice, "that I would for a moment compare walking on the level ground to mountain ranging, pacing along the road to springing up crags like a mountain goat, or assert that even Powell himself, the first of all road walkers, was entitled to so bright a wreath of fame as the Snowdon Ranger."

"Won't you walk in, sir?" said the elderly man.

"No, I thank you," said I, "I prefer sitting out here gazing on the lake and the noble mountains."

"I wish you would sir," said the elderly man, "and take a glass of something; I will charge you nothing."

"Thank you," said I—"I am in want of nothing, and shall presently start. Do many people ascend Snowdon from your house?"

"Not so many as I could wish," said the ranger; "people in general prefer ascending Snowdon from that trumpery place Bethgelert; but those who do are fools—begging your honour's pardon. The place to ascend Snowdon from is my house. The way from my house up Snowdon is wonderful for the romantic scenery which it affords; that from Bethgelert can't be named in the same day with it for scenery; moreover, from my house you may have the best guide in Wales; whereas the guides of Bethgelert—but I say nothing. If your honour is bound for the Wyddfa, as I sup-

pose you are, you had better start from my house to-morrow under my guidance."

"I have already been up the Wyddfa from Llanberis," said I, "and am now going through Bethgelert to Llangollen, where my family are; were I going up Snowdon again I should most certainly start from your house under your guidance, and were I not in a hurry at present I would certainly take up my quarters here for a week, and every day make excursions with you into the recesses of Eryri. I suppose you are acquainted with all the secrets of the hills?"

"Trust the old ranger for that, your honour. I would show your honour the black lake in the frightful hollow in which the fishes have monstrous heads and little bodies, the lake on which neither swan, duck nor any kind of wildfowl was ever seen to light. Then I would show your honour the fountain of the hopping creatures, where, where——"

"Were you ever at that Wolf's crag, that Castell y Cidwm?" said I.

"Can't say I ever was, your honour. You

see it lies so close by, just across the lake, that——"

"You thought you could see it any day, and so never went," said I. "Can you tell me whether there are any ruins upon it?"

"I can't your honour."

"I shouldn't wonder," said I, "if in old times it was the stronghold of some robber-chieftain; cidwm in the old Welsh is frequently applied to a ferocious man. Castell Cidwm, I should think, rather ought to be translated the robber's castle than the wolf's rock. If I ever come into these parts again you and I will visit it together, and see what kind of place it is. Now farewell! It is getting late." I then departed.

"What a nice gentleman!" said the younger man, when I was a few yards distant.

"I never saw a nicer gentleman," said the old ranger.

I sped along, Snowdon on my left, the lake on my right, and the tip of a mountain peak right before me in the east. After a little time I looked back; what a scene! The silver lake

and the shadowy mountain over its southern side looking now, methought, very much like Gibraltar. I lingered and lingered, gazing and gazing, and at last only by an effort tore myself away. The evening had now become delightfully cool in this land of wonders. On I sped, passing by two noisy brooks coming from Snowdon to pay tribute to the lake. And now I had left the lake and the valley behind, and was ascending a hill. As I gained its summit, up rose the moon to cheer my way. In a little time, a wild stony gorge confronted me, a stream ran down the gorge with hollow roar, a bridge lay across it. I asked a figure whom I saw standing by the bridge the place's name. "Rhyd du" —the black ford—I crossed the bridge. The voice of the Methodist was yelling from a little chapel on my left. I went to the door and listened: "When the sinner takes hold of God, God takes hold of the sinner." The voice was frightfully hoarse. I passed on: night fell fast around me, and the mountain to the south-east, towards which I was tending, looked blackly grand. And now I came to a milestone on

which I read with difficulty: "Three miles to Bethgelert." The way for some time had been upward, but now it was downward. I reached a torrent, which coming from the north-west rushed under a bridge, over which I passed. The torrent attended me on my right hand the whole way to Bethgelert. The descent now became very rapid. I passed a pine wood on my left, and proceeded for more than two miles at a tremendous rate. I then came to a wood—this wood was just above Bethgelert—proceeding in the direction of a black mountain, I found myself amongst houses, at the bottom of a valley. I passed over a bridge and inquiring of some people whom I met, the way to the inn, was shown an edifice brilliantly lighted up which I entered.

CHAPTER XIII.

INN AT BETHGELERT.—DELECTABLE COMPANY.—LIEUTENANT P—.

THE inn or hotel at Bethgelert was a large and commodious building, and was anything but thronged with company; what company, however, there was, was disagreeable enough, perhaps more so than that in which I had been the preceding evening, which was composed of the scum of Manchester and Liverpool; the company amongst which I now was, consisted of some seven or eight individuals, two of them were military puppies, one a tallish fellow, who though evidently upwards of thirty, affected the airs of a languishing girl, and would fain have made people believe that he was dying of ennui, and lassitude. The other was a short spuddy

fellow, with a broad ugly face and with spectacles on his nose, who talked very consequentially about "the service" and all that, but whose tone of voice was coarse and his manner that of an under-bred person; then there was an old fellow about sixty-five, a civilian, with a red carbuncled face; he was father of the spuddy military puppy, on whom he occasionally cast eyes of pride and almost adoration, and whose sayings he much applauded especially certain doubles entendres, to call them by no harsher term, directed to a fat girl, weighing some fifteen stone, who officiated in the coffee-room as waiter. Then there was a creature to do justice to whose appearance would require the pencil of a Hogarth. He was about five feet three inches and a quarter high, and might have weighed, always provided a stone weight had been attached to him, about half as much as the fat girl. His countenance was cadaverous and was eternally agitated by something between a grin and a simper. He was dressed in a style of superfine gentility, and his skeleton fingers were bedizened with tawdry rings. His conversation was chiefly about his

bile and his secretions, the efficacy of licorice in producing a certain effect, and the expediency of changing one's linen at least three times a day; though had he changed his six I should have said that the purification of the last shirt would have been no sinecure to the laundress. His accent was decidedly Scotch: he spoke familiarly of Scott and one or two other Scotch worthies, and more than once insinuated that he was a member of Parliament. With respect to the rest of the company I say nothing, and for the very sufficient reason that, unlike the above described batch, they did not seem disposed to be impertinent towards me.

Eager to get out of such society I retired early to bed. As I left the room the diminutive Scotch individual was describing to the old simpleton, who on the ground of the other's being a "member" was listening to him with extreme attention, how he was labouring under an access of bile owing to his having left his licorice somewhere or other. I passed a quiet night, and in the morning breakfasted, paid my bill, and departed. As I went out of the coffee-

room the spuddy, broad-faced military puppy with spectacles was vociferating to the languishing military puppy, and to his old simpleton of a father, who was listening to him with his usual look of undisguised admiration, about the absolute necessity of kicking Lieutenant P—— out of the army for having disgraced "the service." Poor P——, whose only crime was trying to defend himself with fist and candlestick from the manual attacks of his brutal messmates.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VALLEY OF GELERT.—LEGEND OF THE DOG.—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.—THE KNIGHT.—GOATS IN WALES.—THE FRIGHTFUL CRAG.—TEMPERANCE HOUSE.—SMILE AND CURTSEY.

BETHGELERT is situated in a valley surrounded by huge hills, the most remarkable of which are Moel Hebog and Cerrig Llan; the former fences it on the south, and the latter, which is quite black and nearly perpendicular, on the east. A small stream rushes through the valley, and sallies forth by a pass at its south-eastern end. The valley is said by some to derive its name of Beddgelert, which signifies the grave of Celert, from being the burial-place of Celert a British saint of the sixth century, to whom Llangeler in Carmarthenshire is believed to have been consecrated, but the popular and most universally received tradition is that it has its name from

being the resting-place of a faithful dog called Celert or Gelert killed by his master, the warlike and celebrated Llywelyn ab Jorwerth, from an unlucky misapprehension. Though the legend is known to most people I shall take the liberty of relating it.

Llywelyn during his contests with the English had encamped with a few followers in the valley, and one day departed with his men on an expedition, leaving his infant son in a cradle in his tent, under the care of his hound Gelert, after giving the child its fill of goat's milk. Whilst he was absent a wolf from the neighbouring mountains, in quest of prey found its way into the tent, and was about to devour the child when the watchful dog interfered, and after a desperate conflict, in which the tent was torn down, succeeded in destroying the monster. Llywelyn returning at evening found the tent on the ground, and the dog, covered with blood, sitting beside it. Imagining that the blood with which Gelert was besmeared was that of his own son devoured by the animal, to whose care, he had confided him, Llywelyn in a paroxysm of

natural indignation forthwith transfixed the faithful creature with his spear. Scarcely, however, had he done so when his ears were startled by the cry of a child from beneath the fallen tent, and hastily removing the canvas he found the child in its cradle, quite uninjured, and the body of an enormous wolf frightfully torn and mangled lying near. His breast was now filled with conflicting emotions, joy for the preservation of his son and grief for the fate of his dog, to whom he forthwith hastened. The poor animal was not quite dead, but presently expired, in the act of licking his master's hand. Llywelyn mourned over him as over a brother, buried him with funeral honours in the valley, and erected a tomb over him as over a hero. From that time the valley was called Bethgelert.

Such is the legend, which, whether true or fictitious, is singularly beautiful and affecting.

The tomb, or what is said to be the tomb, of Gelert, stands in a beautiful meadow just below the precipitous side of Cerrig Llan: it consists of a large slab lying on its side, and two up-

right stones. It is shaded by a weeping willow, and is surrounded by a hexagonal paling. Who is there acquainted with the legend, whether he believes that the dog lies beneath those stones or not, can visit them without exclaiming with a sigh, "Poor Gelert!"

After wandering about the valley for some time, and seeing a few of its wonders, I inquired my way for Festiniog, and set off for that place. The way to it is through the pass at the south-east end of the valley. Arrived at the entrance of the pass I turned round to look at the scenery I was leaving behind me; the view which presented itself to my eyes was very grand and beautiful. Before me lay the meadow of Gelert with the river flowing through it towards the pass. Beyond the meadow the Snowdon range; on the right the mighty Cerrig Llan; on the left the equally mighty, but not quite so precipitous, Hebog. Truly, the valley of Gelert is a wondrous valley—rivalling for grandeur and beauty any vale either in the Alps or Pyrenees. After a long and earnest

view I turned round again and proceeded on my way.

Presently I came to a bridge bestriding the stream, which a man told me was called Pont Aber Glâs Lyn or the bridge of the debouchement of the grey lake. I soon emerged from the pass and after proceeding some way stopped again to admire the scenery. To the west was the Wyddfa; full north was a stupendous range of rocks; behind them a conical peak seemingly rivalling the Wyddfa itself in altitude; between the rocks and the road, where I stood, was beautiful forest scenery. I again went on, going round the side of a hill by a gentle ascent. After a little time I again stopped to look about me. There was the rich forest scenery to the north, behind it were the rocks and behind the rocks rose the wonderful conical hill impaling heaven; confronting it to the south-east, was a huge lumpish hill. As I stood looking about me I saw a man coming across a field which sloped down to the road from a small house. He presently reached me, stopped and smiled.

A more open countenance than his I never saw in all the days of my life.

"Dydd dachwi, sir," said the man of the open countenance, "the weather is very showy."

"Very showy, indeed," said I; "I was just now wishing for somebody, of whom I might ask a question or two."

"Perhaps I can answer those questions, sir?"

"Perhaps you can. What is the name of that wonderful peak sticking up behind the rocks to the north?"

"Many people have asked that question, sir, and I have given them the answer which I now give you. It is called the 'Knicht,' sir; and a wondrous hill it is."

"And what is the name of yonder hill opposite to it, to the south, rising like one big lump."

"I do not know the name of that hill, sir, farther than that I have heard it called the Great Hill."

"And a very good name for it," said I; "do you live in that house?"

"I do, sir, when I am at home."

"And what occupation dò you follow?"

"I am a farmer, though a small one."

"Is your farm your own?"

"It is not, sir: I am not so far rich."

"Who is your landlord?"

"Mr. Blicklin sir. He is my landlord."

"Is he a good landlord?"

"Very good sir, no one can wish for a better landlord."

"Has he a wife?"

"In truth, sir, he has; and a very good wife she is."

"Has he children?"

"Plenty sir; and very fine children they are."

"Is he Welsh?"

"He is, sir; Cumro pur iawn."

"Farewell," said I; "I shall never forget you; you are the first tenant I ever heard speak well of his landlord, or any one connected with him."

"Then you have not spoken to the other tenants of Mr. Blicklin, sir. Every tenant of

Mr. Blicklin would say the same of him as I have said, and of his wife and his children too. Good day, sir!"

I wended on my way; the sun was very powerful; saw cattle in a pool on my right, maddened with heat and flies, splashing and fighting. Presently I found myself with extensive meadows on my right and a wall of rocks on my left, on a lofty bank below which I saw goats feeding; beautiful creatures they were, white and black with long silky hair, and long upright horns. They were of large size, and very different in appearance from the common race. These were the first goats which I had seen in Wales; for Wales is not at present the land of goats, whatever it may have been.

I passed under a crag exceedingly lofty and of very frightful appearance. It hung menacingly over the road. With this crag the wall of rocks terminated; beyond it lay an extensive strath, meadow, or marsh bounded on the east by a lofty hill. The road lay across the marsh. I went forward, crossed a bridge over a beautiful streamlet, and soon arrived at the

foot of the hill. The road now took a turn to the right, that is to the south, and seemed to lead round the hill. Just at the turn of the road stood a small neat cottage. There was a board over the door with an inscription. I drew nigh and looked at it expecting that it would tell me that good ale was sold within, and read "tea made here, the draught which cheers but not inebriates," I was before what is generally termed a temperance house.

"The bill of fare does not tempt you, sir;" said a woman who made her appearance at the door, just as I was about to turn away with an exceedingly wry face.

"It does not," said I, "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to have nothing better to offer to a traveller than a cup of tea. I am faint; and I want good ale to give me heart, not wishy washy tea to take away the little strength I have."

"What would you have me do, sir? Glad should I be to have a cup of ale to offer you, but the magistrates when I applied to them for a licence refused me one; so I am compelled

to make a cup of tea in order to get a crust of bread. And if you choose to step in I will make you a cup of tea, not wishy-washy, I assure you, but as good as ever was brewed."

"I had tea for my breakfast at Bethgelert," said I, "and want no more till to-morrow morning. What's the name of that strange-looking crag across the valley?"

"We call it Craig yr hyll ddrem, sir; which means——I don't know what it means in English."

"Does it mean the Crag of the frightful look?"

"It does, sir;" said the woman; "ah, I see you understand Welsh. Sometimes it's called Allt Traeth."

"The high place of the sandy channel," said I, "did the sea ever come up here?"

"I can't say, sir; perhaps it did; who knows?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said I, "if there was once an arm of the sea between that crag and this hill. Thank you! Farewell."

"Then you won't walk in, sir?"

"Not to drink tea," said I, "tea is a good thing at a proper time, but were I to drink it now it would make me ill."

"Pray, sir, walk in," said the woman, "and perhaps I can accommodate you."

"Then you have ale?" said I.

"No, sir; not a drop, but perhaps I can set something before you, which you will like as well."

"That I question," said I, "however, I will walk in."

The woman conducted me into a nice little parlour, and, leaving me, presently returned with a bottle and tumbler on a tray.

"Here, sir," said she, "is something which though not ale, I hope you will be able to drink."

"What is it?" said I.

"It is ——, sir; and better never was drunk."

I tasted it; it was terribly strong. Those who wish for either whiskey or brandy far

above proof should always go to a temperance house.

I told the woman to bring me some water, and she brought me a jug of water cold from the spring. With a little of the contents of the bottle, and a deal of the contents of the jug, I made myself a beverage tolerable enough; a poor substitute, however, to a genuine Englishman for his proper drink, the liquor which according to the Edda is called by men ale, and by the gods, beer.

I asked the woman whether she could read; she told me that she could both Welsh and English; she likewise informed me that she had several books in both languages. I begged her to show me some, whereupon she brought me some half dozen, and placing them on the table left me to myself. Amongst the books was a volume of poems in Welsh written by Robert Williams of Betws Fawr styled in poetic language, Gwilym Du O Eifion. The poems were chiefly on religious subjects. The following lines which I copied from "Pethau a wnaed mewn

Gardd," or things written in a garden, appeared to me singularly beautiful :—

"Mewn gardd y cafodd dyn ei dwyllo;
Mewn gardd y rhoed oddewid iddo;
Mewn gardd bradychwyd Iesu hawddgar;
Mewn gardd amdowyd ef mewn daeār.

"In a garden the first of our race was deceived;
In a garden the promise of grace he received;
In a garden was Jesus betray'd to His doom;
In a garden His body was laid in the tomb."

Having finished my glass of "summut" and my translation, I called to the woman and asked her what I had to pay.

"Nothing," said she, "if you had had a cup of tea I should have charged sixpence."

"You make no charge," said I, "for what I have had?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing."

"But suppose," said I, "I were to give you something by way of present would you——" and here I stopped.

The woman smiled.

"Would you fling it in my face?" said I.

"O dear, no, sir," said the woman, smiling more than before.

I gave her something—it was not a sixpence —at which she not only smiled but curtseyed; then bidding her farewell I went out of the door.

I was about to take the broad road, which led round the hill when she inquired of me where I was going, and on my telling her to Festiniog, she advised me to go by a by-road behind the house which led over the hill.

"If you do, sir," said she, "you will see some of the finest prospects in Wales, get into the high road again, and save a mile and a half of way."

I told the temperance woman I would follow her advice, whereupon she led me behind the house, pointed to a rugged path, which with a considerable ascent seemed to lead towards the north, and after giving certain directions, not very intelligible, returned to her temperance temple.

CHAPTER XV.

SPANISH PROVERB.—THE SHORT CUT.—PREDESTINATION.—RHYS GOCH.—OLD CRUSTY.—UNDERCHARGING.—THE CAVALIER.

THE Spaniards have a proverb : "No hay atajo sin trabajo," there is no short cut without a deal of labour. This proverb is very true, as I know by my own experience, for I never took a short cut in my life, and I have taken many in my wanderings, without falling down, getting into a slough, or losing my way. On the present occasion I lost my way, and wandered about for nearly two hours amidst rocks, thickets, and precipices, without being able to find it. The temperance woman, however, spoke nothing but the truth, when she said I should see some fine scenery. From a rock I obtained a wonderful view of the Wyddfa towering in sublime gran-

deur in the west, and of the beautiful, but spectral, Knicht shooting up high in the north; and from the top of a bare hill I obtained a prospect to the south, noble indeed—waters, forests, hoary mountains, and in the far distance the sea. But all these fine prospects were a poor compensation for what I underwent: I was scorched by the sun, which was insufferably hot, and my feet were bleeding from the sharp points of the rocks which cut through my boots like razors. At length coming to a stone wall I flung myself down under it, and almost thought that I should give up the ghost. After some time, however, I recovered, and getting up tried to find my way out of the anialwch. Sheer good fortune caused me to stumble upon a path, by following which I came to a lone farm-house, where a good-natured woman gave me certain directions by means of which I at last got out of the hot stony wilderness, for such it was, upon a smooth royal road.

"Trust me again taking any short cuts," said I, "after the specimen I have just had." This, however, I had frequently said before,

and have said since after taking short cuts—and probably shall often say again before I come to my great journey's end.

I turned to the east which I knew to be my proper direction, and being now on smooth ground put my legs to their best speed. The road by a rapid descent conducted me to a beautiful valley with a small town at its southern end. I soon reached the town, and on inquiring its name found I was in Tan y Bwlch, which interpreted signifieth "Below the Pass." Feeling much exhausted I entered the Grapes Inn.

On my calling for brandy and water I was shown into a handsome parlour. The brandy and water soon restored the vigour which I had lost in the wilderness. In the parlour was a serious-looking gentleman, with a glass of something before him. With him, as I sipped my brandy and water, I got into discourse. The discourse soon took a religious turn, and terminated in a dispute. He told me he believed in divine predestination; I told him I did not, but that I believed in divine prescience. He asked me whether I hoped to be saved; I told him I

did, and asked him whether he hoped to be saved. He told me he did not, and as he said so, he tapped with a silver tea-spoon on the rim of his glass. I said that he seemed to take very coolly the prospect of damnation; he replied that it was of no use taking what was inevitable otherwise than coolly. I asked him on what ground he imagined he should be lost; he replied on the ground of being predestined to be lost. I asked him how he knew he was predestined to be lost; whereupon he asked me how I knew I was to be saved; I told him I did not know I was to be saved, but trusted I should be so by belief in Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, and that if he believed in Christ he might be as easily saved as myself, or any other sinner who believed in Him. Our dispute continued a considerable time longer, at last finding him silent and having finished my brandy and water, I got up, rang the bell, paid for what I had had, and left him looking very miserable, perhaps at finding that he was not quite so certain of eternal damnation as he had hitherto supposed. There can be no doubt that

the idea of damnation is anything but disagreeable to some people; it gives them a kind of gloomy consequence in their own eyes. We must be something particular they think, or God would hardly deem it worth His while to torment us for ever.

I inquired the way to Festiniog, and finding that I had passed by it on my way to the town I went back, and as directed turned to the east up a wide pass, down which flowed a river. I soon found myself in another and very noble valley intersected by the river which was fed by numerous streams rolling down the sides of the hills. The road which I followed in the direction of the east, lay on the southern side of the valley and led upward by a steep ascent. On I went, a mighty hill close on my right. My mind was full of enthusiastic fancies; I was approaching Festiniog the birthplace of Rhys Goch, who styled himself Rhys Goch of Eryri or Red Rhys of Snowdon, a celebrated bard, and a partisan of Owen Glendower, who lived to an immense age, and who as I had read was in the habit of composing his pieces seated on a stone which formed

part of a Druidical circle, for which reason the stone was called the chair of Rhys Goch; yes, my mind was full of enthusiastic fancies all connected with this Rhys Goch, and as I went along slowly I repeated stanzas of furious war songs of his exciting his countrymen to exterminate the English, and likewise snatches of an abusive ode composed by him against a fox who had run away with his favourite peacock, a piece so abounding with hard words, that it was termed the Drunkard's chokepear, as no drunkard was ever able to recite it, and ever and anon I wished I could come in contact with some native of the region with whom I could talk about Rhys Goch, and who could tell me whereabouts stood his chair.

Strolling along in this manner I was overtaken by an old fellow with a stick in his hand, walking very briskly. He had a crusty and rather conceited look. I spoke to him in Welsh, and he answered in English, saying that I need not trouble myself by speaking Welsh, as he had plenty of English, and of the very best. We were from first to last at cross purposes. I

asked him about Rhys Goch and his chair. He told me that he knew nothing of either, and began to talk of Her Majesty's ministers and the fine sights of London. I asked him the name of a stream which, descending a gorge on our right, ran down the side of the valley, to join the river at its bottom. He told me that he did not know and asked me the name of the Queen's eldest daughter. I told him I did not know, and remarked that it was very odd that he could not tell me the name of a stream in his own vale. He replied that it was not a bit more odd than that I could not tell him the name of the eldest daughter of the Queen of England: I told him that when I was in Wales I wanted to talk about Welsh matters, and he told me that when he was with English he wanted to talk about English matters. I returned to the subject of Rhys Goch and his chair, and he returned to the subject of Her Majesty's ministers, and the fine folks of London. I told him that I cared not a straw about Her Majesty's ministers and the fine folks of London, and he replied that he cared not a straw for

Rhys Goch, his chair or old women's stories of any kind.

Regularly incensed against the old fellow I told him he was a bad Welshman, and he retorted by saying I was a bad Englishman. I said he appeared to know next to nothing. He retorted by saying I knew less than nothing, and almost inarticulate with passion added that he scorned to walk in such illiterate company, and suiting the action to the word sprang up a steep and rocky footpath on the right, probably a short cut to his domicile, and was out of sight in a twinkling. We were both wrong: I most so. He was crusty and conceited, but I ought to have humoured him and then I might have got out of him anything he knew, always supposing that he knew anything.

About an hour's walk from Tan y Bwlch brought me to Festiniog, which is situated on the top of a lofty hill looking down from the south-east, on the valley which I have described, and which as I know not its name I shall style the Valley of the numerous streams. I went to the inn, a large old-fashioned house standing

near the church ; the mistress of it was a queer-looking old woman, antiquated in her dress and rather blunt in her manner. Of her, after ordering dinner, I made inquiries respecting the chair of Rhys Goch, but she said that she had never heard of such a thing, and after glancing at me askew, for a moment with a curiously-formed left eye which she had, went away muttering chair, chair ; leaving me in a large and rather dreary parlour, to which she had shown me. I felt very fatigued, rather I believe from that unlucky short cut than from the length of the way, for I had not come more than eighteen miles. Drawing a chair towards a table I sat down and placing my elbows upon the board I leaned my face upon my upturned hands, and presently fell into a sweet sleep, from which I awoke exceedingly refreshed just as a maid opened the room door to lay the cloth.

After dinner I got up, went out and strolled about the place. It was small, and presented nothing very remarkable. Tired of strolling I went and leaned my back against the wall of the church-yard and enjoyed the

cool of evening, for evening with its coolness and shadows had now come on.

As I leaned against the wall, an elderly man came up and entered into discourse with me. He told me he was a barber by profession, had travelled all over Wales, and had seen London. I asked him about the chair of Rhys Goch. He told me that he had heard of some such chair a long time ago, but could give me no information as to where it stood. I know not how it happened that he came to speak about my landlady, but speak about her he did. He said that she was a good kind of woman, but totally unqualified for business, as she knew not how to charge. On my observing that that was a piece of ignorance with which few landladies or landlords either were taxable, he said that however other publicans might overcharge, undercharging was her foible, and that she had brought herself very low in the world by it—that to his certain knowledge she might have been worth thousands instead of the trifle which she was possessed of, and that she was particularly notorious for undercharging the English, a thing

never before dreamt of in Wales. I told him that I was very glad that I had come under the roof of such a landlady; the old barber, however, said that she was setting a bad example, that such goings on could not last long, that he knew how things would end, and finally working himself up into a regular tiff left me abruptly without wishing me good night.

I returned to the inn, and called for lights; the lights were placed upon the table in the old-fashioned parlour, and I was left to myself. I walked up and down the room some time, at length seeing some old books lying in a corner I laid hold of them, carried them to the table, sat down and began to inspect them; they were the three volumes of Scott's "Cavalier"—I had seen this work when a youth and thought it a tiresome trashy publication. Looking over it now when I was grown old I thought so still, but I now detected in it what from want of knowledge I had not detected in my early years, what the highest genius, had it been manifested in every page, could not have compensated for, base fulsome adulation of the worthless great,

and most unprincipled libelling of the truly noble ones of the earth because they the sons of peasants and handycraftsmen stood up for the rights of outraged humanity, and proclaimed that it is worth makes the man and not embroidered clothing. The heartless, unprincipled son of the tyrant was transformed in that worthless book into a slightly-dissipated, it is true, but upon the whole brave, generous and amiable being; and Harrison, the English Regulus, honest, brave, unflinching Harrison, into a pseudo-fanatic, a mixture of the rogue and fool, Harrison probably the man of the most noble and courageous heart that England ever produced, who when all was lost scorned to flee, like the second Charles from Worcester, but braved infamous judges and the gallows, who when reproached on his mock trial with complicity in the death of the king gave the noble answer that "It was a thing not done in a corner," and when in the cart on the way to Tyburn, on being asked jeeringly by a lord's bastard in the crowd "Where is the good old cause now?" thrice struck his strong fist on

the breast which contained his courageous heart, exclaiming, "Here, here, here!" Yet for that "Cavalier," that trumpery publication, the booksellers of England, on its first appearance, gave an order to the amount of six thousand pounds. But they were wise in their generation; they knew that the book would please the base, slavish taste of the age, a taste which the author of the work had had no slight share in forming.

Tired after a while with turning over the pages of the trashy "Cavalier" I returned the volumes to their place in the corner, blew out one candle, and taking the other in my hand marched off to bed.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BILL.—THE TWO MOUNTAINS.—SHEET OF WATER.—THE AFANC-CROCODILE. — THE AFANC-BEAVER. — TAI HIRION. — KIND WOMAN.—ARENIG VAWR.—THE BEAM AND MOTE.—BALA.

AFTER breakfasting I demanded my bill. I was curious to see how little the amount would be, for after what I had heard from the old barber the preceding evening about the utter ignorance of the landlady in making a charge, I naturally expected that I should have next to nothing to pay. When it was brought, however, and the landlady brought it herself, I could scarcely believe my eyes. Whether the worthy woman had lately come to a perception of the folly of undercharging, and had determined to adopt a different system. Whether it was that seeing me the only guest in the house she had determined to charge for my entertain-

ment what she usually charged for that of two or three—strange by the bye that I should be the only guest in a house notorious for undercharging—I know not, but certain it is the amount of the bill was far, far from the next to nothing which the old barber had led me to suppose I should have to pay, who perhaps after all had very extravagant ideas with respect to making out a bill for a Saxon. It was, however, not a very unconscionable bill, and merely amounted to a trifle more than I had paid at Bethgelert for somewhat better entertainment.

Having paid the bill without demur and bidden the landlady farewell, who displayed the same kind of indifferent bluntness which she had manifested the day before, I set off in the direction of the east intending that my next stage should be Bala. Passing through a tollgate I found myself in a kind of suburb consisting of a few cottages. Struck with the neighbouring scenery, I stopped to observe it. A mighty mountain rises in the north almost abreast of Festiniog; another towards the east

divided into two of unequal size. Seeing a woman of an interesting countenance seated at the door of a cottage I pointed to the hill towards the north, and speaking the Welsh language, inquired its name.

"That hill, sir," said she, "is called Moel Wyn."

Now Moel Wyn signifies the white bare hill.

"And how do you call those two hills towards the east?"

"We call one, sir, Mynydd Mawr, the other Mynydd Bach."

Now Mynydd Mawr signifies the great mountain and Mynydd Bach the little one.

"Do any people live in those hills?"

"The men who work the quarries, sir, live in those hills. They and their wives and their children. No other people."

"Have you any English?"

"I have not, sir. No people who live on this side the talcot (tollgate) for a long way have any English."

I proceeded on my journey. The country for

some way eastward of Festiniog is very wild and barren, consisting of huge hills without trees or verdure. About three miles' distance, however, there is a beautiful valley, which you look down upon from the southern side of the road, after having surmounted a very steep ascent. This valley is fresh and green and the lower parts of the hills on its farther side are, here and there, adorned with groves. At the eastern end is a deep dark gorge, or ravine, down which tumbles a brook in a succession of small cascades. The ravine is close by the road. The brook after disappearing for a time shows itself again far down in the valley, and is doubtless one of the tributaries of the Tan y Bwlch river, perhaps the very same brook the name of which I could not learn the preceding day in the vale.

As I was gazing on the prospect an old man driving a peat cart came from the direction in which I was going. I asked him the name of the ravine and he told me it was Ceunant Coomb or hollow-dingle coomb. I asked the name of the brook, and he told me that it was called the brook of the hollow-dingle coomb, adding that

it ran under Pont Newydd, though where that was I knew not. Whilst he was talking with me he stood uncovered. Yes, the old peat driver stood with his hat in his hand whilst answering the questions of the poor, dusty foot-traveller. What a fine thing to be an Englishman in Wales!

In about an hour I came to a wild moor; the moor extended for miles and miles. It was bounded on the east and south by immense hills and moels. On I walked at a round pace, the sun scorching me sore, along a dusty, hilly road, now up now down. Nothing could be conceived more cheerless than the scenery around. The ground on each side of the road was mossy and rushy—no houses—instead of them were peat stacks, here and there, standing in their blackness. Nothing living to be seen except a few miserable sheep picking the wretched herbage, or lying panting on the shady side of the peat clumps. At length I saw something which appeared to be a sheet of water at the bottom of a low ground on my right. It looked far off—"Shall I go and see what it is?" thought

I to myself. "No," thought I. "It is too far off"—so on I walked till I lost sight of it, when I repented and thought I would go and see what it was. So I dashed down the moory slope on my right and presently saw the object again—and now I saw that it was water. I sped towards it through gorse and heather occasionally leaping a deep drain. At last I reached it. It was a small lake. Wearied and panting I flung myself on its bank and gazed upon it.

There lay the lake in the low bottom, surrounded by the heathery hillocks; there it lay quite still, the hot sun reflected upon its surface, which shone like a polished blue shield. Near the shore it was shallow, at least near that shore upon which I lay. But farther on, my eye, practised in deciding upon the depths of waters, saw reason to suppose that its depth was very great. As I gazed upon it my mind indulged in strange musings. I thought of the afanc, a creature which some have supposed to be the harmless and industrious beaver, others the frightful and destructive crocodile. I wondered

whether the afanc was the crocodile or the beaver, and speedily had no doubt that the name was originally applied to the crocodile.

"O, who can doubt," thought I, "that the word was originally intended for something monstrous and horrible? Is there not something horrible in the look and sound of the word afanc, something connected with the opening and shutting of immense jaws, and the swallowing of writhing prey? Is not the word a fitting brother of the Arabic timsah, denoting the dread horny lizard of the waters? Moreover have we not the voice of tradition that the afanc was something monstrous? Does it not say that Hu the Mighty, the inventor of husbandry who brought the Cumry from the summer-country, drew the old afanc out of the lake of lakes with his four gigantic oxen? Would he have had recourse to them to draw out the little harmless beaver? O, surely not. Yet have I no doubt that when the crocodile had disappeared from the lands, where the Cumric language was spoken, the name afanc was applied to the beaver, probably his successor in the pool, the

beaver now called in Cumric Llostlydan, or the broad tailed, for tradition's voice is strong that the beaver has at one time been called the afanc." Then I wondered whether the pool before me had been the haunt of the afanc, considered both as crocodile and beaver. I saw no reason to suppose that it had not. "If crocodiles," thought I, "ever existed in Britain, and who shall say that they have not? seeing that their remains have been discovered, why should they not have haunted this pool? If beavers ever existed in Britain, and do not tradition and Giraldus say that they have? why should they not have existed in this pool?

"At a time almost inconceivably remote, when the hills around were covered with woods, through which the elk and the bison and the wild cow strolled, when men were rare throughout the lands and unlike in most things to the present race—at such a period—and such a period there has been—I can easily conceive that the afanc-crocodile haunted this pool, and that when the elk or bison or wild cow came to drink of its waters the grim beast would occa-

sionally rush forth and seizing his bellowing victim, would return with it to the deeps before me to luxuriate at his ease upon its flesh. And at a time less remote, when the crocodile was no more, and though the woods still covered the hills, and wild cattle strolled about, men were more numerous than before, and less unlike the present race, I can easily conceive this lake to have been the haunt of the afanc-beaver, that he here built cunningly his house of trees and clay, and that to this lake the native would come with his net and his spear to hunt the animal for his precious fur. Probably if the depths of that pool were searched relics of the crocodile and the beaver might be found, along with other strange things connected with the periods in which they respectively lived. Happy were I if for a brief space I could become a Cingalese that I might swim out far into that pool, dive down into its deepest part and endeavour to discover any strange things which beneath its surface may lie." Much in this guise rolled my thoughts as I lay stretched on the margin of the lake.

Satiated with musing I at last got up and endeavoured to regain the road. I found it at last, though not without considerable difficulty. I passed over moors, black and barren, along a dusty road till I came to a valley; I was now almost choked with dust and thirst and longed for nothing in the world so much as for water; suddenly I heard its blessed sound, and perceived a rivulet on my left hand. It was crossed by two bridges, one immensely old and terribly dilapidated, the other old enough, but in better repair—went and drank under the oldest bridge of the two. The water tasted of the peat of the moors, nevertheless I drank greedily of it, for one must not be over-delicate upon the moors.

Refreshed with my draught I proceeded briskly on my way and in a little time saw a range of white buildings, diverging from the road on the right hand, the gable of the first abutting upon it. A kind of farmyard was before them. A respectable-looking woman was standing in the yard. I went up to her and inquired the name of the place.

"These houses, sir," said she, "are called Tai Hirion Mignaint. Look over that door and you will see T. H. which letters stand for Tai Hirion. Mignaint is the name of the place where they stand."

I looked, and upon a stone which formed the lintel of the middlemost door I read T. H. 1630.

The words Tai Hirion it will be as well to say signify the long houses.

I looked long and steadfastly at the inscription, my mind full of thoughts of the past.

"Many a year has rolled by since these houses were built," said I, as I sat down on a stepping-stone.

"Many indeed, sir," said the woman, "and many a strange thing has happened."

"Did you ever hear of one Oliver Cromwell?" said. I

"O yes, sir, and of King Charles too. The men of both have been in this yard and have baited their horses; aye, and have mounted their horses from the stone on which you sit."

"I suppose they were hardly here together?" said I.

"No, no, sir," said the woman, "they were bloody enemies and could never set their horses together."

"Are these long houses," said I, "inhabited by different families?"

"Only by one, sir, they make now one farm-house."

"Are you the mistress of it?" said I.

"I am, sir, and my husband is the master. Can I bring you anything, sir?"

"Some water," said I, "for I am thirsty, though I drank under the old bridge."

The good woman brought me a basin of delicious milk and water.

"What are the names of the two bridges," said I, "a little way from here?"

"They are called, sir, the old and new bridge of Tai Hirion; at least we call them so."

"And what do you call the ffrwd that runs beneath them?"

"I believe, sir, it is called the river Twerin."

"Do you know a lake far up there amidst the moors?"

"I have seen it, sir; they call it Llyn Twerin."

"Does the river Twerin flow from it?"

"I believe it does, sir, but I do not know."

"Is the lake deep?"

"I have heard that it is very deep, sir, so much so that nobody knows its depth."

"Are there fish in it?"

"Digon, sir, digon iawn, and some very large. I once saw a Pen-hwyad from that lake which weighed fifty pounds."

After a little farther conversation I got up, and thanking the kind woman departed. I soon left the moors behind me and continued walking till I came to a few houses on the margin of a meadow or fen in a valley through which the way trended to the east. They were almost overshadowed by an enormous mountain which rose beyond the fen on the south. Seeing a house which bore a sign, and at the door of which a horse stood tied, I went in, and a woman coming to meet me in a kind of passage I asked her if I could have some ale.

"Of the best, sir," she replied, and conducted

me down the passage into a neat room, partly kitchen, partly parlour, the window of which looked out upon the fen. A rustic-looking man sat smoking at a table with a jug of ale before him. I sat down near him, and the good woman brought me a similar jug of ale which on tasting I found excellent. My spirits which had been for some time very flagging presently revived, and I entered into conversation with my companion at the table. From him I learned that he was a farmer of the neighbourhood, that the horse tied before the door belonged to him, that the present times were very bad for the producers of grain, with very slight likelihood of improvement; that the place at which we were was called Rhyd y fen, or the ford across the fen; that it was just half way between Festiniog and Bala, that the clergyman of the parish was called Mr. Pughe, a good kind of man, but very purblind in a spiritual sense; and finally that there was no safe religion in the world, save that of the Calvinistic Methodists, to which my companion belonged.

Having finished my ale I paid for it, and

leaving the Calvinistic farmer still smoking I departed from Rhyd y fen. On I went along the valley, the enormous hill on my right, a moel of about half its height on my left, and a tall hill bounding the prospect in the east, the direction in which I was going. After a little time meeting two women I asked them the name of the mountain to the south.

"Arenig Vawr," they replied, or something like it.

Presently meeting four men I put the same question to the foremost, a stout, burly, intelligent-looking fellow, of about fifty. He gave me the same name as the women. I asked him if anybody lived upon it.

"No," said he, "too cold for man."

"Fox?" said I.

"No! too cold for fox."

"Crow?" said I.

"No, too cold for crow; crow would be starved upon it." He then looked me in the face, expecting probably that I should smile.

I, however, looked at him with all the gravity of a judge, whereupon he also observed the

gravity of a judge, and we continued looking at each other with all the gravity of judges till we both simultaneously turned away, he followed by his companions going his path, and I going mine.

I subsequently remembered that Arenig is mentioned in a Welsh poem, though in anything but a flattering and advantageous manner. The writer calls it Arenig ddiffaith or barren Arenig, and says that it intercepts from him the view of his native land. Arenig is certainly barren enough, for there is neither tree nor shrub upon it, but there is something majestic in its huge bulk. Of all the hills which I saw in Wales none made a greater impression upon me.

Towards evening I arrived at a very small and pretty village in the middle of which was a tollgate—seeing an old woman seated at the door of the gate-house I asked her the name of the village. "I have no Saesneg!" she screamed out.

"I have plenty of Cumraeg," said I, and repeated my question. Whereupon she told me that it was called Tref y Talcot—the village of

the tollgate. That it was a very nice village and that she was born there. She then pointed to two young women who were walking towards the gate at a very slow pace and told me they were English. "I do not know them," said I. The old lady, who was somewhat deaf, thinking that I said I did not know English, leered at me complacently, and said that in that case I was like herself for she did not speak a word of English, adding that a body should not be considered a fool for not speaking English. She then said that the young women had been taking a walk together, and that they were much in each other's company for the sake of conversation, and no wonder, as the poor simpletons could not speak a word of Welsh. I thought of the beam and mote mentioned in Scripture and then cast a glance of compassion on the two poor young women. For a moment I fancied myself in the times of Owen Glendower, and that I saw two females, whom his marauders had carried off from Cheshire or Shropshire to toil and slave in the Welshery, walking together after the

labours of the day were done, and bemoaning their misfortunes in their own homely English.

Shortly after leaving the village of the toll-gate I came to a beautiful valley. On my right hand was a river the farther bank of which was fringed with trees; on my left was a gentle ascent, the lower part of which was covered with rich grass, and the upper with yellow luxuriant corn; a little farther on was a green grove, behind which rose up a moel. A more bewitching scene I never beheld. Ceres and Pan seemed in this place to have met to hold their bridal. The sun now descending shone nobly upon the whole. After staying for some time to gaze, I proceeded and soon met several carts, from the driver of one of which I learned that I was yet three miles from Bala. I continued my way and came to a bridge, a little way beyond which I overtook two men, one of whom, an old fellow, held a very long whip in his hand, and the other, a much younger man with a cap on his head, led a horse. When I came up the old fellow took off his hat to me, and I forthwith entered

into conversation with him. I soon gathered from him that he was a horsedealer from Bala, and that he had been out on the road with his servant to break a horse. I astonished the old man with my knowledge of Welsh and horses, and learned from him, for conceiving I was one of the right sort, he was very communicative, two or three curious particulars connected with the Welsh mode of breaking horses. Discourse shortened the way to both of us, and we were soon in Bala. In the middle of the town he pointed to a large old-fashioned house on the right hand, at the bottom of a little square, and said "Your honour was just asking me about an inn. That is the best inn in Wales, and if your honour is as good a judge of an inn as of a horse, I think you will say so when you leave it. Prydnawn da 'chwi!"

CHAPTER XVII.

TOM JENKINS.—ALE OF BALA.—SOBER MOMENTS.—LOCAL PREJUDICES.—THE STATES.—UNPREJUDICED MAN.—WELSH PENSILVANIAN SETTLERS.—DRAPERY LINE.—EVENING SAUNTER.

SCARCELY had I entered the door of the inn when a man presented himself to me with a low bow. He was about fifty years of age, somewhat above the middle size, and had grizzly hair, and a dark, freckled countenance, in which methought I saw a considerable dash of humour. He wore brown clothes, had no hat on his head, and held a napkin in his hand. "Are you the master of this hotel?" said I.

"No, your honour," he replied, "I am only the waiter, but I officiate for my master in all things; my master has great confidence in me, sir."

"And I have no doubt," said I, "that he could not place his confidence in any one more worthy."

With a bow yet lower than the preceding one the waiter replied with a smirk and a grimace, "Thank, your honour, for your good opinion. I assure your honour that I am deeply obliged."

His air, manner, and even accent, were so like those of a Frenchman that I could not forbear asking him whether he was one.

He shook his head and replied, "No, your honour, no, I am not a Frenchman, but a native of this poor country, Tom Jenkins by name."

"Well," said I, "you really look and speak like a Frenchman, but no wonder; the Welsh and French are much of the same blood. Please now to show me into the parlour."

He opened the door of a large apartment, placed a chair by a table which stood in the middle, and then with another bow requested to know my farther pleasure. After ordering dinner I said that as I was thirsty I should like to have some ale forthwith.

"Ale you shall have, your honour," said Tom, "and some of the best ale that can be drunk. This house is famous for ale."

"I suppose you get your ale from Llangollen," said I, "which is celebrated for its ale over Wales."

"Get our ale from Llangollen?" said Tom, with a sneer of contempt, "no, nor anything else. As for the ale it was brewed in this house by your honour's humble servant."

"Oh," said I, "if you brewed it, it must of course be good. Pray bring me some immediately, for I am anxious to drink ale of your brewing."

"Your honour shall be obeyed," said Tom, and disappearing returned in a twinkling with a tray on which stood a jug filled with liquor and a glass. He forthwith filled the glass, and pointing to its contents said:

"There, your honour, did you ever see such ale? Observe its colour! Does it not look for all the world as pale and delicate as cowslip wine?"

"I wish it may not taste like cowslip wine,"

said I; "to tell you the truth, I am no particular admirer of ale that looks pale and delicate; for I always think there is no strength in it."

"Taste it, your honour," said Tom, "and tell me if you ever tasted such ale."

I tasted it, and then took a copious draught. The ale was indeed admirable, equal to the best that I had ever before drunk—rich and mellow, with scarcely any smack of the hop in it, and though so pale and delicate to the eye nearly as strong as brandy. I commended it highly to the worthy Jenkins, who exultingly exclaimed:

"That Llangollen ale indeed! no, no! ale like that, your honour, was never brewed in that trumpery hole Llangollen."

"You seem to have a very low opinion of Llangollen?" said I.

"How can I have anything but a low opinion of it, your honour? A trumpery hole it is, and ever will remain so."

"Many people of the first quality go to visit it," said I.

"That is because it lies so handy for England,

your honour. If it did not, nobody would go to see it. What is there to see in Llangollen?"

"There is not much to see in the town, I admit," said I, "but the scenery about it is beautiful: what mountains!"

"Mountains, your honour, mountains! well, we have mountains too, and as beautiful as those of Llangollen. Then we have our lake, our Llyn Tegid, the lake of beauty. Show me anything like that near Llangollen?"

"Then," said I, "there is your mound, your Tomen Bala. The Llangollen people can show nothing like that."

Tom Jenkins looked at me for a moment with some surprise, and then said: "I see you have been here before, sir."

"No," said I, "never, but I have read about the Tomen Bala in books, both Welsh and English."

"You have, sir," said Tom. "Well, I am rejoiced to see so book-learned a gentleman in our house. The Tomen Bala has puzzled many a head. What do the books which mention it say about it, your honour?"

"Very little," said I, "beyond mentioning it; what do the people here say of it?"

"All kinds of strange things, your honour."

"Do they say who built it?"

"Some say the Tylwyth Teg built it, others that it was cast up over a dead king by his people. The truth is, nobody here knows who built it, or anything about it, save that it is a wonder. Ah, those people of Llangollen can show nothing like it."

"Come," said I, "you must not be so hard upon the people of Llangollen. They appear to me upon the whole to be an eminently respectable body."

The Celtic waiter gave a genuine French shrug. "Excuse me, your honour, for being of a different opinion. They are all drunkards."

"I have occasionally seen drunken people at Llangollen," said I, "but I have likewise seen a great many sober."

"That is, your honour, you have seen them in their sober moments; but if you had watched, your honour, if you had kept your eye on them, you would have seen them reeling too."

"That I can hardly believe," said I.

"Your honour can't! but I can who know them. They are all drunkards, and nobody can live among them without being a drunkard. There was my nephew ——"

"What of him?" said I.

"Why, he went to Llangollen, your honour, and died of a drunken fever in less than a month."

"Well, but might he not have died of the same, if he had remained at home?"

"No, your honour, no! he lived here many a year, and never died of a drunken fever; he was rather fond of liquor, it is true, but he never died at Bala of a drunken fever; but when he went to Llangollen he did. Now, your honour, if there is not something more drunken about Llangollen than about Bala, why did my nephew die at Llangollen of a drunken fever?"

"Really," said I, "you are such a close reasoner, that I do not like to dispute with you. One observation, however, I wish to make: I have lived at Llangollen without I hope becoming a drunkard."

"Oh, your honour is out of the question," said the Celtic waiter with a strange grimace. "Your honour is an Englishman, an English gentleman, and of course could live all the days of your life at Llangollen without being a drunkard, he he! Who ever heard of an Englishman, especially an English gentleman, being a drunkard, he he he. And now, your honour, pray excuse me, for I must go and see that your honour's dinner is being got ready in a suitable manner."

Thereupon he left me with a bow yet lower than any I had previously seen him make. If his manners put me in mind of those of a Frenchman his local prejudices brought powerfully to my recollection those of a Spaniard. Tom Jenkins swears by Bala and abuses Llangollen, and calls its people drunkards, just as a Spaniard exalts his own village and vituperates the next and its inhabitants, whom though he will not call them drunkards, unless indeed he happens to be a Gallegan, he will not hesitate to term "una caterva de pillos y embusteros."

The dinner when it appeared was excellent,

and consisted of many more articles than I had ordered. After dinner, as I sat "trifling" with my cold brandy-and-water, an individual entered, a short thick dumpy man about thirty with brown clothes and a broad hat, and holding in his hand a large leather bag. He gave me a familiar nod, and passing by the table, at which I sat, to one near the window, he flung the bag upon it, and seating himself in a chair with his profile towards me he untied the bag, from which he poured a large quantity of sovereigns upon the table and fell to counting them. After counting them three times he placed them again in the bag which he tied up, then taking a small book, seemingly an account book, out of his pocket, he wrote something in it with a pencil, then putting it in his pocket he took the bag and unlocking a beaufet which stood at some distance behind him against the wall, he put the bag into a drawer; then again locking the beaufet he sat down in the chair, then tilting the chair back upon its hind legs he kept swaying himself backwards and forwards upon it, his toes sometimes upon the ground, sometimes

mounting until they tapped against the nether side of the table, surveying me all the time with a queer kind of a side glance, and occasionally ejecting saliva upon the carpet in the direction of the place where I sat.

"Fine weather, sir," said I at last, rather tired of being skewed and spit at in this manner.

"Why yaas," said the figure; "the day is tolerably fine, but I have seen a finer."

"Well, I don't remember to have seen one," said I; "it is as fine a day as I have seen during the present season, and finer weather than I have seen during this season I do not think I ever saw before."

"The weather is fine enough for Britain," said the figure, "but there are other countries besides Britain."

"Why," said I, "there's the States, 'tis true."

"Ever been in the States, Mr.?" said the figure quickly.

"Have I ever been in the States," said I, "have I ever been in the States?"

"Perhaps you are of the States, Mr.; I thought so from the first."

"The States are fine countries," said I.

"I guess they are, Mr."

"It would be no easy matter to whip the States."

"So I should guess, Mr."

"That is, single-handed," said I.

"Single-handed, no nor double-handed either. Let England and France and the State which they are now trying to whip without being able to do it, that's Russia, all unite in a union to whip the Union, and if instead of whipping the States they don't get a whipping themselves call me a braying jackass——"

"I see, Mr." said I, "that you are a sensible man, because you speak very much my own opinion. However, as I am an unprejudiced person, like yourself, I wish to do justice to other countries—the States are fine countries—but there are other fine countries in the world. I say nothing of England; catch me saying anything good of England; but I call Wales

a fine country; gainsay it who may, I call Wales a fine country."

"So it is, Mr."

"I'll go farther," said I; "I wish to do justice to everything: I call the Welsh a fine language."

"So it is, Mr. Ah, I see you are an unprejudiced man. You don't understand Welsh, I guess."

"I don't understand Welsh," said I; "I don't understand Welsh. That's what I call a good one."

"Medrwch siarad Cumraeg?" said the short figure, spitting upon the carpet.

"Medraf;" said I.

"You can, Mr.! Well, if that don't whip the Union. But I see: you were born in the States of Welsh parents."

"No harm in being born in the States of Welsh parents," said I.

"None at all, Mr.; I was myself, and the first language I learnt to speak was Welsh. Did your people come from Bala, Mr.?"

"Why no! Did yourn?"

"Why yaas—at least from the neighbourhood. What State do you come from? Virginny?"

"Why no!"

"Perhaps Pensilvany country?"

"Pensilvany is a fine state," said I.

"So it is, Mr. O, that is your state, is it? I come from Varmont."

"You do, do you? Well, Varmont is not a bad state, but not equal to Pensilvany, and I'll tell you two reasons why; first it has not been so long settled, and second there is not so much Welsh blood in it as there is in Pensilvany."

"Is there much Welsh blood in Pensilvany then?"

"Plenty, Mr., plenty. Welsh flocked over to Pensilvany even as far back as the time of William Pen, who as you know, Mr., was the first founder of the Pensilvany State. And that puts me in mind that there is a curious account extant of the adventures of one of the old Welsh settlers in Pensylvania. It is to be found in a letter in an old Welsh book. The letter is dated 1705, and is from one Huw Jones, born of Welsh parents in Pensilvany country to

a cousin of his of the same name residing in the neighbourhood of this very town of Bala in Merionethshire where you and I, Mr., now are. It is in answer to certain inquiries made by the cousin, and is written in pure old Welsh language. It gives an account of how the writer's father left this neighbourhood to go to Pensilvania; how he embarked on board the ship *William Pen*; how he was thirty weeks on the voyage from the Thames to the Delaware. Only think, Mr., of a ship now-a-days being thirty weeks on the passage from the Thames to the Delaware river; how he learnt the English language on the voyage; how he and his companions nearly perished with hunger in the wild wood after they landed; how Pensilvania city was built; how he became a farmer and married a Welsh woman the widow of a Welshman from shire Denbigh by whom he had the writer and several other children; how the father used to talk to his children about his native region and the places round about Bala, and fill their breasts with longing for the land of their fathers; and finally how the old man

died leaving his children and their mother in prosperous circumstances. It is a wonderful letter, Mr., all written in the pure old Welsh language."

"I say, Mr., you are a cute one and know a thing or two. I suppose Welsh was the first language you learnt, like myself?"

"No it wasn't—I like to speak the truth—never took to either speaking or reading the Welsh language till I was past sixteen."

"'Stonishing! but see the force of blood at last. In any line of business?"

"No, Mr., can't say I am."

"Have money in your pocket, and travel for pleasure. Come to see father's land."

"Come to see old Wales. And what brings you here, Hiraeth?"

"That's longing. No not exactly. Came over to England to see what I could do. Got in with house at Liverpool in the drapery business. Travel for it hereabouts having connections and speaking the language. Do branch business here for a banking-house besides. Manage to get on smartly."

"You look a smart 'un. But don't you find it sometimes hard to compete with English travellers in the drapery line?"

"I guess not. English travellers! set of nat'rals. Don't know the language and nothing else. Could whip a dozen any day. Regularly flummox them."

"You do, Mr.? Ah, I see you're a cute un. Glad to have met you."

"I say, Mr., you have not told me from what county your forefathers were."

"From Norfolk and Cornwall counties."

"Didn't know there were such counties in Wales."

"But there are in England."

"Why, you told me you were of Welsh parents."

"No I didn't. You told yourself so."

"But how did you come to know Welsh?"

"Why, that's my bit of a secret."

"But you are of the United States."

"Never knew that before."

"Mr., you flummox me."

"Just as you do the English drapery travel-

lers. Ah, you're a cute un—but do you think it altogether a cute trick to stow all those sovereigns in that drawer?"

"Who should take them out, Mr.?"

"Who should take them out? Why, any of the swell-mob, that should chance to be in the house, might unlock the drawer with their flash keys as soon as your back is turned, and take out all the coin."

"But there are none of the swell mob here."

"How do you know that?" said I, "the swell mob travel wide about—how do you know that I am not one of them?"

"The swell mob don't speak Welsh, I guess."

"Don't be too sure of that," said I—"the swell coves spare no expense for their education—so that they may be able to play parts according to circumstances. I strongly advise you, Mr., to put that bag somewhere else lest something should happen to it."

"Well, Mr., I'll take your advice. These are my quarters, and I was merely going to keep the money here for convenience' sake. The money belongs to the bank, so it is but right to stow it

away in the bank safe. I certainly should be loth to leave it here with you in the room, after what you have said." He then got up, unlocked the drawer, took out the bag, and with a "good night, Mr.," left the room.

I "trifled" over my brandy-and-water till I finished it, and then walked forth to look at the town. I turned up a street, which led to the east, and soon found myself beside the lake at the north-west extremity of which Bala stands. It appeared a very noble sheet of water stretching from north to south for several miles. As, however, night was fast coming on I did not see it to its full advantage. After gazing upon it for a few minutes I sauntered back to the square, or market-place, and leaning my back against a wall, listened to the conversation of two or three groups of people who were standing near, my motive for doing so being a desire to know what kind of Welsh they spoke. Their language as far as I heard it differed in scarcely any respect from that of Llangollen. I, however, heard very little of it, for I had scarcely kept my station a minute when the good folks became

uneasy, cast side-glances at me, first dropped their conversation to whispers, next held their tongues altogether, and finally moved off, some going to their homes, others moving to a distance and then grouping together—even certain ragged boys who were playing and chattering near me became uneasy, first stood still, then stared at me, and then took themselves off and played and chattered at a distance. Now what was the cause of all this? Why, suspicion of the Saxon. The Welsh are afraid lest an Englishman should understand their language, and, by hearing their conversation, become acquainted with their private affairs, or by listening to it, pick up their language which they have no mind that he should know—and their very children sympathize with them. All conquered people are suspicious of their conquerors. The English have forgot that they ever conquered the Welsh, but some ages will elapse before the Welsh forget that the English have conquered them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BREAKFAST.—THE TOMEN BALA.—EL PUNTO DE LA VANA.

I SLEPT soundly that night, as well I might, my bed being good and my body weary. I arose about nine, dressed and went down to the parlour which was vacant. I rang the bell, and on Tom Jenkins making his appearance I ordered breakfast, and then asked for the Welsh American, and learned that he had breakfasted very early and had set out in a gig on a journey to some distance. In about twenty minutes after I had ordered it my breakfast made its appearance. A noble breakfast it was; such indeed as I might have read of, but had never before seen. There was tea and coffee, a goodly white loaf and butter; there were a couple of eggs and two

mutton chops. There was broiled and pickled salmon—there was fried trout—there were also potted trout and potted shrimps. Mercy upon me! I had never previously seen such a breakfast set before me nor indeed have I subsequently. Yes, I have subsequently, and at that very house when I visited it some months after.

After breakfast I called for the bill. I forget the exact amount of the bill, but remember that it was very moderate. I paid it and gave the noble Thomas a shilling, which he received with a bow and truly French smile, that is a grimace. When I departed the landlord and landlady, highly respectable-looking elderly people, were standing at the door, one on each side, and dismissed me with suitable honour, he with a low bow, she with a profound curtsey.

Having seen little of the town on the preceding evening I determined before setting out for Llangollen to become better acquainted with it, and accordingly took another stroll about it.

Bala is a town containing three or four thousand inhabitants, situated near the northern end

of an oblong valley, at least two-thirds of which are occupied by Llyn Tegid. It has two long streets, extending from north to south, a few narrow cross ones, an ancient church, partly overgrown with ivy, with a very pointed steeple, and a town-hall of some antiquity, in which Welsh interludes used to be performed. After gratifying my curiosity with respect to the town, I visited the mound—the wondrous Tomen Bala.

The Tomen Bala stands at the northern end of the town. It is apparently formed of clay, is steep and of difficult ascent. In height it is about thirty feet, and in diameter at the top about fifty. On the top grows a gwern or alder-tree, about a foot thick, its bark terribly scotched with letters and uncouth characters, carved by the idlers of the town who are fond of resorting to the top of the mound in fine weather, and lying down on the grass which covers it. The Tomen is about the same size as Glendower's Mount on the Dee, which it much resembles in shape. Both belong to that brotherhood of artificial mounds of unknown antiquity, found scattered, here and there, throughout Europe

and the greater part of Asia, the most remarkable specimen of which is, perhaps, that which stands on the right side of the way from Adrianople to Stamboul, and which is called by the Turks Mourad Tepehsi, or the tomb of Mourad. Which mounds seem to have been originally intended as places of sepulture, but in many instances were afterwards used as strongholds, bonhills or beacon-heights, or as places on which adoration was paid to the host of heaven.

From the Tomen there is a noble view of the Bala valley, the Lake of Beauty up to its southern extremity and the neighbouring and distant mountains. Of Bala its lake and Tomen I shall have something to say on a future occasion.

Leaving Bala I passed through the village of Llanfair and found myself by the Dee, whose course I followed for some way. Coming to the northern extremity of the Bala valley, I entered a pass tending due north. Here the road slightly diverged from the river. I sped along delighted with the beauty of the scenery. On my left was a high bank covered with trees,

on my right a grove, through openings in which I occasionally caught glimpses of the river, over whose farther side towered noble hills. An hour's walking brought me into a comparatively open country, fruitful and charming. At about one o'clock I reached a large village, the name of which, like those of most Welsh villages, began with Llan. There I refreshed myself for an hour or two in an old-fashioned inn, and then resumed my journey.

I passed through Corwen; again visited Glendower's monticle upon the Dee, and reached Llangollen shortly after sunset, where I found my beloved two well and glad to see me.

That night, after tea, Henrietta played on the guitar the old muleteer tune of "El Punto de la Vana," or the main point at the Havanna, whilst I sang the words:—

"Never trust the sample when you go your cloth to buy:
The woman's most deceitful that's dressed most daintily.
The lasses of Havanna ride to mass in coaches yellow,
But ere they go they ask if the priest's a handsome fellow.
The lasses of Havanna as mulberries are dark,
And try to make them fairer by taking Jesuit's bark."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.—SIR ALURED.—EISTEDDFODAU.—PLEASURE AND CARE.

SHORTLY after my return I paid a visit to my friends at the vicarage who were rejoiced to see me back, and were much entertained with the account I gave of my travels. I next went to visit the old church clerk of whom I had so much to say on a former occasion. After having told him some particulars of my expedition, to all of which he listened with great attention, especially to that part which related to the church of Penmynydd and the tomb of the Tudors, I got him to talk about the ladies of Llangollen of whom I knew very little save what I had heard from general report. I found he remembered their first coming to Llangollen,

their living in lodgings, their purchasing the ground called Pen y maes, and their erecting upon it the mansion to which the name of Plas Newydd was given. He said they were very eccentric, but good and kind, and had always shown most particular favour to himself; that both were highly connected, especially Lady Eleanor Butler, who was connected by blood with the great Duke of Ormond who commanded the armies of Charles in Ireland in the time of the great rebellion, and also with the Duke of Ormond who succeeded Marlborough in the command of the armies in the Low Countries in the time of Queen Anne, and who fled to France shortly after the accession of George the First to the throne, on account of being implicated in the treason of Harley and Bolingbroke; and that her ladyship was particularly fond of talking of both those dukes, and relating anecdotes concerning them. He said that the ladies were in the habit of receiving the very first people in Britain, "amongst whom," said the old church clerk, "was an ancient gentleman of most engaging appearance and captivating

manners, called Sir Alured Clarke. He was in the army, and in his youth owing to the beauty of his person was called 'the handsome captain.' It was said that one of the royal princesses was desperately in love with him, and that on that account George the Third insisted on his going to India. Whether or not there was truth in the report, to India he went, where he served with distinction for a great many years. On his return, which was not till he was upwards of eighty, he was received with great favour by William the Fourth, who amongst other things made him a field-marshal. As often as October came round did this interesting and venerable gentleman make his appearance at Llangollen to pay his respects to the ladies, especially to Lady Eleanor, whom he had known at Court as far back they say as the American war. It was rumoured at Llangollen that Lady Eleanor's death was a grievous blow to Sir Alured, and that he would never be seen there again. However, when October came round he made his appearance at the vicarage where he had always been in the habit of taking

up his quarters, and called on and dined with Miss Ponsonby at Plas Newydd, but it was observed that he was not so gay as he had formerly been. In the evening on his taking leave of Miss Ponsonby she said that he had used her ill. Sir Alured coloured and asked her what she meant, adding that he had not to his knowedge used any person ill in the course of his life. 'But I say you have used me ill, very ill,' said Miss Ponsonby, raising her voice, and the words 'very ill' she repeated several times. At last the old soldier waxing rather warm demanded an explanation. 'I'll give it you,' said Miss Ponsonby; 'were you not going away after having only kissed my hand?' 'O,' said the general, 'if that is my offence, I will soon make you reparation,' and instantly gave her a hearty smack on the lips, which ceremony he never forgot to repeat after dining with her on subsequent occasions."

We got on the subject of bards, and I mentioned to him Gruffydd Hiraethog, the old poet buried in the chancel of Llangollen church. The old clerk was not aware that he was buried

there, and said that though he had heard of him he knew little or nothing about him.

"Where was he born?" said he.

"In Denbighshire," I replied, "near the mountain Hiraethog, from which circumstance he called himself in poetry Gruffydd Hiraethog."

"When did he flourish?"

"About the middle of the sixteenth century."

"What did he write?"

"A great many didactic pieces," said I; "in one of which is a famous couplet to this effect:

"He who satire loves to sing
On himself will satire bring."

"Did you ever hear of William Lleyn?" said the old gentleman.

"Yes," said I; "he was a pupil of Hiraethog, and wrote an elegy on his death, in which he alludes to Gruffydd's skill in an old Welsh metre, called the Cross Consonancy, in the following manner:

"In Eden's grove from Adam's mouth
Upsprang a muse of noble growth;
So from thy grave, O poet wise,
Cross Consonancy's boughs shall rise."

"Really," said the old clerk, "you seem to know something about Welsh poetry. But what is meant by a muse springing up from Adam's mouth in Eden?"

"Why, I suppose," said I, "that Adam invented poetry."

I made inquiries of him about the eisteddfodau or sessions of bards and expressed a wish to be present at one of them. He said that they were very interesting; that bards met at particular periods and recited poems on various subjects which had been given out beforehand, and that prizes were allotted to those whose compositions were deemed the best by the judges. He said that he had himself won the prize for the best englyn on a particular subject at an eisteddfod at which Sir Watkin Williams Wynn presided, and at which Heber afterwards Bishop of Calcutta was present, who appeared to understand Welsh well, and who took much interest in the proceedings of the meeting.

Our discourse turning on the latter Welsh poets I asked him if he had been acquainted with Jonathan Hughes, who the reader will re-

member was the person whose grandson I met and in whose arm-chair I sat at Tŷ yn y pistyll, shortly after my coming to Llangollen. He said that he had been well acquainted with him and had helped to carry him to the grave, adding, that he was something of a poet, but that he had always considered his forte lay in strong good sense rather than poetry. I mentioned Thomas Edwards, whose picture I had seen in Valle Crucis Abbey. He said that he knew him tolerably well and that the last time he saw him was when he, Edwards, was about seventy years of age, when he sent him in a cart to the house of a great gentleman near the aqueduct where he was going to stay on a visit. That Tom was about five feet eight inches high, lusty and very strongly built; that he had something the matter with his right eye; that he was very satirical and very clever; that his wife was a very clever woman and satirical; his two daughters both clever and satirical, and his servant-maid remarkably satirical and clever, and that it was impossible to live with Twm O'r Nant without learning to be clever and satirical; that he always

appeared to be occupied with something, and that he had heard him say there was something in him that would never let him be idle; that he would walk fifteen miles to a place where he was to play an interlude, and that as soon as he got there he would begin playing it at once, however tired he might be. The old gentleman concluded by saying that he had never read the works of Twm O'r Nant, but he had heard that his best piece was the interlude called "Pleasure and Care."

CHAPTER XX.

THE TREACHERY OF THE LONG KNIVES.—THE NORTH BRITON.—THE WOUNDED BUTCHER.—THE PRISONER.

ON the tenth of September our little town was flung into some confusion by one butcher having attempted to cut the throat of another. The delinquent was a Welshman, who it was said had for some time past been somewhat out of his mind; the other party was an Englishman, who escaped without further injury than a deep gash in the cheek. The Welshman might be mad, but it appeared to me that there was some method in his madness. He tried to cut the throat of a butcher: didn't this look like wishing to put a rival out of the way? and that butcher an Englishman: didn't this look like wishing to pay back upon the Saxon what the

Welsh call bradwriaeth y cyllyll hirion, the treachery of the long knives? So reasoned I to myself. But here perhaps the reader will ask what is meant by "the treachery of the long knives?" whether he does or not I will tell him.

Hengist wishing to become paramount in Southern Britain thought that the easiest way to accomplish his wish would be by destroying the South British chieftains. Not believing that he should be able to make away with them by open force he determined to see what he could do by treachery. Accordingly he invited the chieftains to a banquet to be held near Stonehenge, or the Hanging Stones, on Salisbury Plain. The unsuspecting chieftains accepted the invitation, and on the appointed day repaired to the banquet, which was held in a huge tent. Hengist received them with a smiling countenance and every appearance of hospitality, and caused them to sit down to table, placing by the side of every Briton one of his own people. The banquet commenced, and all seemingly was mirth and hilarity. Now

Hengist had commanded his people that when he should get up and cry "nemet eoure saxes," that is, take your knives, each Saxon should draw his long sax or knife which he wore at his side and should plunge it into the throat of his neighbour. The banquet went on and in the midst of it, when the unsuspecting Britons were revelling on the good cheer which had been provided for them, and half-drunken with the mead and beer which flowed in torrents, uprose Hengist, and with a voice of thunder uttered the fatal words "nemet eoure saxes:" the cry was obeyed, each Saxon grasped his knife and struck with it at the throat of his defenceless neighbour. Almost every blow took effect; only three British chieftains escaping from the banquet of blood. This infernal carnage the Welsh have appropriately denominated the treachery of the long knives. It will be as well to observe that the Saxons derived their name from the saxes, or long knives, which they wore at their sides, and at the use of which they were terribly proficient.

Two or three days after the attempt at murder

at Llangollen, hearing that the Welsh butcher was about to be brought before the magistrates I determined to make an effort to be present at the examination. Accordingly I went to the police station and inquired of the superintendent whether I could be permitted to attend. He was a North Briton, as I have stated somewhere before, and I had scraped acquaintance with him, and had got somewhat into his good graces by praising Dumfries, his native place, and descanting to him upon the beauties of the poetry of his celebrated countryman, my old friend, Allan Cunningham, some of whose works he had perused, and with whom, as he said, he had once the honour of shaking hands. In reply to my question he told me that it was doubtful whether any examination would take place, as the wounded man was in a very weak state, but that if I would return in half-an-hour he would let me know. I went away, and at the end of the half-hour returned, when he told me that there would be no public examination owing to the extreme debility of the wounded man, but that one of the magistrates was about to proceed

to his house and take his deposition in the presence of the criminal and also of the witnesses of the deed, and that if I pleased I might go along with him, and he had no doubt that the magistrate would have no objection to my being present. We set out together: as we were going along I questioned him about the state of the country and gathered from him that there was occasionally a good deal of crime in Wales.

"Are the Welsh a clannish people?" I demanded.

"Very," said he.

"As clannish as the Highlanders?" said I.

"Yes," said he, "and a good deal more."

We came to the house of the wounded butcher, which was some way out of the town in the north-western suburb. The magistrate was in the lower apartment with the clerk, one or two officials, and the surgeon of the town. He was a gentleman of about two or three and forty, with a military air and large moustaches, for besides being a justice of the peace, and a landed proprietor, he was an officer in the army. He

made me a polite bow when I entered, and I requested of him permission to be present at the examination. He hesitated a moment and then asked me my motive for wishing to be present at it.

"Merely curiosity," said I.

He then observed that as the examination would be a private one my being permitted or not was quite optional.

"I am aware of that," said I, "and if you think my remaining is objectionable I will forthwith retire." He looked at the clerk, who said there could be no objection to my staying, and turning round to his superior said something to him which I did not hear, whereupon the magistrate again bowed and said that he should be very happy to grant my request.

We went upstairs and found the wounded man in bed with a bandage round his forehead, and his wife sitting by his bedside. The magistrate and his officials took their seats, and I was accommodated with a chair. Presently the prisoner was introduced under the charge of a policeman. He was a fellow somewhat above

thirty, of the middle size, and wore a dirty white frock coat; his right arm was partly confined by a manacle—a young girl was sworn, who deposed that she saw the prisoner run after the other with something in his hand. The wounded man was then asked whether he thought he was able to make a deposition; he replied in a very feeble tone that he thought he was, and after being sworn deposed that on the preceding Saturday, as he was going to his stall, the prisoner came up to him and asked whether he had ever done him any injury? he said no. "I then," said he, "observed the prisoner's countenance undergo a change and saw him put his hand to his waistcoat-pocket and pull out a knife. I straight became frightened, and ran away as fast as I could; the prisoner followed, and overtaking me stabbed me in the face. I ran into the yard of a public-house and into the shop of an acquaintance, where I fell down, the blood spouting out of my wound." Such was the deposition of the wounded butcher. He was then asked whether there had been any quarrel between him and the prisoner? He

said there had been no quarrel, but that he had refused to drink with the prisoner when he requested him, which he had done very frequently, and had more than once told him that he did not wish for his acquaintance. The prisoner, on being asked, after the usual caution, whether he had anything to say, said that he merely wished to mark the man but not to kill him. The surgeon of the place deposed to the nature of the wound, and on being asked his opinion with respect to the state of the prisoner's mind said that he believed that he might be labouring under a delusion. After the prisoner's bloody weapon and coat had been produced he was committed.

It was generally said that the prisoner was disordered in his mind; I held my tongue, but judging from his look and manner I saw no reason to suppose that he was any more out of his senses than I myself, or any person present, and I had no doubt that what induced him to commit the act was rage at being looked down upon by a quondam acquaintance, who was rising a little in the world, exacer-

bated by the reflection that the disdainful quondam acquaintance was one of the Saxon race, against which every Welshman entertains a grudge more or less virulent, which though of course very unchristianlike, is really, brother Englishman, after the affair of the long knives, and two or three other actions of a somewhat similar character, of our noble Anglo-Saxon progenitors, with which all Welshmen are perfectly well acquainted, not very much to be wondered at.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DYLLUAN.—THE OLDEST CREATURES.

MUCH rain fell about the middle of the month; in the intervals of the showers I occasionally walked by the banks of the river which speedily became much swollen; it was quite terrible both to the sight and ear near the "Robber's Leap;" there were breakers above the higher stones at least five feet high and a roar around almost sufficient "to scare a hundred men." The pool of Catherine Lingo was strangely altered; it was no longer the quiet pool which it was in summer, verifying the words of the old Welsh poet that the deepest pool of the river is always the stillest in summer and of

the softest sound, but a howling turbid gulf, in which branches of trees, dead animals and rubbish were whirling about in the wildest confusion. The nights were generally less rainy than the days, and sometimes by the pallid glimmer of the moon I would take a stroll along some favourite path or road. One night as I was wandering slowly along the path leading through the groves of Pen y Coed I was startled by an unearthly cry—it was the shout of the dylluan or owl, as it flitted over the tops of the trees on its nocturnal business.

Oh, that cry of the dylluan! what a strange wild cry it is; how unlike any other sound in nature! a cry which no combination of letters can give the slightest idea of. What resemblance does Shakespear's to-whit-to-whoo bear to the cry of the owl? none whatever; those who hear it for the first time never know what it is, however accustomed to talk of the cry of the owl and to-whit-to-whoo. A man might be wandering through a wood with Shakespear's owl-chorus in his mouth, but were he then to hear for the first time the real shout of the

owl he would assuredly stop short and wonder whence that unearthly cry could proceed.

Yet no doubt that strange cry is a fitting cry for the owl, the strangest in its habits and look of all birds, the bird of whom by all nations the strangest tales are told. Oh, what strange tales are told of the owl especially in connection with its long-lifedness; but of all the strange wild tales connected with the age of the owl strangest of all is the old Welsh tale. When I heard the owl's cry in the groves of Pen y Coed that tale rushed into my mind. I had heard it from the singular groom who had taught me to gabble Welsh in my boyhood, and had subsequently read it in an old tattered Welsh story book, which by chance fell into my hands. The reader will perhaps be obliged by my relating it.

"The eagle of the alder grove, after being long married and having had many children by his mate, lost her by death, and became a widower. After some time he took it into his head to marry the owl of Cowlyd Coomb; but fearing he should have issue by her, and by that

means sully his lineage, he went first of all to the oldest creatures in the world in order to obtain information about her age. First he went to the stag of Ferny-side brae, whom he found sitting by the old stump of an oak and inquired the age of the owl. The stag said: 'I have seen this oak an acorn which is now lying on the ground without either leaves or bark: nothing in the world wore it up but my rubbing myself against it once a day when I got up, so I have seen a vast number of years, but I assure you that I have never seen the owl older or younger than she is to-day. However, there is one older than myself, and that is the salmon-trout of Glyn Llifon.' To him went the eagle and asked him the age of the owl and got for answer: 'I have a year over my head for every gem on my skin and for every egg in my roe, yet have I always seen the owl look the same; but there is one older than myself and that is the ousel of Cilgwry.' Away went the eagle to Cilgwry, and found the ousel standing upon a little rock, and asked him the age of the owl. Quoth the ousel: 'You see that the rock below me is not

larger than a man can carry in one of his hands: I have seen it so large that it would have taken a hundred oxen to drag it, and it has never been worn save by my drying my beak upon it once every night, and by my striking the tip of my wing against it in rising in the morning, yet never have I known the owl older or younger than she is to-day. However, there is one older than I, and that is the toad of Cors Fochnod; and unless he knows her age no one knows it.' To him went the eagle and asked the age of the owl, and the toad replied: 'I have never eaten anything save what I have sucked from the earth, and have never eaten half my fill in all the days of my life; but do you see those two great hills beside the cross? I have seen the place where they stand level ground, and nothing produced those heaps save what I discharged from my body who have ever eaten so very little—yet never have I known the owl anything else but an old hag who cried Too-hoo-hoo, and scared children with her voice even as she does at present.' So the eagle of Gwernabwy; the stag of Ferny-side brae; the

salmon trout of Glyn Llifon; the ousel of Cilgwry; the toad of Cors Fochnod, and the owl of Coomb Cowlyd are the oldest creatures in the world; the oldest of them all being the owl."

CHAPTER XXII.

CHIRK.—THE MIDDLETON FAMILY.—CASTELL Y WAEN.—THE PARK.—THE COURT YARD.—THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—THE PORTRAITS.—MELIN Y CASTELL.—HUMBLE MEAL.—FINE CHESTS FOR THE DEAD.—HALES AND HERCULES.

THE weather having become fine; myself and family determined to go and see Chirk Castle, a mansion ancient and beautiful, and abounding with all kinds of agreeable and romantic associations. It was founded about the beginning of the fifteenth century by a St. John, Lord of Bletsa, from a descendant of whom it was purchased in the year 1615 by Sir Thomas Middleton, the scion of an ancient Welsh family who, following commerce, acquired a vast fortune, and was Lord Mayor of London. In the time of the great civil war it hoisted the banner of the king, and under Sir Thomas the son of the Lord Mayor, made a brave defence against Lambert the Par-

liamentary General, though eventually compelled to surrender. It was held successively by four Sir Thomas Middletons, and if it acquired a warlike celebrity under the second it obtained a peculiarly hospitable one under the fourth, whose daughter, the fruit of a second marriage, became Countess of Warwick and eventually the wife of the poet and moralist Addison. In his time the hospitality of Chirk became the theme of many a bard, particularly of Huw Morris, who, in one of his songs, has gone so far as to say that were the hill of Cefn Uchaf turned into beef and bread, and the rill Ceiriog into beer or wine, they would be consumed in half a year by the hospitality of Chirk. Though no longer in the hands of one of the name of Middleton Chirk Castle is still possessed by one of the blood, the mother of the present proprietor being the eldest of three sisters, lineal descendants of the Lord Mayor, between whom in default of an heir male the wide possessions of the Middleton family were divided. This gentleman, who bears the name of Biddulph, is Lord Lieutenant of the county of Denbigh, and

notwithstanding his war-breathing name, which is Gothic and signifies Wolf of Battle, is a person of highly amiable disposition, and one who takes great interest in the propagation of the Gospel of peace and love.

To view this place, which though in English called Chirk Castle, is styled in Welsh Castell y Waen, or the Castle of the Meadow, we started on foot about ten o'clock of a fine bright morning attended by John Jones. There are two roads from Llangollen to Chirk, one the low or post road, and the other leading over the Berwyn. We chose the latter. We passed by the Yew Cottage which I have described on a former occasion and began to ascend the mountain, making towards its north-eastern corner. . The road at first was easy enough, but higher up became very steep, and somewhat appalling, being cut out of the side of the hill which shelves precipitously down towards the valley of the Dee. Near the top of the mountain were three lofty beech-trees growing on the very verge of the precipice. Here the road for about twenty yards is fenced on its dangerous side by

a wall, parts of which are built between the stems of the trees. Just beyond the wall a truly noble prospect presented itself to our eyes. To the north were bold hills, their sides and skirts adorned with numerous woods and white farm-houses; a thousand feet below us was the Dee and its wondrous Pont y Cysultau. John Jones said that if certain mists did not intervene we might descry "the sea of Liverpool;" and perhaps the only thing wanting to make the prospect complete was that sea of Liverpool. We were, however, quite satisfied with what we saw, and turning round the corner of the hill reached its top, where for a considerable distance there is level ground, and where, though at a great altitude, we found ourselves in a fair and fertile region, and amidst a scene of busy rural life. We saw fields and inclosures, and here and there corn-stacks, some made, and others not yet completed, about which people were employed, and waggons and horses moving. Passing over the top of the hill we began to descend the southern side, which was far less steep than the one we had lately surmounted.

After a little way the road descended through a wood, which John Jones told us was the begining of "the Park of Biddulph."

"There is plenty of game in this wood," said he; "pheasant cocks and pheasant hens, to say nothing of hares and coneys; and in the midst of it there is a space sown with a particular kind of corn for the support of the pheasant hens and pheasant cocks which in the shooting-season afford pleasant sport for Biddulph and his friends."

Near the foot of the descent, just where the road made a turn to the east, we passed by a building which stood amidst trees, with a pond and barns near it.

"This," said John Jones, "is the house where the bailiff lives who farms and buys and sells for Biddulph, and fattens the beeves and swine, and the geese, ducks, and other poultry which Biddulph consumes at his table."

The scenery was now very lovely, consisting of a mixture of hill and dale, open space and forest, in fact the best kind of park scenery. We caught a glimpse of a lake in which John

Jones said there were generally plenty of swans, and presently saw the castle, which stands on a green grassy slope from which it derives its Welsh name of Castell y Waen; gwaen in the Cumrian language signifying a meadow or uninclosed place. It fronts the west, the direction from which we were coming; on each side it shows five towers, of which the middlemost, which protrudes beyond the rest and at the bottom of which is the grand gate, is by far the bulkiest. A noble edifice it looked, and to my eye bore no slight resemblance to Windsor Castle.

Seeing a kind of ranger we enquired of him what it was necessary for us to do, and by his direction proceeded to the southern side of the castle and rung the bell at a small gate. The southern side had a far more antique appearance than the western; huge towers with small windows and partly covered with ivy frowned down upon us. A servant making his appearance I inquired whether we could see the house; he said we could, and that the housekeeper would show it to us in a little time, but that at

present she was engaged. We entered a large quadrangular court: on the left-hand side was a door and staircase leading into the interior of the building, and farther on was a gateway which was no doubt the principal entrance from the park. On the eastern side of the spacious court was a kennel, chained to which was an enormous dog partly of the bloodhound, partly of the mastiff species, who occasionally uttered a deep magnificent bay. As the sun was hot we took refuge from it under the gateway, the gate of which at the farther end, towards the park, was closed. Here my wife and daughter sat down on a small brass cannon, seemingly a six-pounder, which stood on a very dilapidated carriage; from the appearance of the gun, which was of an ancient form and very much battered, and that of the carriage, I had little doubt that both had been in the castle at the time of the siege. As my two loved ones sat I walked up and down, recalling to my mind all I had heard and read in connection with this castle. I thought of its gallant defence against the men of Oliver; I thought of its roaring hospi-

tality in the time of the fourth Sir Thomas; and I thought of the many beauties who had been born in its chambers, had danced in its halls, had tripped across its court and had subsequently given heirs to illustrious families.

At last we were told that the housekeeper was waiting for us. The housekeeper, who was a genteel good-looking young woman, welcomed us at the door which led into the interior of the house. After we had written our names she showed us into a large room or hall on the right-hand side on the ground floor, where were some helmets and ancient halberts and also some pictures of great personages. The floor was of oak, and so polished and slippery that walking upon it was attended with some danger. Wishing that John Jones, our faithful attendant, who remained timidly at the doorway, should participate with us in the wonderful sights we were about to see, I enquired of the housekeeper whether he might come with us. She replied with a smile that it was not the custom to admit guides into the apartments, but that he might come provided he chose to take off his

shoes; adding, that the reason she wished him to take off his shoes was, an apprehension that if he kept them on he would injure the floors with their rough nails. She then went to John Jones and told him in English that he might attend us provided he took off his shoes; poor John, however, only smiled and said "Dim Saesneg!"

"You must speak to him in your native language," said I, "provided you wish him to understand you—he has no English."

"I am speaking to him in my native language," said the young housekeeper, with another smile; "and if he has no English I have no Welsh."

"Then you are English?" said I.

"Yes," she replied, "a native of London."

"Dear me," said I. "Well, it's no bad thing to be English after all; and as for not speaking Welsh there are many in Wales who would be glad to have much less Welsh than they have." I then told John Jones the condition on which he might attend us, whereupon he took off his shoes with great glee and attended us, holding them in his hand.

We presently went upstairs to what the housekeeper told us was the principal drawing-room, and a noble room it was, hung round with the portraits of kings and queens and the mighty of the earth. Here, on canvas, was noble Mary the wife of William of Orange, and her consort by her side, whose part like a true wife she always took. Here was wretched Mary of Scotland, the murderess of her own lord. Here were the two Charleses and both the Dukes of Ormond—the great Duke who fought stoutly in Ireland against Papist and Roundhead; and the Pretender's Duke who tried to stab his native land and died a foreign colonel. And here, amongst other daughters of the house, was the very proud daughter of the house, the Warwick Dowager who married the Spectator, and led him the life of a dog. She looked haughty and cold and not particularly handsome; but I could not help gazing with a certain degree of interest and respect on the countenance of the vixen, who served out the gentility worshipper in such prime style. Many were the rooms which we entered, of which I shall say nothing, save that they were noble in size and rich in

objects of interest. At last we came to what was called the picture gallery. It was a long pannelled room, extending nearly the whole length of the northern side. The first thing which struck us on entering was the huge skin of a lion stretched out upon the floor; the head, however, which was towards the door, was stuffed, and with its monstrous teeth looked so formidable and lifelike that we were almost afraid to touch it. Against every panel was a portrait; amongst others was that of Sir Thomas Middleton, the stout governor of the castle during the time of the siege. Near to it was the portrait of his rib, Dame Middleton. Farther down on the same side were two portraits of Nell Gwynn; the one painted when she was a girl; the other when she had attained a more mature age. They were both by Lely, the Apelles of the Court of wanton Charles. On the other side was one of the Duke of Gloucester, the son of Queen Anne, who had he lived would have kept the Georges from the throne. In this gallery on the southern side was a cabinet of ebony and silver presented by

Charles the Second to the brave warrior Sir Thomas, and which according to tradition cost seven thousand pounds. This room, which was perhaps the most magnificent in the castle, was the last we visited. The candle of God whilst we wandered through these magnificent halls was flaming in the firmament, and its rays penetrating through the long narrow windows showed them off and all the gorgeous things which they contained to great advantage. When we left the castle we all said, not excepting John Jones, that we had never seen in our lives anything more princely and delightful than the interior.

After a little time my wife and daughter complaining of being rather faint, I asked John Jones whether there was an inn in the neighbourhood where some refreshment could be procured. He said there was, and that he would conduct us to it. We directed our course towards the east, rousing successively, and setting a-scampering, three large herds of deer—the common ones were yellow and of no particular size—but at the head of each herd we observed a big old black fellow with immense antlers;

one of these was particularly large, indeed as huge as a bull. We soon came to the verge of a steep descent, down which we went, not without some risk of falling. At last we came to a gate; it was locked; however, on John Jones shouting an elderly man with his right hand bandaged came and opened it. I asked him what was the matter with his hand, and he told me that he had lately lost three fingers, whilst working at a saw-mill up at the castle. On my inquiring about the inn. he said he was the master of it, and led the way to a long neat low house nearly opposite to a little bridge over a brook, which ran down the valley towards the north. I ordered some ale and bread-and-butter, and whilst our repast was being got ready John Jones and I went to the bridge.

"This bridge, sir," said John, "is called Pont y Velin Castell, the bridge of the Castle Mill; the inn was formerly the mill of the castle, and is still called Melin y Castell. As soon as you are over the bridge you are in shire Amwythig, which the Saxons call Shropshire. A little way up on yon hill is Clawdd Offa

or Offa's dyke, built of old by the Brenin Offa in order to keep us poor Welsh within our bounds."

As we stood on the bridge I inquired of Jones the name of the brook which was running merrily beneath it.

"The Ceiriog, sir," said John, "the same river that we saw at Pont y Meibion."

"The river," said I, "which Huw Morris loved so well, whose praises he has sung, and which he has introduced along with Cefn Uchaf in a stanza in which he describes the hospitality of Chirk Castle in his day, and which runs thus:

"Pe byddai 'r Cefn Ucha,
Yn gig ac yn fara,
A Cheiriog fawr yma 'n fir aml bob tro,
Rhy ryfedd fae iddyn'
Barhâu hanner blwyddyn,
I wyr bob yn gan-nyn ar ginio."

"A good penill that, sir," said John Jones. "Pity that the halls of great people no longer flow with rivers of beer, nor have mountains of bread and beef for all comers."

"No pity at all," said I; "things are better

as they are. Those mountains of bread and beef, and those rivers of ale merely encouraged vassalage, fawning and idleness; better to pay for one's dinner proudly and independently at one's inn, than to go and cringe for it at a great man's table."

We crossed the bridge, walked a little way up the hill which was beautifully wooded, and then retraced our steps to the little inn, where I found my wife and daughter waiting for us, and very hungry. We sat down, John Jones with us, and proceeded to dispatch our bread-and-butter and ale. The bread-and-butter were good enough, but the ale poorish. O, for an Act of Parliament to force people to brew good ale! After finishing our humble meal we got up and having paid our reckoning went back into the park, the gate of which the landlord again unlocked for us.

We strolled towards the north along the base of the hill. The imagination of man can scarcely conceive a scene more beautiful than the one which we were now enjoying. Huge oaks studded the lower side of the hill, towards the

top was a belt of forest, above which rose the eastern walls of the castle; the whole forest, castle and the green bosom of the hill glorified by the lustre of the sun. As we proceeded we again roused the deer, and again saw the three old black fellows, evidently the patriarchs of the herds, with their white enormous horns; with these ancient gentlefolks I very much wished to make acquaintance, and tried to get near them, but no! they would suffer no such thing; off they glided, their white antlers, like the barked top boughs of old pollards, glancing in the sunshine, the smaller dappled creatures following them bounding and frisking. We had again got very near the castle when John Jones told me that if we would follow him he would show us something very remarkable; I asked him what it was.

"Llun Cawr," he replied. "The figure of a giant."

"What giant?" said I.

But on this point he could give me no information. I told my wife and daughter what he had said, and finding that they wished to see

the figure I bade John Jones lead us to it. He led us down an avenue just below the eastern side of the castle; noble oaks and other trees composed it, some of them probably near a hundred feet high; John Jones observing me looking at them with admiration, said:

"They would make fine chests for the dead, sir."

What an observation! how calculated, amidst the most bounding joy and bliss, to remind man of his doom! A moment before I had felt quite happy, but now I felt sad and mournful. I looked at my wife and daughter, who were gazing admiringly on the beauteous scenes around them, and remembered that in a few short years at most we should all three be laid in the cold narrow house formed of four elm or oaken boards, our only garment the flannel shroud, the cold damp earth above us instead of the bright glorious sky. O, how sad and mournful I became! I soon comforted myself, however, by reflecting that such is the will of Heaven, and that Heaven is good.

After we had descended the avenue some

way John Jones began to look about him and getting on the bank on the left side disappeared. We went on and in a little time saw him again beckoning to us some way farther down, but still on the bank. When we drew nigh to him he bade us get on the bank; we did so and followed him some way amidst furze and lyng. All of a sudden he exclaimed "There it is!" We looked and saw a large figure standing on a pedestal. On going up to it we found it to be a Hercules leaning on his club, indeed a copy of the Farnese Hercules, as we gathered from an inscription in Latin partly defaced. We felt rather disappointed, as we expected that it would have turned out to be the figure of some huge Welsh champion of old. We, however, said nothing to our guide. John Jones, in order that we might properly appreciate the size of the statue by contrasting it with his own body, got upon the pedestal and stood up beside the figure, to the elbow of which his head little more than reached.

I told him that in my country, the eastern part of Lloegr, I had seen a man quite as tall as the statue.

"Indeed, sir," said he; "who is it?"

"Hales the Norfolk giant," I replied, "who has a sister seven inches shorter than himself, who is yet seven inches taller than any man in the county when her brother is out of it."

When John Jones got down he asked me who the man was whom the statue was intended to represent.

"Erchwl," I replied, "a mighty man of old, who with his club cleared the country of thieves, serpents, and monsters."

I now proposed that we should return to Llangollen, whereupon we retraced our steps, and had nearly reached the farm-house of the castle when John Jones said that we had better return by the low road, by doing which we should see the castle-lodge and also its gate which was considered one of the wonders of Wales. We followed his advice and passing by the front of the castle northwards soon came to the lodge. The lodge had nothing remarkable in its appearance, but the gate which was of iron was truly magnificent.

On the top were two figures of wolves which

John Jones supposed to be those of foxes. The wolf of Chirk is not intended to be expressive of the northern name of its proprietor, but is the armorial bearing of his family by the maternal side, and originated in one Ryred, surnamed Blaidd or Wolf from his ferocity in war, from whom the family, which only assumed the name of Middleton in the beginning of the thirteenth century, on the occasion of its representative marrying a rich Shropshire heiress of that name, traces descent.

The wolf of Chirk is a Cambrian not a Gothic wolf, and though "a wolf of battle," is the wolf not of Biddulph but of Ryred.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A VISITOR.—APPRENTICESHIP TO THE LAW.—CROCH DARANAU.—LOPE DE VEGA.—NO LIFE LIKE THE TRAVELLER'S.

ONE morning as I sat alone a gentleman was announced. On his entrance I recognized in him the magistrate's clerk, owing to whose good word, as it appeared to me, I had been permitted to remain during the examination into the affair of the wounded butcher. He was a stout, strong-made man, somewhat under the middle height, with a ruddy face, and very clear, grey eyes. I handed him a chair which he took and said that his name was R——, and that he had taken the liberty of calling as he had a great desire to be acquainted with me. On my asking him his reason for that desire he told me that it proceeded from his having

read a book of mine about Spain, which had much interested him.

"Good," said I, "you can't give an author a better reason for coming to see him than being pleased with his book. I assure you that you are most welcome."

After a little general discourse I said that I presumed he was in the law.

"Yes," said he, "I am a member of that much-abused profession."

"And unjustly abused," said I; "it is a profession which abounds with honourable men, and in which I believe there are fewer scamps than in any other. The most honourable men I have ever known have been lawyers; they were men whose word was their bond, and who would have preferred ruin to breaking it. There was my old master, in particular, who would have died sooner than broken his word. God bless him! I think I see him now with his bald shining pate, and his finger on an open page of 'Preston's Conveyancing.'"

"Sure you are not a limb of the law?" said Mr. R——.

"No," said I, "but I might be, for I served an apprenticeship to it."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. R——, shaking me by the hand. "Take my advice, come and settle at Llangollen and be my partner."

"If I did," said I, "I am afraid that our partnership would be of short duration; you would find me too eccentric and flighty for the law. Have you a good practice?" I demanded after a pause.

"I have no reason to complain of it," said he, with a contented air.

"I suppose you are married?" said I.

"O yes," said he, "I have both a wife and family."

"A native of Llangollen?" said I.

"No," said he; "I was born at Llan Silin, a place some way off across the Berwyn."

"Llan Silin?" said I, "I have a great desire to visit it some day or other."

"Why so?" said he, "it offers nothing interesting."

"I beg your pardon," said I; "unless I am much mistaken, the tomb of the great poet Huw Morris is in Llan Silin churchyard."

"Is it possible that you have ever heard of Huw Morris?"

"O yes," said I; "and I have not only heard of him but am acquainted with his writings; I read them when a boy."

"How very extraordinary," said he; "well, you are quite right about his tomb; when a boy I have played dozens of times on the flat stone with my schoolfellows."

We talked of Welsh poetry; he said he had not dipped much into it, owing to its difficulty; that he was master of the colloquial language of Wales, but understood very little of the language of Welsh poetry, which was a widely different thing. I asked him whether he had seen Owen Pugh's translation of "Paradise Lost." He said he had, but could only partially understand it, adding, however, that those parts which he could make out appeared to him to be admi-

rably executed, that amongst these there was one which had particularly struck him namely:

"Ar eu col o rygnu croch
Daranau."

The rendering of Milton's

"And on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder,"

which, grand as it was, was certainly equalled by the Welsh version and perhaps surpassed, for that he was disposed to think that there was something more terrible in "croch daranau," than in "harsh thunder."

"I am disposed to think so too," said I. "Now can you tell me where Owen Pugh is buried?"

"I cannot," said he; "but I suppose you can tell me; you, who know the burying-place of Huw Morris, are probably acquainted with the burying-place of Owen Pugh."

"No," said I, "I am not. Unlike Huw Morris, Owen Pugh has never had his history written, though perhaps quite as interesting a history might be made out of the life of the quiet student as out of that of the popular poet. As soon as ever I learn where his grave is I

shall assuredly make a pilgrimage to it." Mr. R—— then asked me a good many questions about Spain, and a certain singular race of people about whom I have written a good deal. Before going away he told me that a friend of his, of the name of J——, would call upon me provided he thought I should not consider his doing so an intrusion. "Let him come by all means," said I; "I shall never look upon a visit from a friend of yours in the light of an intrusion."

In a few days came his friend, a fine tall athletic man of about forty. "You are no Welshman," said I, as I looked at him.

"No," said he, "I am a native of Lincolnshire, but I have resided in Llangollen for thirteen years."

"In what capacity?" said I.

"In the wine-trade," said he.

"Instead of coming to Llangollen," said I, "and entering into the wine-trade, you should have gone to London, and enlisted into the life-guards."

"Well," said he, with a smile, "I had once or twice thought of doing so. However, fate

brought me to Llangollen, and I am not sorry that she did, for I have done very well here."

I soon found out that he was a well-read and indeed highly accomplished man. Like his friend R——, Mr. J—— asked me a great many questions about Spain. By degrees we got on the subject of Spanish literature. I said that the literature of Spain was a first-rate literature, but that it was not very extensive. He asked me whether I did not think that Lope de Vega was much overrated.

"Not a bit," said I; "Lope de Vega was one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived. He was not only a great dramatist and lyric poet, but a prose writer of marvellous ability, as he proved by several admirable tales, amongst which is the best ghost story in the world."

Another remarkable person whom I got acquainted with about this time, was A——, the innkeeper, who lived a little way down the road, of whom John Jones had spoken so

highly, saying, amongst other things, that he was the clebberest man in Llangollen. One day as I was looking in at his gate, he came forth, took off his hat, and asked me to do him the honour to come in and look at his grounds. I complied, and as he showed me about he told me his history in nearly the following words :—

"I am a Devonian by birth. For many years I served a travelling gentleman, whom I accompanied in all his wanderings. I have been five times across the Alps, and in every capital of Europe. My master at length dying left me in his will something handsome, whereupon I determined to be a servant no longer, but married, and came to Llangollen, which I had visited long before with my master, and had been much pleased with. After a little time these premises becoming vacant, I took them, and set up in the public line, more to have something to do, than for the sake of gain, about which, indeed, I need not trouble myself much, my poor, dear master, as I said before,

having done very handsomely by me at his death. Here I have lived for several years, receiving strangers, and improving my house and grounds. I am tolerably comfortable, but confess I sometimes look back to my former roving life rather wistfully, for there is no life so merry as the traveller's."

He was about the middle age and somewhat under the middle size. I had a good deal of conversation with him, and was much struck with his frank, straightforward manner. He enjoyed a high character at Llangollen for probity and likewise for cleverness, being reckoned an excellent gardener, and an almost unequalled cook. His master, the travelling gentleman, might well leave him a handsome remembrance in his will, for he had not only been an excellent and trusty servant to him, but had once saved his life at the hazard of his own, amongst the frightful precipices of the Alps. Such retired gentlemen's servants, or such publicans either, as honest A——, are not every day to be found. His grounds, princi-

pally laid out by his own hands, exhibited an infinity of taste, and his house, into which I looked, was a perfect picture of neatness. Any tourist visiting Llangollen for a short period could do no better than take up his abode at the hostelry of honest A——.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RINGING OF BELLS.—BATTLE OF ALMA.—THE BROWN JUG.—ALE OF LLANGOLLEN.—REVERSES.

ON the third of October—I think that was the date—as my family and myself, attended by trusty John Jones, were returning on foot from visiting a park not far from Rhiwabon we heard, when about a mile from Llangollen, a sudden ringing of the bells of the place, and a loud shouting. Presently we observed a postman hurrying in a cart from the direction of the town. "Peth yw y matter?" said John Jones. "Y matter, y matter!" said the postman in a tone of exultation. "Sebastopol wedi cymmeryd Hurrah!"

"What does he say?" said my wife anxiously to me.

"Why, that Sebastopol is taken," said I.

"Then you have been mistaken," said my wife smiling, "for you always said that the place would either not be taken at all or would cost the allies to take it a deal of time and an immense quantity of blood and treasure, and here it is taken at once, for the allies only landed the other day. Well, thank God, you have been mistaken!"

"Thank God, indeed," said I, "always supposing that I have been mistaken—but I hardly think from what I have known of the Russians that they would let their town—however, let us hope that they have let it be taken, Hurrah!"

We reached our dwelling. My wife and daughter went in. John Jones betook himself to his cottage, and I went into the town, in which there was a great excitement; a wild running troop of boys was shouting "Sebastopol wedi cymmeryd Hurrah! Hurrah!" Old Mr. Jones was standing bare-headed at his door. "Ah," said the old gentleman, "I am glad to see you. Let us congratulate each other," he added, shaking

me by the hand. "Sebastopol taken, and in so short a time. How fortunate!"

"Fortunate indeed," said I, returning his hearty shake; "I only hope it may be true."

"O, there can be no doubt of its being true," said the old gentleman. "The accounts are most positive. Come in, and I will tell you all the circumstances." I followed him into his little back parlour, where we both sat down.

"Now," said the old church-clerk, "I will tell you all about it. The allies landed about twenty miles from Sebastopol and proceeded to march against it. When nearly half way they found the Russians posted on a hill. Their position was naturally very strong, and they had made it more so by means of redoubts and trenches. However, the allies undismayed, attacked the enemy, and after a desperate resistance, drove them over the hill, and following fast at their heels entered the town pell-mell with them, taking it and all that remained alive of the Russian army. And what do you think? The Welsh highly distinguished themselves. The Welsh fusiliers were the first to mount the hill.

They suffered horribly—indeed almost the whole regiment was cut to pieces; but what of that? they showed that the courage of the Ancient Britons still survives in their descendants. And now I intend to stand beverage. I assure you I do. No words! I insist upon it. I have heard you say you are fond of good ale, and I intend to fetch you a pint of such ale as I am sure you never drank in your life." Thereupon he hurried out of the room, and through the shop into the street.

"Well," said I, when I was by myself, "if this news does not regularly surprise me! I can easily conceive that the Russians would be beaten in a pitched battle by the English and French—but that they should have been so quickly followed up by the allies as not to be able to shut their gates and man their walls is to me inconceivable. Why, the Russians retreat like the wind, and have a thousand ruses at command, in order to retard an enemy. So at least I thought, but it is plain that I know nothing about them, nor indeed much of my own countrymen; I should never have thought that English soldiers

could have marched fast enough to overtake Russians, more especially with such a being to command them, as ——, whom I and indeed almost every one else have always considered a dead weight on the English service. I suppose, however, that both they and their commander were spurred on by the active French."

Presently, the old church clerk made his appearance with a glass in one hand, and a brown jug of ale in the other.

"Here," said he, filling the glass, "is some of the real Llangollen ale, I got it from the little inn, the Eagle, over the way, which was always celebrated for its ale. They stared at me when I went in and asked for a pint of ale, as they knew that for twenty years I have drunk no liquor whatever, owing to the state of my stomach, which will not allow me to drink anything stronger than water and tea. I told them, however, it was for a gentleman, a friend of mine, whom I wished to treat in honour of the fall of Sebastopol."

I would fain have excused myself, but the old gentleman insisted on my drinking.

"Well," said I, taking the glass, "thank God that our gloomy forebodings are not likely to be realised. Oes y byd i'r glôd Frythoneg! May Britain's glory last as long as the world!"

Then, looking for a moment at the ale which was of a dark-brown colour, I put the glass to my lips and drank.

"Ah!" said the old church clerk, "I see you like it, for you have emptied the glass at a draught."

"It is good ale," said I.

"Good," said the old gentleman rather hastily, "good; did you ever taste any so good in your life?"

"Why, as to that," said I, "I hardly know what to say; I have drunk some very good ale in my day. However, I'll trouble you for another glass."

"O ho, you will," said the old gentleman; "that's enough; if you did not think it first-rate you would not ask for more. This," said he, as he filled the glass again, "is genuine malt and hop liquor, brewed in a way only known, they say, to some few people in this place. You

must, however, take care how much you take of it. Only a few glasses will make you dispute with your friends, and a few more quarrel with them. Strange things are said of what Llangollen ale made people do of yore; and I remember that when I was young and could drink ale two or three glasses of the Llangollen juice of the barleycorn would make me—however, those times are gone and by."

"Has Llangollen ale," said I after tasting the second glass, "ever been sung in Welsh? is there no englyn upon it?"

"No," said the old church clerk, "at any rate, that I am aware."

"Well," said I, "I can't sing its praises in a Welsh englyn, but I think I can contrive to do so in an English quatrain with the help of what you have told me. What do you think of this?—

"Llangollen's brown ale is with malt and hop rife;
'Tis good; but don't quaff it from evening till dawn;
For too much of that ale will incline you to strife;
Too much of that ale has caused knives to be drawn."

"That's not so bad," said the old church clerk, "but I think some of our bards could have

produced something better—that is, in Welsh; for example old—— What's the name of the old bard who wrote so many englynion on ale?"

"Sion Tudor," said I; "O yes; but he was a great poet. Ah, he has written some wonderful englynion on ale; but you will please to bear in mind that all his englynion are upon bad ale, and it is easier to turn to ridicule what is bad than to do anything like justice to what is good."

O, great was the rejoicing for a few days at Llangollen for the reported triumph; and the share of the Welsh in that triumph reconciled for a time the descendants of the Ancient Britons to the seed of the coiling serpent. "Welsh and Saxons together will conquer the world!" shouted brats as they stood barefooted in the kennel. In a little time, however, news not quite so cheering arrived. There had been a battle fought, it is true, in which the Russians had been beaten, and the little Welsh had very much distinguished themselves, but no Sebastopol had been taken. The Russians had retreated to their town, which, till then almost

defenceless on the land side, they had, following their old maxim of "never despair," rendered almost impregnable in a few days, whilst the allies, chiefly owing to the supineness of the British commander, were loitering on the field of battle. In a word, all had happened which the writer, from his knowledge of the Russians and his own countrymen, had conceived likely to happen from the beginning. Then came the news of the commencement of a seemingly interminable siege, and of disasters and disgraces on the part of the British; there was no more shouting at Llangollen in connection with the Crimean expedition. But the subject is a disagreeable one, and the writer will dismiss it after a few brief words.

It was quite right and consistent with the justice of God that the British arms should be subjected to disaster and ignominy about that period. A deed of infamous injustice and cruelty had been perpetrated, and the perpetrators instead of being punished had received applause and promotion: so if the British expedition to Sebastopol was a disastrous and

ignominious one, who can wonder? Was it likely that the groans of poor Parry would be unheard from the corner to which he had retired to hide his head by "the Ancient of days" who sits above the cloud, and from thence sends judgments?

CHAPTER XXV.

THE NEWSPAPER.—A NEW WALK.—PENTRÉ Y DWR.—OATMEAL AND BARLEY-MEAL.—THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.—HEAVY NEWS.

"DEAR me," said I to my wife as I sat by the fire one Saturday morning, looking at a newspaper which had been sent to us from our own district, "what is this? Why, the death of our old friend Dr. ——. He died last Tuesday week after a short illness, for he preached in his church at—— the previous Sunday."

"Poor man!" said my wife. "How sorry I am to hear of his death! However, he died in the fulness of years after a long and exemplary life. He was an excellent man and good Christian shepherd. I knew him well; you I think only saw him once."

"But I shall never forget him," said I, "nor

how animated his features became when I talked to him about Wales, for he, you know, was a Welshman. I forgot to ask what part of Wales he came from. I suppose I shall never know now."

Feeling indisposed either for writing or reading, I determined to take a walk to Pentré y Dwr, a village in the north-west part of the valley which I had not yet visited. I purposed going by a path under the Eglwysig crags which I had heard led thither and to return by the monastery. I set out. The day was dull and gloomy. Crossing the canal I pursued my course by romantic lanes till I found myself under the crags. The rocky ridge here turns away to the north, having previously run from the east to the west.

After proceeding nearly a mile amidst very beautiful scenery I came to a farm-yard where I saw several men engaged in repairing a building. This farm-yard was in a very sequestered situation; a hill overhung it on the west, half-way up whose side stood a farm-house to which it probably pertained. On the north-west was a

most romantic hill covered with wood to the very top. A wild valley led, I knew not whither, to the north between crags and the wood-covered hill. Going up to a man of respectable appearance, who seemed to be superintending the others, I asked him in English the way to Pentré y Dwr. He replied that I must follow the path up the hill towards the house, behind which I should find a road which would lead me through the wood to Pentré Dwr. As he spoke very good English I asked him where he had learnt it.

"Chiefly in South Wales," said he, "where they speak less Welsh than here."

I gathered from him that he lived in the house on the hill and was a farmer. I asked him to what place the road up the valley to the north led.

"We generally go by that road to Wrexham," he replied; "it is a short but a wild road through the hills."

After a little discourse on the times, which he told me were not quite so bad for farmers as they had been, I bade him farewell.

Mounting the hill I passed round the house, as the farmer had directed me, and turned to the west along a path on the side of the mountain. A deep valley was on my left, and on my right above me a thick wood, principally of oak. About a mile farther on the path winded down a descent, at the bottom of which I saw a brook and a number of cottages beyond it.

I passed over the brook by means of a long slab laid across and reached the cottages. I was now as I supposed in Pentré y Dwr, and a pentré y dwr most truly it looked, for those Welsh words signify in English the village of the water, and the brook here ran through the village, in every room of which its pretty murmuring sound must have been audible. I looked about me in the hope of seeing somebody of whom I could ask a question or two, but seeing no one I turned to the south intending to regain Llangollen by the way of the monastery. Coming to a cottage I saw a woman to all appearance very old standing by the door, and asked her in Welsh where I was.

"In Pentré Dwr," said she. "This house

and those yonder," pointing to the cottages past which I had come, "are Pentré y Dwr. There is, however, another Pentré Dwr up the glen yonder," said she, pointing towards the north—"which is called Pentré Dwr uchaf (the upper)—this is called Pentré Dwr isaf (the lower)."

"Is it called Pentré Dwr," said I, "because of the water of the brook?"

"Likely enough," said she, "but I never thought of the matter before."

She was blear-eyed, and her skin, which seemed drawn tight over her forehead and cheek-bones, was of the colour of parchment. I asked her how old she was.

"Fifteen after three twenties," she replied; meaning that she was seventy-five.

From her appearance I should almost have guessed that she had been fifteen after four twenties. I, however, did not tell her so, for I am always cautious not to hurt the feelings of any body, especially of the aged.

Continuing my way I soon overtook a man driving five or six very large hogs. One of

these which was muzzled was of a truly immense size, and walked with considerable difficulty on account of its fatness. I walked for some time by the side of the noble porker, admiring it. At length a man rode up on horseback from the way we had come; he said something to the driver of the hogs, who instantly unmuzzled the immense creature, who gave a loud grunt on finding his snout and mouth free. From the conversation which ensued between the two men I found that the driver was the servant and the other the master.

"Those hogs are too fat to drive along the road," said I at last to the latter.

"We brought them in a cart as far as the Pentré Dwr," said the man on horseback, "but as they did not like the jolting we took them out."

"And where are you taking them to?" said I.

"To Llangollen," said the man, "for the fair on Monday."

"What does that big fellow weigh?" said I, pointing to the largest hog.

"He'll weigh about eighteen score," said the man.

"What do you mean by eighteen score?" said I.

"Eighteen score of pounds," said the man.

"And how much do you expect to get for him?"

"Eight pounds; I shan't take less."

"And who will buy him?" said I.

"Some gent from Wolverhampton or about there," said the man; "there will be plenty of gents from Wolverhampton at the fair."

"And what do you fatten your hogs upon?" said I.

"Oatmeal," said the man.

"And why not on barley-meal?"

"Oatmeal is the best," said the man; the gents from Wolverhampton prefer them fattened on oatmeal."

"Do the gents of Wolverhampton," said I, "eat the hogs?"

They do not," said the man; "they buy them to sell again; and they like hogs fed on oatmeal best, because they are the fattest."

"But the pork is not the best," said I; "all hog-flesh raised on oatmeal is bitter and wiry; because do you see——"

"I see you are in the trade," said the man, "and understand a thing or two."

"I understand a thing or two," said I, "but I am not in the trade. Do you come from far?"

"From Llandeglo," said the man.

"Are you a hog-merchant?" said I.

"Yes," said he, "and a horse-dealer, and a farmer, though rather a small one."

"I suppose, as you are a horse-dealer," said I, "you travel much about?"

"Yes," said the man; "I have travelled a good deal about Wales and England."

"Have you been in Ynys Fon?" said I.

"I see you are a Welshman," said the man.

"No," said I, "but I know a little Welsh."

"Ynys Fon," said the man! "Yes, I have been in Anglesey more times than I can tell."

"Do you know Hugh Pritchard," said I, "who lives at Pentraeth Coch?"

"I know him well," said the man, "and an honest fellow he is."

"And Mr. Bos?" said I.

"What Bos?" said he. "Do you mean a lusty, red-faced man in top-boots and grey coat?"

"That's he," said I.

"He's a clever one," said the man. "I suppose by your knowing these people you are a drover or a horse-dealer. Yes," said he, turning half-round in his saddle and looking at me, "you are a horse-dealer. I remember you well now, and once sold a horse to you at Chelmsford."

"I am no horse-dealer," said I, "nor did I ever buy a horse at Chelmsford. I see you have been about England. Have you ever been in Norfolk or Suffolk?"

"No," said the man, "but I know something of Suffolk. I have an uncle there."

"Whereabouts in Suffolk?" said I

"At a place called ——," said the man.

"In what line of business?" said I.

"In none at all; he is a clergyman."

"Shall I tell you his name?" said I.

"It is not likely you should know his name," said the man.

"Nevertheless," said I, "I will tell it you—his name was——"

"Well," said the man, "sure enough that is his name."

"It was his name," said I, "but I am sorry to tell you he is no more. To-day is Saturday. He died last Tuesday week and was probably buried last Monday. An excellent man was Dr. H. O. A credit to his country and to his order."

The man was silent for some time and then said with a softer voice and a very different manner from that he had used before, "I never saw him but once, and that was more than twenty years ago—but I have heard say that he was an excellent man—I see, sir, that you are a clergyman."

"I am no clergyman," said I, "but I knew your uncle and prized him. What was his native place?"

"Corwen," said the man, then taking out

his handkerchief he wiped his eyes, and said with a faltering voice "This will be heavy news there."

We were now past the monastery, and bidding him farewell I descended to the canal, and returned home by its bank, whilst the Welsh drover, the nephew of the learned, eloquent and exemplary Welsh doctor, pursued with his servant and animals his way by the high road to Llangollen.

Many sons of Welsh yeomen brought up to the Church have become ornaments of it in distant Saxon land, but few, very few, have by learning, eloquence and Christian virtues reflected so much lustre upon it as Hugh O—— of Corwen.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SUNDAY NIGHT.—SLEEP, SIN, AND OLD AGE.—THE DREAM.—LANIKIN FIGURE.—A LITERARY PURCHASE.

THE Sunday morning was a gloomy one. I attended service at church with my family. The service was in English, and the younger Mr. E—— preached. The text I have forgotten, but I remember perfectly well that the sermon was scriptural and elegant. When we came out the rain was falling in torrents. Neither I nor my family went to church in the afternoon. I however attended the evening service which is always in Welsh. The elder Mr. E—— preached. Text 2 Cor. x. 5. The sermon was an admirable one, admonitory, pathetic and highly eloquent; I went home very much edified, and edified my wife and Henrietta, by re-

peating to them in English the greater part of the discourse which I had been listening to in Welsh. After supper, in which I did not join, for I never take supper, provided I have taken dinner, they went to bed whilst I remained seated before the fire, with my back near the table and my eyes fixed upon the embers which were rapidly expiring, and in this posture sleep surprised me. Amongst the proverbial sayings of the Welsh, which are chiefly preserved in the shape of triads, is the following one: "Three things come unawares upon a man, sleep, sin, and old age." This saying holds sometimes good with respect to sleep and old age, but never with respect to sin. Sin does not come unawares upon a man: God is just, and would never punish a man as He always does for being overcome by sin if sin were able to take him unawares; and neither sleep nor old age always come unawares upon a man. People frequently feel themselves going to sleep and feel old age stealing upon them; though there can be no doubt that sleep and old age sometimes come unawares—old age came unawares upon me; it

was only the other day that I was aware that I was old, though I had long been old, and sleep came unawares upon me in that chair in which I had sat down without the slightest thought of sleeping. And there as I sat I had a dream—what did I dream about? the sermon, musing upon which I had been overcome by sleep? not a bit! I dreamt about a widely-different matter. Methought I was in Llangollen fair in the place where the pigs were sold, in the midst of Welsh drovers, immense hogs and immense men whom I took to be the gents of Wolverhampton. What huge fellows they were! almost as huge as the hogs for which they higgled; the generality of them dressed in brown sporting coats, drab breeches, yellow-topped boots, splashed all over with mud, and with low-crowned broad-brimmed hats. One enormous fellow particularly caught my notice. I guessed he must have weighed at least eleven score, he had a half-ruddy, half-tallowy face, brown hair, and rather thin whiskers. He was higgling with the proprietor of an immense hog, and as he higgled he wheezed as if he had a difficulty of respiration,

and frequently wiped off, with a dirty-white pocket-handkerchief, drops of perspiration which stood upon his face. At last methought he bought the hog for nine pounds, and had no sooner concluded his bargain than turning round to me, who was standing close by staring at him, he slapped me on the shoulder with a hand of immense weight, crying with a half-piping, half-wheezing voice, "Coom, neighbour, coom, I and thou have often dealt; gi' me noo a poond for my bargain, and it shall be all thy own." I felt in a great rage at his unceremonious behaviour, and owing to the flutter of my spirits whilst I was thinking whether or not I should try and knock him down, I awoke, and found the fire nearly out and the ecclesiastical cat seated on my shoulders. The creature had not been turned out, as it ought to have been, before my wife and daughter retired, and feeling cold had got upon the table and thence had sprung upon my back for the sake of the warmth which it knew was to be found there; and no doubt the springing on my shoulders by the ecclesiastical cat was what I took in my dream

to be the slap on my shoulders by the Wolverhampton gent.

The day of the fair was dull and gloomy, an exact counterpart of the previous Saturday. Owing to some cause I did not go into the fair till past one o'clock, and then seeing neither immense hogs nor immense men I concluded that the gents of Wolverhampton had been there and after purchasing the larger porkers had departed with their bargains to their native district. After sauntering about a little time I returned home. After dinner I went again into the fair along with my wife; the stock business had long been over, but I observed more stalls than in the morning, and a far greater throng, for the country people for miles round had poured into the little town. By a stall on which were some poor legs and shoulders of mutton I perceived the English butcher, whom the Welsh one had attempted to slaughter. I recognized him by a patch which he wore on his cheek. My wife and I went up and enquired how he was. He said that he still felt poorly, but that he hoped he should get round. I asked him if he

remembered me; and received for answer that he remembered having seen me when the examination took place into "his matter." I then enquired what had become of his antagonist and was told that he was in prison awaiting his trial. I gathered from him that he was a native of the Southdown country and a shepherd by profession; that he had been engaged by the squire of Porkington in Shropshire to look after his sheep, and that he had lived there a year or two, but becoming tired of his situation he had come to Llangollen, where he had married a Welshwoman and set up as a butcher. We told him that as he was our countryman we should be happy to deal with him sometimes; he, however, received the intimation with perfect apathy, never so much as saying "thank you." He was a tall lanikin figure with a pair of large, lacklustre, staring eyes, and upon the whole appeared to be good for very little. Leaving him we went some way up the principal street, presently my wife turned into a shop, and I observing a little bookstall went up to it and began to inspect the books. They were chiefly in Welsh.

Seeing a kind of chap book, which bore on its title-page the name of Twm O'r Nant, I took it up. It was called Y Llwyn Celyn or the Holly Grove, and contained the life and one of the interludes of Tom O' the Dingle or Thomas Edwards. It purported to be the first of four numbers, each of which amongst other things was to contain one of his interludes. The price of the number was one shilling. I questioned the man of the stall about the other numbers, but found that this was the only one which he possessed. Eager, however, to read an interlude of the celebrated Tom I purchased it and turned away from the stall. Scarcely had I done so when I saw a wild-looking woman with two wild children looking at me. The woman curtseyed to me, and I thought I recognized the elder of the two Irish females whom I had seen in the tent on the green meadow near Chester. I was going to address her, but just then my wife called to me from the shop and I went to her, and when I returned to look for the woman she and her children had disappeared, and though I searched about for her I could not see her, for

which I was sorry, as I wished very much to have some conversation with her about the ways of the Irish wanderers. I was thinking of going to look for her up "Paddy's dingle," but my wife meeting me begged me to go home with her, as it was getting late. So I went home with my better half, bearing my late literary acquisition in my hand.

That night I sat up very late reading the life of Twm O'r Nant, written by himself in choice Welsh, and his interlude which was styled "Cyfoeth a Thylody; or, Riches and Poverty." The life I had read in my boyhood in an old Welsh magazine, and I now read it again with great zest, and no wonder, as it is probably the most remarkable autobiography ever penned. The interlude I had never seen before, nor indeed any of the dramatic pieces of Twm O'r Nant, though I had frequently wished to procure some of them—so I read the present one with great eagerness. Of the life I shall give some account and also some extracts from it, which will enable the reader to judge of Tom's personal

character, and also an abstract of the interlude, from which the reader may form a tolerably correct idea of the poetical powers of him whom his countrymen delight to call "the Welsh Shakespear."

CHAPTER XXVII.

HISTORY OF TWM O'R NANT.—EAGERNESS FOR LEARNING.—THE FIRST INTERLUDE.—THE CRUEL FIGHTER.—RAISING WOOD.—THE LUCKLESS HOUR.—TURNPIKE-KEEPING.—DEATH IN THE SNOW.—TOM'S GREAT FEAT.—THE MUSE A FRIEND.—STRENGTH IN OLD AGE.—RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

"I AM the first-born of my parents,"—says Thomas Edwards. "They were poor people and very ignorant. I was brought into the world in a place called Lower Pen Parchell, on land which once belonged to the celebrated Iolo Goch. My parents afterwards removed to the Nant (or dingle) near Nantglyn, situated in a place called Coom Pernant. The Nant was the middlemost of three homesteads, which are in the Coom, and are called the Upper, Middle, and Lower Nant; and it so happened that in the Upper Nant there were people who had a boy of about the same age as myself, and forasmuch as they were better to do in the world than my

parents, they having only two children whilst mine had ten, I was called Tom of the Dingle, whilst he was denominated Thomas Williams."

After giving some anecdotes of his childhood he goes on thus:—"Time passed on till I was about eight years old, and then in the summer I was lucky enough to be sent to school for three weeks; and as soon as I had learnt to spell and read a few words I conceived a mighty desire to learn to write; so I went in quest of elder-berries to make me ink, and my first essay in writing was trying to copy on the sides of the leaves of books the letters of the words I read. It happened, however, that a shop in the village caught fire and the greater part of it was burnt, only a few trifles being saved, and amongst the scorched articles my mother got for a penny a number of sheets of paper burnt at the edges, and sewed them together to serve as copy-books for me. Without loss of time I went to the smith of Waendwysog, who wrote for me the letters on the upper part of the leaves; and careful enough was I to fill the whole paper with scrawlings which looked for

all the world like crows' feet. I went on getting paper and ink, and something to copy now from this person, and now from that, until I learned to read Welsh and to write it at the same time."

He copied out a great many carols and songs, and the neighbours observing his fondness for learning persuaded his father to allow him to go to the village school to learn English. At the end of three weeks, however, his father, considering that he was losing his time, would allow him to go no longer, but took him into the fields in order that the boy might assist him in his labour. Nevertheless Tom would not give up his literary pursuits, but continued scribbling, and copying out songs and carols. When he was about ten he formed an acquaintance with an old man, chapel-reader in Pentre y Foelas, who had a great many old books in his possession, which he allowed Tom to read; he then had the honour of becoming amanuensis to a poet.

"I became very intimate," says he, "with a man who was a poet; he could neither read nor

write; but he was a poet by nature, having a muse wonderfully glib at making triplets and quartets. He was nicknamed Tum Tai of the Moor. He made an englyn for me to put in a book in which I was inserting all the verses I could collect:

> "'Tom Evan's the lad for hunting up songs,
> Tom Evan to whom the best learning belongs;
> Betwixt his two pasteboards he verses has got,
> Sufficient to fill the whole country, I wot.'

"I was in the habit of writing my name Tom or Thomas Evans before I went to school for a fortnight in order to learn English; but then I altered it into Thomas Edwards, for Evan Edwards was the name of my father, and I should have been making myself a bastard had I continued calling myself by my first name. However I had the honour of being secretary to the old poet. When he had made a song he would keep it in his memory till I came to him. Sometimes after the old man had repeated his composition to me I would begin to dispute with him, asking whether the thing would not be better another way, and he could hardly

keep from flying into a passion with me for putting his work to the torture."

It was then the custom for young lads to go about playing what were called interludes, namely dramatic pieces on religious or moral subjects, written by rustic poets. Shortly after Tom had attained the age of twelve he went about with certain lads of Nantglyn playing these pieces, generally acting the part of a girl, because, as he says, he had the best voice. About this time he wrote an interlude himself, founded on "John Bunyan's Spiritual Courtship," which was, however, stolen from him by a young fellow from Anglesey, along with the greater part of the poems and pieces which he had copied. This affair at first very much disheartened Tom: plucking up his spirits, however, he went on composing, and soon acquired amongst his neighbours the title of "the poet," to the great mortification of his parents, who were anxious to see him become an industrious husbandman.

"Before I was quite fourteen," says he, "I had made another interlude, but when my father

and mother heard about it they did all they could to induce me to destroy it. However, I would not burn it, but gave it to Hugh of Llangwin, a celebrated poet of the time, who took it to Llandyrnog, where he sold it for ten shillings to the lads of the place, who performed it the following summer; but I never got anything for my labour, save a sup of ale from the players when I met them. This at the heel of other things would have induced me to give up poetry, had it been in the power of anything to do so. I made two interludes," he continues, "one for the people of Llanbedr in the Vale of Clwyd, and the other for the lads of Llanarmon in Yale, one on the subject of Naaman's leprosy, and the other about hypocrisy, which was a re-fashionment of the work of Richard Parry of Ddiserth. When I was young I had such a rage or madness for poetizing, that I would make a song on almost anything I saw —and it was a mercy that many did not kill me or break my bones, on account of my evil tongue. My parents often told me I should have some mischief done me if I went on in the

way in which I was going. Once on a time being with some companions as bad as myself, I happened to use some very free language in a place where three lovers were with a young lass of my neighbourhood, who lived at a place called Ty Celyn, with whom they kept company. I said in discourse that they were the cocks of Ty Celyn. The girl heard me, and conceived a spite against me on account of my scurrilous language. She had a brother, who was a cruel fighter; he took the part of his sister, and determined to chastise me. One Sunday evening he shouted to me as I was coming from Nantglyn—our ways were the same till we got nearly home—he had determined to give me a thrashing, and he had with him a piece of oak stick just suited for the purpose. After we had taunted each other some time, as we went along, he flung his stick on the ground and stripped himself stark naked. I took off my hat and my neckcloth, and took his stick in my hand, whereupon running to the hedge he took a stake, and straight we set to like two furies. After fighting some time, our

sticks were shivered to pieces and quite short; sometimes we were upon the ground, but did not give up fighting on that account. Many people came up and would fain have parted us, but he would by no means let them. At last we agreed to go and pull fresh stakes, and then we went at it again until he could no longer stand. The marks of this battle are upon him and me to this day. At last, covered with a gore of blood he was dragged home by his neighbours. He was in a dreadful condition and many thought he would die. On the morrow there came an alarm that he was dead, whereupon I escaped across the mountain to Pentré y Foelas to the old man Sion Dafydd to read his old books."

After staying there a little time, and getting his wounds tended by an old woman, he departed and skulked about in various places, doing now and then a little work, until hearing his adversary was recovering, he returned to his home. He went on writing and performing interludes till he fell in love with a young woman rather religiously inclined, whom he married in the

year 1763, when he was in his twenty-fourth year. The young couple settled down on a little place near the town of Denbigh, called Ale Fowlio. They kept three cows and four horses. The wife superintended the cows, and Tom with his horses carried wood from Gwenynos to Ruddlan, and soon excelled all other carters "in loading and in everything connected with the management of wood." Tom in the pride of his heart must needs be helping his fellow-carriers, whilst labouring with them in the forests, till his wife told him he was a fool for his pains, and advised him to go and load in the afternoon, when nobody would be about, offering to go and help him. He listened to her advice and took her with him.

"The dear creature," says he, "assisted me for some time, but as she was with child, and on that account not exactly fit to turn the roll of the crane with levers of iron, I formed the plan of hooking the horses to the rope, in order to raise up the wood which was to be loaded, and by long teaching the horses to pull and to stop, I contrived to make loading a much easier task, both to my wife and myself. Now

this was the first hooking of horses to the rope of the crane which was ever done either in Wales or England. Subsequently I had plenty of leisure and rest instead of toiling amidst other carriers."

Leaving Ale Fowlio he took up his abode nearer to Denbigh, and continued carrying wood. Several of his horses died, and he was soon in difficulties, and was glad to accept an invitation from certain miners of the county of Flint to go and play them an interlude. As he was playing them one called "A Vision of the Course of the World," which he had written for the occasion, and which was founded on, and named after, the first part of the work of Master Ellis Wyn, he was arrested at the suit of one Mostyn of Calcoed. He, however, got bail, and partly by carrying and partly by playing interludes, soon raised money enough to pay his debt. He then made another interlude, called "Riches and Poverty," by which he gained a great deal of money. He then wrote two others, one called "The Three Associates of Man namely The World, Nature and Conscience;" the other

entitled "The King, the Justice, the Bishop and the Husbandman," both of which he and certain of his companions acted with great success. After he had made all that he could by acting these pieces he printed them. When printed they had a considerable sale, and Tom was soon able to set up again as a carter. He went on carting and carrying for upwards of twelve years, at the end of which time he was worth with one thing and the other, upwards of three hundred pounds, which was considered a very considerable property about ninety years ago in Wales. He then, in a luckless hour, "when," to use his own words, "he was at leisure at home, like King David on the top of his house," mixed himself up with the concerns of an uncle of his, a brother of his father. He first became bail for him, and subsequently made himself answerable for the amount of a bill, due by his uncle to a lawyer. His becoming answerable for the bill nearly proved the utter ruin of our hero. His uncle failed, and left him to pay it. The lawyer took out a writ against him. It

would have been well for Tom if he had paid the money at once, but he went on dallying and compromising with the lawyer, till he became terribly involved in his web. To increase his difficulties work became slack; so at last he packed his things upon his carts, and with his family, consisting of his wife and three daughters, fled into Montgomeryshire. The lawyer, however, soon got information of his whereabout, and threatened to arrest him. Tom, after trying in vain to arrange matters with him, fled into South Wales, to Carmarthenshire, where he carried wood for a timber-merchant, and kept a turnpike gate, which belonged to the same individual. But the "old cancer" still followed him and his horses were seized for the debt. His neighbours, however, assisted him, and bought the horses in at a low price when they were put up for sale, and restored them to him, for what they had given. Even then the matter was not satisfactorily settled, for, years afterwards, on the decease of Tom's father, the lawyer seized upon the property, which by law

descended to Tom O'r Nant, and turned his poor old mother out upon the cold mountain's side.

Many strange adventures occurred to Tom in South Wales, but those which befell him whilst officiating as a turnpike-keeper were certainly the most extraordinary. If what he says be true, as of course it is—for who shall presume to doubt Tom O' the Dingle's veracity?—whosoever fills the office of turnpike-keeper in Wild Wales should be a person of very considerable nerve.

"We were in the habit of seeing," says Tom, "plenty of passengers going through the gate without paying toll; I mean such things as are called phantoms or illusions—sometimes there were hearses and mourning coaches, sometimes funeral processions on foot, the whole to be seen as distinctly as anything could be seen, especially at night-time. I saw myself on a certain night a hearse go through the gate whilst it was shut; I saw the horses and the harness, the postilion, and the coachman, and the tufts of hair such as are seen on the tops of hearses, and I saw the wheels scattering the stones in the

road, just as other wheels would have done. Then I saw a funeral of the same character, for all the world like a real funeral; there was the bier and the black drapery. I have seen more than one. If a young man was to be buried there would be a white sheet or something that looked like one—and sometimes I have seen a flaring candle going past.

"Once a traveller passing through the gate called out to me: 'Look! yonder is a corpse candle coming through the fields beside the highway.' So we paid attention to it as it moved, making apparently towards the church from the other side. Sometimes it would be quite near the road, another time some way into the fields. And sure enough after the lapse of a little time a body was brought by exactly the same route by which the candle had come, owing to the proper road being blocked up with snow.

"Another time there happened a great wonder connected with an old man of Carmarthen, who was in the habit of carrying fish to Brecon, Menny, and Monmouth, and returning with the

poorer kind of Gloucester cheese: my people knew he was on the road and had made ready for him, the weather being dreadful, wind blowing and snow drifting. Well! in the middle of the night my daughters heard the voice of the old man at the gate, and their mother called to them to open it quick, and invite the old man to come in to the fire! One of the girls got up forthwith, but when she went out there was nobody to be seen. On the morrow lo, and behold! the body of the old man was brought past on a couch, he having perished in the snow on the mountain of Tre 'r Castell. Now this is the truth of the matter."

Many wonderful feats did Tom perform connected with loading and carrying, which acquired for him the reputation of being the best wood carter of the south. His dexterity at moving huge bodies was probably never equalled. Robinson Crusoe was not half so handy. Only see how he moved a ship into the water, which a multitude of people were unable to do.

"After keeping the gate for two or three

years," says he, "I took the lease of a piece of ground in Llandeilo Fawr and built a house upon it, which I got licensed as a tavern for my daughters to keep. I myself went on carrying wood as usual. Now it happened that my employer, the merchant at Abermarlais, had built a small ship of about thirty or forty tons in the wood about a mile and a quarter from the river Towy, which is capable of floating small vessels as far as Carmarthen. He had resolved that the people should draw it to the river by way of sport, and had caused proclamation to be made in four parish churches, that on such a day a ship would be launched at Abermarlais, and that food and drink would be given to any one who would come and lend a hand at the work. Four hogsheads of ale were broached, a great oven full of bread was baked, plenty of cheese and butter bought, and meat cooked for the more respectable people. The ship was provided with four wheels, or rather four great rolling stocks, fenced about with iron, with great big axle-trees in them, well greased against the appointed day. I had

been loading in the wood that day, and sending the team forward, I went to see the business—and a pretty piece of business it turned out. All the food was eaten, the drink swallowed to the last drop, the ship drawn about three roods, and then left in a deep ditch. By this time night was coming on, and the multitude went away, some drunk, some hungry for want of food, but the greater part laughing as if they would split their sides. The merchant cried like a child, bitterly lamenting his folly, and told me that he should have to take the ship to pieces before he could ever get it out of the ditch.

"I told him that I could take it to the river, provided I could but get three or four men to help me; whereupon he said that if I could but get the vessel to the water he would give me anything I asked, and earnestly begged me to come the next morning, if possible. I did come with the lad and four horses. I went before the team, and set the men to work to break a hole through a great old wall, which stood as it were before the ship. We then laid a piece of

timber across the hole from which was a chain, to which the tackle, that is the rope and pulleys, was hooked. We then hooked one end of the rope to the ship, and set the horses to pull at the other. The ship came out of the hole prosperously enough, and then we had to hook the tackle to a tree, which was growing near, and by this means we got the ship forward; but when we came to soft ground we were obliged to put planks under the wheels to prevent their sinking under the immense weight; when we came to the end of the foremost planks we put the hinder ones before, and so on; when there was no tree at hand to which we could hook the tackle, we were obliged to drive a post down to hook it to. So from tree to post it got down to the river in a few days. I was promised noble wages by the merchant, but I never got anything from him but promises and praises. Some people came to look at us, and gave us money to get ale, and that was all."

The merchant subsequently turned out a very great knave, cheating Tom on various occasions,

and finally broke very much in his debt. Tom was obliged to sell off everything and left South Wales without horses or waggon; his old friend the Muse, however, stood him in good stead.

"Before I left," says he, "I went to Brecon, and printed the 'Interlude of the King, the Justice, the Bishop, and the Husbandman,' and got an old acquaintance of mine to play it with me, and help me to sell the books. I likewise busied myself in getting subscribers to a book of songs called the 'Garden of Minstrelsy.' It was printed at Trefecca. The expense attending the printing amounted to fifty-two pounds, but I was fortunate enough to dispose of two thousand copies. I subsequently composed an interlude called 'Pleasure and Care,' and printed it; and after that I made an interlude called the 'Three Powerful Ones of the World: Poverty, Love, and Death.'"

The poet's daughters were not successful in the tavern speculation at Llandeilo, and followed

their father into North Wales. The second he apprenticed to a milliner, the other two lived with him till the day of his death. He settled at Denbigh in a small house which he was enabled to furnish by means of two or three small sums which he recovered for work done a long time before. Shortly after his return, his father died, and the lawyer seized the little property "for the old curse" and turned Tom's mother out.

After his return from the South Tom went about for some time playing interludes, and then turned his hand to many things. He learnt the trade of stonemason, took jobs and kept workmen. He then went amongst certain bricklayers, and induced them to teach him their craft; "and shortly," as he says, "became a very lion at bricklaying. For the last four or five years," says he towards the conclusion of his history, "my work has been to put up iron ovens and likewise furnaces of all kinds, also grates, stoves and boilers, and not unfrequently I have practised as a smoke doctor."

The following feats of strength he performed after his return from South Wales, when he was probably about sixty years of age:—

"About a year after my return from the South," says he, "I met with an old carrier of wood, who had many a time worked along with me. He and I were at the Hand at Ruthyn along with various others, and in the course of discourse my friend said to me: 'Tom, thou art much weaker than thou wast when we carted wood together.' I answered that in my opinion I was not a bit weaker than I was then. Now it happened that at the moment we were talking there were some sacks of wheat in the hall which were going to Chester by the carrier's waggon. They might hold about three bushels each, and I said that if I could get three of the sacks upon the table, and had them tied together, I would carry them into the street and back again; and so I did; many who were present tried to do the same thing, but all failed.

"Another time when I was at Chester I lifted a barrel of porter from the street to the hinder

part of the waggon solely by strength of back and arms."

He was once run over by a loaded waggon, but strange to say escaped without the slightest injury.

Towards the close of his life he had strong religious convictions, and felt a loathing for the sins which he had committed. "On their account," says he in the concluding page of his biography, "there is a strong necessity for me to consider my ways and to inquire about a Saviour, since it is utterly impossible for me to save myself without obtaining knowledge of the merits of the Mediator, in which I hope I shall terminate my short time on earth in the peace of God enduring unto all eternity."

He died in the year 1810, at the age of 71, shortly after the death of his wife, who seems to have been a faithful, loving partner. By her side he was buried in the earth of the graveyard of the White Church, near Denbigh. There can be little doubt that the souls of both will be accepted on the great day when, as Gronwy Owen says:—

"Like corn from the belly of the ploughed field, in a thick crop, those buried in the earth shall arise, and the sea shall cast forth a thousand myriads of dead above the deep billowy way."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MYSTERY PLAYS.—THE TWO PRIME OPPONENTS.—ANALYSIS OF INTERLUDE.—RICHES AND POVERTY.—TOM'S GRAND QUALITIES.

IN the preceding chapter I have given an abstract of the life of Tom O' the Dingle; I will now give an analysis of his interlude; first, however, a few words on interludes in general. It is difficult to say with anything like certainty what is the meaning of the word interlude. It may mean, as Warton supposes in his History of English Poetry, a short play performed between the courses of a banquet or festival; or it may mean the playing of something by two or more parties, the interchange of playing or acting which occurs when two or more people act. It was about the middle of the fifteenth century that dramatic pieces began in England to be

called Interludes; for some time previous they had been styled Moralities; but the earliest name by which they were known was Mysteries. The first Mysteries composed in England were by one Ranald, or Ranulf, a monk of Chester, who flourished about 1322, whose verses are mentioned rather irreverently in one of the visions of Piers Plowman, who puts them in the same rank as the ballads about Robin Hood and Maid Marion, making Sloth say:

"I cannon perfitly my Paternoster as the priest it singeth,
But I can rhymes of Robin Hood and Ranald of Chester."

Long, however, before the time of this Ranald Mysteries had been composed and represented both in Italy and France. The Mysteries were very rude compositions, little more, as Warton says, than literal representations of portions of Scripture. They derived their name of Mysteries from being generally founded on the more mysterious parts of Holy Writ, for example the Incarnation, the Atonement and the Resurrection. The Moralities displayed something more of art and invention than the Mysteries; in them

virtues, vices and qualities were personified, and something like a plot was frequently to be discovered. They were termed Moralities because each had its moral, which was spoken at the end of the piece by a person called the Doctor.* Much that has been said about the moralities holds good with respect to the interludes. Indeed, for some time dramatic pieces were called moralities and interludes indifferently. In both there is a mixture of allegory and reality. The latter interludes, however, display more of every-day life than was ever observable in the moralities; and more closely approximate to modern plays. Several writers of genius have written interludes, amongst whom are the English Skelton and the Scottish Lindsay, the latter of whom wrote eight pieces of that kind, the most celebrated of which is called "The Puir Man and the Pardonar." Both of these writers flourished about the same period, and made use of the interlude as a means of sati-

* Essay on the Origin of the English Stage by Bishop Percy. London 1793.

rizing the vices of the popish clergy. In the time of Charles the First the interlude went much out of fashion in England; in fact, the play or regular drama had superseded it. In Wales, however, it continued to the beginning of the present century, when it yielded to the influence of Methodism. Of all Welsh interlude composers Twm O'r Nant or Tom of the Dingle was the most famous. Here follows the promised analysis of his Riches and Poverty.

The entire title of the interlude is to this effect. The two prime opponents Riches and Poverty. A brief exposition of their contrary effects on the world; with short and appropriate explanations of their quality and substance according to the rule of the four elements Water, Fire, Earth, and Air.

First of all enter Fool, Sir Jemant Wamal, who in rather a foolish speech tells the audience that they are about to hear a piece composed by Tom the poet. Then appears Captain Riches, who makes a long speech about his influence in the world and the general contempt in which Poverty is held; he is, however,

presently checked by the Fool, who tells him some home truths, and asks him, among other questions, whether Solomon did not say that it is not meet to despise a poor man, who conducts himself rationally. Then appears Howel Tightbelly, the miser, who in capital verse, with very considerable glee and exultation gives an account of his manifold rascalities. Then comes his wife Esther Steady home from the market, between whom and her husband there is a pithy dialogue. Captain Riches and Captain Poverty then meet, without rancour, however, and have a long discourse about the providence of God, whose agents they own themselves to be. Enter then an old worthless scoundrel called Diogyn Trwstan, or Luckless Lazybones, who is upon the parish, and who in a very entertaining account of his life confesses that he was never good for anything, but was a liar and an idler from his infancy. Enter again the Miser along with poor Lowry who asks the Miser for meal and other articles, but gets nothing but threatning language. There is then a very edifying dialogue between Mr. Contem-

plation and Mr. Truth, who when they retire are succeeded on the stage by the Miser and John the Tavern-keeper. The publican owes the Miser money, and begs that he will be merciful to him. The Miser, however, swears that he will be satisfied with nothing but bond and judgment on his effects. The publican very humbly says that he will go to a friend of his in order to get the bond made out; almost instantly comes the Fool who reads an inventory of the publican's effects. The Miser then sings for very gladness, because everything in the world has hitherto gone well with him; turning round, however, what is his horror and astonishment to behold Mr. Death, close by him. Death hauls the Miser away, and then appears the Fool to moralize and dismiss the audience.

The appropriate explanations mentioned in the title are given in various songs which the various characters sing after describing themselves, or after dialogues with each other. The announcement that the whole exposition, &c. will be after the rule of the four elements is rather startling; the dialogue, however, between

Captain Riches and Captain Poverty shows that Tom was equal to his subject, and promised nothing that he could not perform.

Enter Captain Poverty.

O Riches, thy figure is charming and bright,
And to speak in thy praise all the world doth delight,
But I'm a poor fellow all tatter'd and torn,
Whom all the world treateth with insult and scorn.

Riches.

However mistaken the judgment may be
Of the world which is never from ignorance free,
The parts we must play, which to us are assign'd,
According as God has enlighten'd our mind.

Of elements four did our Master create
The earth and all in it with skill the most great;
Need I the world's four materials declare—
Are they not water, fire, earth, and air?

Too wise was the mighty Creator to frame
A world from one element, water or flame;
The one is full moist and the other full hot,
And a world made of either were useless, I wot.

And if it had all of mere earth been compos'd
And no water nor fire been within it enclos'd,
It could ne'er have produc'd for a huge multitude
Of all kinds of living things suitable food.

And if God what was wanted had not fully known,
But created the world of these three things alone,
How would any creature the heaven beneath,
Without the blest air have been able to breathe?

Thus all things created, the God of all grace,
Of four prime materials, each good in its place.
The work of His hands, when completed, He view'd,
And saw and pronounc'd that 'twas seemly and good.

POVERTY.

In the marvellous things, which to me thou hast told
The wisdom of God I most clearly behold,
And did He not also make man of the same
Materials he us'd when the world He did frame?

RICHES.

Creation is all, as the sages agree,
Of the elements four in man's body that be;
Water's the blood, and fire is the nature
Which prompts generation in every creature.

The earth is the flesh which with beauty is rife
The air is the breath, without which is no life;
So man must be always accounted the same
As the substances four which exist in his frame.

And as in their creation distinction there's none
'Twixt man and the world, so the Infinite One
Unto man a clear wisdom did bounteously give
The nature of everything to perceive.

POVERTY.

But one thing to me passing strange doth appear:
Since the wisdom of man is so bright and so clear
How comes there such jarring and warring to be
In the world betwixt Riches and Poverty?

RICHES.

That point we'll discuss without passion or fear
With the aim of instructing the listeners here;
And haply some few who instruction require
May profit derive like the bee from the briar.

Man as thou knowest, in his generation
Is a type of the world and of all the creation;
Difference there's none in the manner of birth
'Twixt the lowliest hinds and the lords of the earth.

The world which the same thing as man we account
In one place is sea, in another is mount;
A part of it rock, and a part of it dale—
God's wisdom has made every place to avail.

There exist precious treasures of every kind
Profoundly in earth's quiet bosom enshrin'd;
There's searching about them, and ever has been,
And by some they are found, and by some never seen.

With wonderful wisdom the Lord God on high
Has contriv'd the two lights which exist in the sky;
The sun's hot as fire, and its ray bright as gold,
But the moon's ever pale, and by nature is cold.

The sun, which resembles a huge world of fire,
Would burn up full quickly creation entire
Save the moon with its temp'rament cool did assuage
Of its brighter companion the fury and rage.

Now I beg you the sun and the moon to behold,
The one that's so bright, and the other so cold,
And say if two things in creation there be
Better emblems of Riches and Poverty.

POVERTY.

In manner most brief, yet convincing and clear,
You have told the whole truth to my wond'ring ear,
And I see that 'twas God, who in all things is fair,
Has assign'd us the forms, in this world which we bear.

In the sight of the world doth the wealthy man seem
Like the sun which doth warm everything with its beam;
Whilst the poor needy wight with his pitiable case
Resembles the moon which doth chill with its face.

RICHES.

You know that full oft, in their course as they run,
An eclipse cometh over the moon or the sun;
Certain hills of the earth with their summits of pride
The face of the one from the other do hide.

The sun doth uplift his magnificent head,
And illumines the moon, which were otherwise dead,
Even as Wealth from its station on high,
Giveth work and provision to Poverty.

POVERTY.

I know, and the thought mighty sorrow instils,
The sins of the world are the terrible hills
An eclipse which do cause, or a dread obscuration,
To one or another in every vocation.

RICHES.

It is true that God gives unto each from his birth
Some task to perform whilst he wends upon earth,
But He gives correspondent wisdom and force
To the weight of the task, and the length of the course.
[*Exit.*

POVERTY.

I hope there are some, who 'twixt me and the youth
Have heard this discourse, whose sole aim is the truth,
Will see and acknowledge, as homeward they plod,
Each thing is arrang'd by the wisdom of God.

There can be no doubt that Tom was a poet, or he could never have treated the hackneyed subject of Riches and Poverty in a manner so original and at the same time so masterly as he has done in the interlude above analyzed; I cannot, however, help thinking that he was greater as a man than a poet, and that his fame depends more on the cleverness, courage and energy, which it is evident by his biography that he possessed, than on his interludes. A time will come when his interludes will cease to be read, but his making ink out of elder-

berries, his battle with the "cruel fighter," his teaching his horses to turn the crane, and his getting the ship to the water, will be talked of in Wales till the peak of Snowdon shall fall down.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SET OUT FOR WREXHAM.—CRAIG Y FORWYN.—UNCERTAINTY.—THE COLLIER.—CADOGAN HALL.—METHODISTICAL VOLUME.

HAVING learnt from a newspaper that a Welsh book on Welsh Methodism had been just published at Wrexham I determined to walk to that place and purchase it. I could easily have procured the work through a bookseller at Llangollen, but I wished to explore the hill-road which led to Wrexham, what the farmer under the Eglwysig rocks had said of its wildness having excited my curiosity, which the procuring of the book afforded me a plausible excuse for gratifying. If one wants to take any particular walk it is always well to have some business, however trifling, to transact at the end of it; so having determined to go to Wrexham by the mountain road, I set out on

the Saturday next after the one on which I had met the farmer who had told me of it.

The day was gloomy, with some tendency to rain. I passed under the hill of Dinas Bran. About a furlong from its western base I turned round and surveyed it—and perhaps the best view of the noble mountain is to be obtained from the place where I turned round. How grand though sad from there it looked, that grey morning, with its fine ruin on its brow above which a little cloud hovered! It put me in mind of some old king, unfortunate and melancholy but a king still, with the look of a king, and the ancestral crown still on his furrowed forehead. I proceeded on my way, all was wild and solitary, and the yellow leaves were falling from the trees of the groves. I passed by the farmyard, where I had held discourse with the farmer on the preceding Saturday, and soon entered the glen, the appearance of which had so much attracted my curiosity. A torrent, rushing down from the north, was on my right. It soon began to drizzle, and mist so filled the glen that I could only distinguish objects a short

way before me, and on either side. I wandered on a considerable way, crossing the torrent several times by rustic bridges. I passed two lone farm-houses and at last saw another on my left hand—the mist had now cleared up, but it still slightly rained—the scenery was wild to a degree—a little way before me was a tremendous pass, near it an enormous crag of a strange form rising to the very heavens, the upper part of it of a dull white colour. Seeing a respectable-looking man near the house I went up to him. "Am I in the right way to Wrexham?" said I, addressing him in English.

"You can get to Wrexham this way, sir," he replied.

"Can you tell me the name of that crag?" said I, pointing to the large one.

"That crag, sir, is called Craig y Forwyn."

"The maiden's crag," said I; "why is it called so?"

"I do not know sir; some people say that it is called so because its head is like that of a woman, others because a young girl in love leaped from the top of it and was killed."

"And what is the name of this house?" said I.

"This house, sir, is called Plas Uchaf."

"Is it called Plas Uchaf," said I, "because it is the highest house in the valley?"

"It is sir; it is the highest of three homesteads; the next below it is Plas Canol—and the one below that Plas Isaf."

"Middle place and lower place," said I. "It is very odd that I know in England three people who derive their names from places so situated. One is Houghton, another Middleton, and the third Lowdon; in modern English Hightown, Middletown, and Lowtown."

"You appear to be a person of great intelligence, sir."

"No, I am not—but I am rather fond of analyzing words, particularly the names of persons and places. Is the road to Wrexham hard to find?"

"Not very, sir; that is, in the day-time. Do you live at Wrexham?"

"No," I replied, "I am stopping at Llangollen."

"But you won't return there to-night?"

"O yes, I shall!"

"By this road?"

"No, by the common road. This is not a road to travel by night."

"Nor is the common road, sir, for a respectable person on foot; that is, on a Saturday night. You will perhaps meet drunken colliers who may knock you down."

"I will take my chance for that," said I and bade him farewell. I entered the pass, passing under the strange-looking crag. After I had walked about half a mile the pass widened considerably and a little way farther on debouched on some wild moory ground. Here the road became very indistinct. At length I stopped in a state of uncertainty. A well-defined path presented itself, leading to the east, whilst northward before me there seemed scarcely any path at all. After some hesitation I turned to the east by the well-defined path and by so doing went wrong as I soon found.

I mounted the side of a brown hill covered with moss-like grass, and here and there heather.

By the time I arrived at the top of the hill the sun shone out, and I saw Rhiwabon and Cefn Mawr before me in the distance. "I am going wrong," said I; "I should have kept on due north. However, I will not go back, but will steeple-chase it across the country to Wrexham, which must be towards the north-east." So turning aside from the path, I dashed across the hills in that direction; sometimes the heather was up to my knees, and sometimes I was up to the knees in quags. At length I came to a deep ravine which I descended; at the bottom was a quagmire, which, however, I contrived to cross by means of certain stepping-stones, and came to a cart path up a heathery hill which I followed. I soon reached the top of the hill, and the path still continuing I followed it till I saw some small grimy-looking huts, which I supposed were those of colliers. At the door of the first I saw a girl. I spoke to her in Welsh, and found she had little or none. I passed on, and seeing the door of a cabin open I looked in—and saw no adult person, but several grimy but chubby children. I spoke to

them in English and found they could only speak Welsh. Presently I observed a robust woman advancing towards me; she was barefooted and bore on her head an immense lump of coal.. I spoke to her in Welsh and found she could only speak English. "Truly," said I, to myself, "I am on the borders. What a mixture of races and languages!" The next person I met was a man in a collier's dress; he was a stout-built fellow of the middle age; with a coal-dusty surly countenance. I asked him in Welsh if I was in the right direction for Wrexham, he answered in a surly manner in English, that I was. I again spoke to him in Welsh, making some indifferent observation on the weather, and he answered in English yet more gruffly than before. For the third time I spoke to him in Welsh, whereupon looking at me with a grin of savage contempt, and showing a set of teeth like those of a mastiff, he said "How's this? why, you haven't a word of English! A pretty fellow you with a long coat on your back and no English on your tongue, an't you ashamed of yourself? Why, here am I in a short coat,

yet I'd have you to know that I can speak English as well as Welsh, aye and a good deal better." "All people are not equally clebber," said I, still speaking Welsh. "Clebber," said he, "clebber! what is clebber! why can't you say clever! Why, I never saw such a low, illiterate fellow in my life;" and with these words he turned away with every mark of disdain, and entered a cottage near at hand.

"Here I have had," said I to myself, as I proceeded on my way, "to pay for the over-praise which I lately received. The farmer on the other side of the mountain called me a person of great intelligence, which I never pretended to be, and now this collier calls me a low, illiterate fellow, which I really don't think I am. There is certainly a Nemesis mixed up with the affairs of this world; every good thing which you get, beyond what is strictly your due, is sure to be required from you with a vengeance. A little over-praise by a great deal of underrating—a gleam of good fortune by a night of misery."

I now saw Wrexham Church at about the

distance of three miles and presently entered a lane which led gently down from the hills, which were the same heights I had seen on my right hand, some months previously, on my way from Wrexham to Rhiwabon. The scenery now became very pretty—hedge-rows were on either side, a luxuriance of trees and plenty of green fields. I reached the bottom of the lane, beyond which I saw a strange-looking house upon a slope on the right hand. It was very large, ruinous and seemingly deserted. A little beyond it was a farmhouse, connected with which was a long row of farming buildings along the road-side. Seeing a woman seated knitting at the door of a little cottage I asked her in English the name of the old ruinous house.

"Cadogan Hall, sir," she replied.

"And whom does it belong to?" said I.

"I don't know exactly," replied the woman, "but Mr. Morris at the farm holds it, and stows his things in it."

"Can you tell me anything about it?" said I.

"Nothing farther," said the woman, "than

that it is said to be haunted and to have been a barrack many years ago."

"Can you speak Welsh?" said I.

"No," said the woman, "I are Welsh but have no Welsh language."

Leaving the woman I put on my best speed and in about half an hour reached Wrexham.

The first thing I did on my arrival was to go to the bookshop and purchase the Welsh methodistic book. It cost me seven shillings, and was a thick bulky octavo with a cut-and-come-again expression about it, which was anything but disagreeable to me, for I hate your flimsy publications. The evening was now beginning to set in, and feeling somewhat hungry I hurried off to the Wynstay Arms through streets crowded with market people. On arriving at the inn I entered the grand room and ordered dinner. The waiters, observing me splashed with mud from head to foot, looked at me dubiously; seeing, however, the respectable-looking volume which I bore in my hand—none of your railroad stuff—they became more assured, and I presently heard one say to the other, "It's all right—

that's Mr. So-and-So, the great Baptist preacher. He has been preaching amongst the hills—don't you see his Bible?"

Seating myself at a table I inspected the volume. And here perhaps the reader expects that I shall regale him with an analysis of the methodistical volume at least as long as that of the life of Tom O' the Dingle. In that case, however, he will be disappointed; all I shall at present say of it is, that it contained a history of Methodism in Wales, with the lives of the principal Welsh Methodists. That it was fraught with curious and original matter, was written in a straightforward methodical style, and that I have no doubt it will some day or other be extensively known and highly prized.

After dinner I called for half a pint of wine. Whilst I was trifling over it, a commercial traveller entered into conversation with me. After some time he asked me if I was going farther that night.

"To Llangollen," said I.

"By the ten o'clock train?" said he.

"No," I replied, "I am going on foot."

"On foot!" said he; "I would not go on foot there this night for fifty pounds."

"Why not?" said I.

"For fear of being knocked down by the colliers, who will be all out and drunk."

"If not more than two attack me," said I, "I shan't much mind. With this book I am sure I can knock down one, and I think I can find play for the other with my fists."

The commercial traveller looked at me. "A strange kind of Baptist minister," I thought I heard him say.

CHAPTER XXX.

RHIWABON ROAD.—THE PUBLIC-HOUSE KEEPER.—NO WELSH.—THE WRONG ROAD.—THE GOOD WIFE.

I PAID my reckoning and started. The night was now rapidly closing in. I passed the toll-gate and hurried along the Rhiwabon road, overtaking companies of Welsh going home, amongst whom were many individuals, whom, from their thick and confused speech, as well as from their staggering gait, I judged to be intoxicated. As I passed a red public-house on my right hand, at the door of which stood several carts, a scream of Welsh issued from it.

"Let any Saxon," said I, "who is fond of fighting and wishes for a bloody nose go in there."

Coming to the small village about a mile

from Rhiwabon, I felt thirsty and seeing a public-house, in which all seemed to be quiet, I went in. A thick-set man with a pipe in his mouth sat in the tap-room, and also a woman.

"Where is the landlord?" said I.

"I am the landlord," said the man huskily. "What do you want?"

"A pint of ale," said I.

The man got up and with his pipe in his mouth went staggering out of the room. In about a minute he returned holding a mug in his hand, which he put down on a table before me, spilling no slight quantity of the liquor as he did so. I put down three-pence on the table. He took the money up slowly piece by piece, looked at it and appeared to consider, then taking the pipe out of his mouth he dashed it to seven pieces against the table, then staggered out of the room into the passage and from thence apparently out of the house. I tasted the ale which was very good, then turning to the woman who seemed about three-

and-twenty and was rather good-looking, I spoke to her in Welsh.

"I have no Welsh, sir," said she.

"How is that?" said I; "this village is I think in the Welshery."

"It is," said she, "but I am from Shropshire."

"Are you the mistress of the house?" said I.

"No," said she, "I am married to a collier;" then getting up she said, "I must go and see after my husband."

"Won't you take a glass of ale first?" said I, offering to fill a glass which stood on the table.

"No," said she; "I am the worst in the world for a glass of ale;" and without saying anything more she departed.

"I wonder whether your husband is anything like you with respect to a glass of ale," said I to myself; then finishing my ale I got up and left the house, which when I departed appeared to be entirely deserted.

It was now quite night, and it would have been pitchy-dark but for the glare of forges.

There was an immense glare to the south-west, which I conceived proceeded from those of Cefn Mawr. It lighted up the south-western sky; then there were two other glares nearer to me, seemingly divided by a lump of something, perhaps a grove of trees.

Walking very fast I soon overtook a man. I knew him at once by his staggering gait.

"Ah, landlord!" said I; "whither bound?"

"To Rhiwabon," said he, huskily, "for a pint."

"Is the ale so good at Rhiwabon," said I, "that you leave home for it?"

"No," said he, rather shortly, "there's not a glass of good ale in Rhiwabon."

"Then why do you go thither?" said I.

"Because a pint of bad liquor abroad is better than a quart of good at home," said the landlord, reeling against the hedge.

"There are many in a higher station than you who act upon that principle," thought I to myself as I passed on.

I soon reached Rhiwabon. There was a prodigious noise in the public-houses as I passed

through it. "Colliers carousing," said I. "Well, I shall not go amongst them to preach temperance, though perhaps in strict duty I ought." At the end of the town, instead of taking the road on the left side of the church, I took that on the right. It was not till I had proceeded nearly a mile that I began to be apprehensive that I had mistaken the way. Hearing some people coming towards me on the road I waited till they came up; they proved to be a man and a woman. On my inquiring whether I was right for Llangollen the former told me that I was not, and in order to get there it was necessary that I should return to Rhiwabon. I instantly turned round. About half-way back I met a man who asked me in English where I was hurrying to. I said to Rhiwabon, in order to get to Llangollen. "Well, then," said he, "you need not return to Rhiwabon—yonder is a short cut across the fields," and he pointed to a gate. I thanked him and said I would go by it; before leaving him I asked to what place the road led which I had been following.

"To Pentre Castren," he replied. I struck across the fields and should probably have tumbled half-a-dozen times over pales and the like, but for the light of the Cefn furnaces before me which cast their red glow upon my path. I debouched upon the Llangollen road near to the tramway leading to the collieries. Two enormous sheets of flame shot up high into the air from ovens, illumining two spectral chimneys as high as steeples, also smoky buildings, and grimy figures moving about. There was a clanging of engines, a noise of shovels and a falling of coals truly horrible. The glare was so great that I could distinctly see the minutest lines upon my hand. Advancing along the tramway I obtained a nearer view of the hellish buildings, the chimneys and the demoniac figures. It was just such a scene as one of those described by Ellis Wynn in his Vision of Hell. Feeling my eyes scorching I turned away, and proceeded towards Llangollen, sometimes on the muddy road, sometimes on the dangerous causeway. For three miles at least I met nobody. Near Llangollen, as I was walking on the cause-

way, three men came swiftly towards me. I kept the hedge, which was my right; the two first brushed roughly past me, the third came full upon me and was tumbled into the road. There was a laugh from the two first and a loud curse from the last as he sprawled in the mire. I merely said "Nos Da'ki," and passed on, and in about a quarter of an hour reached home, where I found my wife awaiting me alone, Henrietta having gone to bed being slightly indisposed. My wife received me with a cheerful smile. I looked at her and the good wife of the Triad came to my mind.

"She is modest, void of deceit, and obedient.

"Pure of conscience, gracious of tongue, and true to her husband.

"Her heart not proud, her manners affable, and her bosom full of compassion for the poor.

"Labouring to be tidy, skilful of hand, and fond of praying to God.

"Her conversation amiable, her dress decent, and her house orderly.

"Quick of hand, quick of eye, and quick of understanding.

"Her person shapely, her manners agreeable, and her heart innocent.

"Her face benignant, her head intelligent, and provident.

"Neighbourly, gentle, and of a liberal way of thinking.

"Able in directing, providing what is wanting, and a good mother to her children.

"Loving her husband, loving peace, and loving God.

"Happy the man," adds the Triad, "who possesses such a wife." Very true, O Triad, always provided he is in some degree worthy of her; but many a man leaves an innocent wife at home for an impure Jezebel abroad, even as many a one prefers a pint of hog's wash abroad to a tankard of generous liquor at home.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE.—CAT PROVIDED FOR.—A PLEASANT PARTY.—LAST NIGHT AT LLANGOLLEN.

I WAS awakened early on the Sunday morning by the howling of wind. There was a considerable storm throughout the day, but unaccompanied by rain. I went to church both in the morning and the evening. The next day there was a great deal of rain. It was now the latter end of October; winter was coming on and my wife and daughter were anxious to return home. After some consultation it was agreed that they should depart for London, and that I should join them there after making a pedestrian tour in South Wales.

I should have been loth to quit Wales without visiting the Deheubarth or Southern Region, a

land differing widely, as I had heard, both in language and customs from Gwynedd or the Northern, a land which had given birth to the illustrious Ab Gwilym, and where the great Ryce family had flourished, which very much distinguished itself in the Wars of the Roses—a member of which Ryce ap Thomas placed Henry the Seventh on the throne of Britain—a family of royal extraction, and which after the death of Roderic the Great for a long time enjoyed the sovereignty of the south.

We set about making the necessary preparations for our respective journeys. Those for mine were soon made. I bought a small leather satchel with a lock and key, in which I placed a white linen shirt, a pair of worsted stockings, a razor and a prayer-book. Along with it I bought a leather strap with which to sling it over my shoulder; I got my boots new soled, my umbrella, which was rather dilapidated, mended; put twenty sovereigns into my purse, and then said I am all right for the Deheubarth.

As my wife and daughter required much more

time in making preparations for their journey than I for mine, and as I should only be in their way whilst they were employed, it was determined that I should depart on my expedition on Thursday, and that they should remain at Llangollen till the Saturday.

We were at first in some perplexity with respect to the disposal of the ecclesiastical cat; it would of course not do to leave it in the garden to the tender mercies of the Calvinistic Methodists of the neighbourhood, more especially those of the flannel manufactory, and my wife and daughter could hardly carry it with them. At length we thought of applying to a young woman of sound church principles who was lately married and lived over the water on the way to the railroad station, with whom we were slightly acquainted, to take charge of the animal, and she on the first intimation of our wish willingly acceded to it. So with her poor puss was left along with a trifle for its milk-money, and with her, as we subsequently learned, it continued in peace and comfort till one morning it sprang suddenly from the hearth into the air, gave a

mew and died. So much for the ecclesiastical cat!

The morning of Tuesday was rather fine, and Mr. Ebenezer E—— who had heard of our intended departure came to invite us to spend the evening at the vicarage. His father had left Llangollen the day before for Chester where he expected to be detained some days. I told him we should be most happy to come. He then asked me to take a walk. I agreed with pleasure, and we set out intending to go to Llansilio at the western end of the valley and look at the church. The church was an ancient building. It had no spire, but had the little erection on its roof, so usual to Welsh churches, for holding a bell.

In the churchyard is a tomb in which an old squire of the name of Jones was buried about the middle of the last century. There is a tradition about this squire and tomb to the following effect. After the squire's death there was a lawsuit about his property, in consequence of no will having been found. It was said that his will had been buried with him in the tomb,

which after some time was opened, but with what success the tradition sayeth not.

In the evening we went to the vicarage. Besides the family and ourselves there was Mr. R—— and one or two more. We had a very pleasant party; and as most of those present wished to hear something connected with Spain I talked much about that country, sang songs of Germanía, and related in an abridged form Lope De Vega's ghost story, which is decidedly the best ghost story in the world.

In the afternoon of Wednesday I went and took leave of certain friends in the town; amongst others of old Mr. Jones. On my telling him that I was about to leave Llangollen, he expressed considerable regret, but said that it was natural for me to wish to return to my native country. I told him that before returning to England I intended to make a pedestrian tour in South Wales. He said that he should die without seeing the south; that he had had several opportunities of visiting it when he was young which he had neglected, and that he was now too old to wander far from home. He then

asked me which road I intended to take. I told him that I intended to strike across the Berwyn to Llan Rhyadr, then visit Sycharth once the seat of Owain Glendower, lying to the east of Llan Rhyadr, then return to that place, and after seeing the celebrated cataract cross the mountains to Bala—whence I should proceed due south. I then asked him whether he had ever seen Sycharth and the Rhyadr; he told me that he had never visited Sycharth but had seen the Rhyadr more than once. He then smiled and said that there was a ludicrous anecdote connected with the Rhyadr, which he would relate to me. "A traveller once went to see the Rhyadr, and whilst gazing at it a calf which had fallen into the stream above, whilst grazing upon the rocks, came tumbling down the cataract. 'Wonderful!' said the traveller, and going away reported that it was not only a fall of water, but of calves, and was very much disappointed, on visiting the waterfall on another occasion, to see no calf come tumbling down." I took leave of the kind old gentleman with regret, never expecting to see him again, as he

was in his eighty-fourth year—he was a truly excellent character, and might be ranked amongst the venerable ornaments of his native place.

About half-past eight o'clock at night John Jones came to bid me farewell. I bade him sit down, and sent for a pint of ale to regale him with. Notwithstanding the ale, he was very melancholy at the thought that I was about to leave Llangollen, probably never to return. To enliven him I gave him an account of my late expedition to Wrexham, which made him smile more than once. When I had concluded he asked me whether I knew the meaning of the word Wrexham: I told him I believed I did, and gave him the derivation which the reader will find in an early chapter of this work. He told me that with all due submission he thought he could give me a better, which he had heard from a very clever man, gwr deallus iawn, who lived about two miles from Llangollen on the Corwen road. In the old time a man of the name of Sam kept a gwestfa, or inn, at the place where Wrexham now stands; when he died he left it to his wife, who kept it after him,

on which account the house was first called Tŷ wraig Sam, the house of Sam's wife, and then for shortness Wraig Sam, and a town arising about it by degrees, the town too was called Wraig Sam, which the Saxons corrupted into Wrexham.

I was much diverted with this Welsh derivation of Wrexham, which I did not attempt to controvert. After we had had some further discourse John Jones got up, shook me by the hand, gave a sigh, wished me a "taith hyfryd," and departed. Thus terminated my last day at Llangollen.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH WALES.—TREGEIRIOG.—PLEASING SCENE.—TRYING TO READ.—GARMON AND LUPUS.—THE CRACKED VOICE.—EFFECT OF A COMPLIMENT.—LLAN RHYADR.

THE morning of the 21st of October was fine and cold; there was a rime frost on the ground. At about eleven o'clock I started on my journey for South Wales, intending that my first stage should be Llan Rhyadr. My wife and daughter accompanied me as far as Plas Newydd. As we passed through the town I shook hands with honest A——, whom I saw standing at the door of a shop with a kind of Spanish hat on his head, and also with my venerable friend old Mr. Jones, whom I encountered close beside his own domicile. At the Plas Newydd I took an affectionate farewell of my two loved ones, and proceeded to ascend the Berwyn. Near the

top I turned round to take a final look at the spot where I had lately passed many a happy hour. There lay Llangollen far below me, with its chimneys placidly smoking, its pretty church rising in its centre, its blue river dividing it into two nearly equal parts, and the mighty hill of Brennus, overhanging it from the north. I sighed, and repeating Einion Du's verse

"Tangnefedd i Llangollen!"

turned away.

I went over the top of the hill and then began to descend its southern side, obtaining a distant view of the plains of Shropshire on the east. I soon reached the bottom of the hill, passed through Llansanfraid, and threading the vale of the Ceiriog at length found myself at Pont y Meibion in front of the house of Huw Morris, or rather of that which is built on the site of the dwelling of the poet. I stopped and remained before the house thinking of the mighty Huw, till the door opened, and out came the dark-featured man, the poet's descendant, whom I saw when visiting the place in company with honest John Jones—he had now a spade in his

hand and was doubtless going to his labour. As I knew him to be of a rather sullen unsocial disposition, I said nothing to him, but proceeded on my way. As I advanced the valley widened, the hills on the west receding to some distance from the river. Came to Tregeiriog a small village, which takes its name from the brook; Tregeiriog signifying the hamlet or village on the Ceiriog. Seeing a bridge which crossed the rivulet at a slight distance from the road, a little beyond the village, I turned aside to look at it. The proper course of the Ceiriog is from south to north; where it is crossed by the bridge, however, it runs from west to east, returning to its usual course, a little way below the bridge. The bridge was small and presented nothing remarkable in itself: I obtained, however, as I looked over its parapet towards the west a view of a scene, not of wild grandeur, but of something which I like better, which richly compensated me for the slight trouble I had taken in stepping aside to visit the little bridge. About a hundred yards distant was a small watermill, built over the rivulet, the

wheel going slowly, slowly round; large quantities of pigs, the generality of them brindled, were either browsing on the banks or lying close to the sides half immersed in the water; one immense white hog, the monarch seemingly of the herd, was standing in the middle of the current. Such was the scene which I saw from the bridge, a scene of quiet rural life well suited to the brushes of two or three of the old Dutch painters, or to those of men scarcely inferior to them in their own style, Gainsborough, Moreland, and Crome. My mind for the last half-hour had been in a highly-excited state; I had been repeating verses of old Huw Morris, brought to my recollection by the sight of his dwelling-place; they were ranting roaring verses, against the Roundheads. I admired the vigour but disliked the principles which they displayed; and admiration on the one hand and disapproval on the other, bred a commotion in my mind like that raised on the sea when tide runs one way and wind blows another. The quiet scene from the bridge, however, produced a sedative effect on my mind, and when I resumed my journey I

had forgotten Huw, his verses, and all about Roundheads and Cavaliers.

I reached Llanarmon, another small village, situated in a valley, through which the Ceiriog or a rivulet very similar to it flows. It is half-way between Llangollen and Llan Rhyadr being ten miles from each. I went to a small inn or public-house, sat down and called for ale. A waggoner was seated at a large table with a newspaper before him on which he was intently staring.

"What news?" said I in English.

"I wish I could tell you," said he in very broken English, "but I cannot read."

"Then why are you looking at the paper?" said I.

"Because," said he, "by looking at the letters I hope in time to make them out."

"You may look at them," said I, "for fifty years without being able to make out one. You should go to an evening school."

"I am too old," said he, "to do so now; if I did the children would laugh at me."

"Never mind their laughing at you," said I,

"provided you learn to read; let them laugh who win!"

"You give good advice, mester," said he, "I think I shall follow it."

"Let me look at the paper," said I.

He handed it to me. It was a Welsh paper, and full of dismal accounts from the seat of war.

"What news, mester?" said the waggoner.

"Nothing but bad," said I; "the Russians are beating us and the French too."

"If the Rusiaid beat us," said the waggoner, "it is because the Francod are with us. We should have gone alone."

"Perhaps you are right," said I; "at any rate we could not have fared worse than we are faring now."

I presently paid for what I had had, inquired the way to Llan Rhyadr, and departed.

The village of Llanarmon takes its name from its church, which is dedicated to Garmon an Armorican bishop, who with another called Lupus came over into Britain in order to preach against the heresy of Pelagius. He and his

colleague resided for some time in Flintshire, and whilst there enabled in a remarkable manner the Britons to achieve a victory over those mysterious people the Picts, who were ravaging the country far and wide. Hearing that the enemy were advancing towards Mold the two bishops gathered together a number of the Britons, and placed them in ambush in a dark valley through which it was necessary for the Picts to pass in order to reach Mold, strictly enjoining them to remain quiet till all their enemies should have entered the valley, and then do whatever they should see them, the two bishops, do. The Picts arrived, and when they were about half-way through the valley the two bishops stepped forward from a thicket and began crying aloud, "Alleluia!" The Britons followed their example, and the wooded valley resounded with cries of "Alleluia! alleluia!" The shouts and the unexpected appearance of thousands of men caused such terror to the Picts that they took to flight in the greatest confusion, hundreds were trampled to death by their companions, and not a few were drowned

in the river Alan* which runs through the valley.

There are several churches dedicated to Garmon in Wales, but whether there are any dedicated to Lupus I am unable to say.

After leaving Llanarmon I found myself amongst lumpy hills through which the road led in the direction of the south. Arriving where several roads met I followed one and became bewildered amidst hills and ravines. At last I saw a small house close by a nant or dingle, and turned towards it for the purpose of inquiring my way. On my knocking at the door a woman made her appearance, of whom I asked in Welsh whether I was in the road to Llan Rhyadr. She said that I was out of it, but that if I went towards the south I should see a path on my left which would bring me to it. I asked her how far it was to Llan Rhyadr.

"Four long miles," she replied.

"And what is the name of the place where we now are?" said I.

* The above account is chiefly taken from the curious Welsh book called "Drych y prif Oesoedd."

"Cae Hir" (the long inclosure), said she.

"Are you alone in the house?" said I.

"Quite alone," said she; "but my husband and people will soon be home from the field, for it is getting dusk."

"Have you any Saxon?" said I.

"Not a word," said she, "have I of the iaith dieithr, nor has my husband, nor any one of my people."

I bade her farewell, and soon reached the road, which led south and north. As I was bound for the south I strode forward briskly in that direction. The road was between romantic hills; heard Welsh songs proceeding from the hill fields on my right, and the murmur of a brook rushing down a deep nant on my left. I went on till I came to a collection of houses which an old woman, with a cracked voice and a small tin milk-pail, whom I assisted in getting over a stile into the road, told me was called Pen Strit—probably the head of the street. She spoke English, and on my asking her how she had learnt the English tongue, she told me that she had learnt it of her mother who was

an English woman. She said that I was two miles from Llan Rhyadr, and that I must go straight forward. I did so till I reached a place where the road branched into two, one bearing somewhat to the left, and the other to the right. After standing a minute in perplexity I took the right-hand road, but soon guessed that I had taken the wrong one, as the road dwindled into a mere footpath. Hearing some one walking on the other side of the hedge I inquired in Welsh whether I was going right for Llan Rhyadr, and was answered by a voice in English, apparently that of a woman, that I was not, and that I must go back. I did so, and presently a woman came through a gate to me.

"Are you the person," said I, "who just now answered me in English after I had spoken in Welsh?"

"In truth I am," said she, with a half laugh.

"And how came you to answer me in English after I had spoken to you in Welsh?"

"Because," said she, "it was easy enough to

know by your voice that you were an Englishman."

"You speak English remarkably well," said I.

"And so do you Welsh," said the woman; "I had no idea that it was possible for any Englishman to speak Welsh half so well."

"I wonder," thought I to myself, "what you would have answered if I had said that you speak English execrably." By her own account she could read both Welsh and English. She walked by my side to the turn, and then up the left-hand road, which she said was the way to Llan Rhyadr. Coming to a cottage she bade me good night and went in. The road was horribly miry: presently, as I was staggering through a slough, just after I had passed a little cottage, I heard a cracked voice crying, "I suppose you lost your way?" I recognized it as that of the old woman whom I had helped over the stile. She was now standing behind a little gate which opened into a garden before the cottage. The figure of

a man was standing near her. I told her that she was quite right in her supposition.

"Ah," said she; "you should have gone straight forward."

"If I had gone straight forward," said I, "I must have gone over a hedge, at the corner of a field which separated two roads; instead of bidding me go straight forward you should have told me to follow the left-hand road."

"Well," said she, "be sure you keep straight forward now."

I asked her who the man was standing near her.

"It is my husband," said she.

"Has he much English?" said I.

"None at all," said she, "for his mother was not English, like mine." I bade her good night and went forward. Presently I came to a meeting of roads, and to go straight forward it was necessary to pass through a quagmire; remembering, however, the words of my friend the beldame I went straight forward, though in so doing I was sloughed up to the knees. In a

little time I came to a rapid descent, and at the bottom of it to a bridge. It was now very dark; only the corner of the moon was casting a faint light. After crossing the bridge I had one or two ascents and descents. At last I saw lights before me which proved to be those of Llan Rhyadr. I soon found myself in a dirty little street, and, inquiring for the inn, was kindly shown by a man to one which he said was the best, and which was called the Wynstay Arms.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

INN AT LLAN RHYADR.—A LOW ENGLISHMAN.—ENQUIRIES.—THE COOK.—A PRECIOUS COUPLE.

THE inn seemed very large, but did not look very cheerful. No other guest than myself seemed to be in it, except in the kitchen, where I heard a fellow talking English and occasionally yelling an English song: the master and mistress of the house were civil, and lighted me a fire in what was called the Commercial Room, and putting plenty of coals in the grate soon made the apartment warm and comfortable. I ordered dinner or rather supper, which in about half an hour was brought in by the woman. The supper whether good or bad I despatched with the appetite of one who had walked twenty miles over hill and dale.

Occasionally I heard a dreadful noise in the kitchen, and the woman told me that the fellow there was making himself exceedingly disagreeable, chiefly she believed because she had refused to let him sleep in the house—she said that he was a low fellow that went about the country with fish, and that he was the more ready to insult her as the master of the house was now gone out. I asked if he was an Englishman. "Yes," said she, "a low Englishman."

"Then he must be low indeed," said I. "A low Englishman is the lowest of the low." After a little time I heard no more noise, and was told that the fellow was gone away. I had a little whiskey and water, and then went to bed, sleeping in a tolerable chamber but rather cold. There was much rain during the night and also wind; windows rattled, and I occasionally heard the noise of falling tiles.

I arose about eight. Notwithstanding the night had been so tempestuous the morning was sunshiny and beautiful. Having ordered breakfast I walked out in order to look at the town. Llan Rhyadr is a small place having nothing

remarkable in it save an ancient church and a strange little antique market-house, standing on pillars. It is situated at the western end of an extensive valley and at the entrance of a glen. A brook or rivulet runs through it, which comes down the glen from the celebrated cataract, which is about four miles distant to the west. Two lofty mountains form the entrance of the glen, and tower above the town, one on the south and the other on the north. Their names, if they have any, I did not learn.

After strolling about the little place for about a quarter of an hour, staring at the things and the people, and being stared at by the latter, I returned to my inn, a structure built in the modern Gothic style, and which stands nearly opposite to the churchyard. Whilst breakfasting I asked the landlady who was bustling about the room whether she had ever heard of Owen Glendower.

"In truth, sir, I have. He was a great gentleman who lived a long time ago, and, and——"

"Gave the English a great deal of trouble," said I.

"Just so, sir; at least I dare say it is so, as you say it."

"And do you know where he lived?"

"I do not, sir; I suppose a great way off, somewhere in the south."

"Do you mean South Wales?"

"In truth, sir, I do."

"There you are mistaken," said I; "and also in supposing he lived a great way off. He lived in North Wales, and not far from this place."

"In truth, sir, you know more about him than I."

"Did you ever hear of a place called Sycharth?"

"Sycharth! Sycharth! I never did, sir."

"It is the place where Glendower lived, and it is not far off. I want to go there, but do not know the way."

"Sycharth! Sycharth!" said the landlady musingly: "I wonder if it is the place we call Sychnant."

"Is there such a place?"

"Yes, sure; about six miles from here, near Llangedwin."

"What kind of place is it?"

"In truth, sir, I do not know, for I was never there. My cook, however, in the kitchen knows all about it, for she comes from there."

"Can I see her?"

"Yes, sure; I will go at once and fetch her."

She then left the room and presently returned with the cook, a short thick girl with blue staring eyes.

"Here she is, sir," said the landlady, "but she has no English."

"All the better," said I. "So you come from a place called Sychnant?" said I to the cook in Welsh.

"In truth, sir, I do;" said the cook.

"Did you ever hear of a gwr boneddig called Owen Glendower?"

"Often, sir, often; he lived in our place."

"He lived in a place called Sycharth?" said I.

"Well, sir; and we of the place call it Sycharth as often as Sychnant; nay oftener."

"Is his house standing?"

"It is not; but the hill on which it stood is still standing."

"Is it a high hill?"

"It is not; it is a small light hill."

"A light hill!" said I to myself. "Old Iolo Goch, Owen Glendower's bard, said the chieftain dwelt in a house on a light hill."

> "There dwells the chief we all extol
> In timber house on lightsome knoll."

"Is there a little river near it," said I to the cook, "a ffrwd?"

"There is; it runs just under the hill."

"Is there a mill upon the ffrwd?"

"There is not; that is, now—but there was in the old time; a factory of woollen stands now where the mill once stood."

> "A mill, a rushing brook upon,
> And pigeon tower fram'd of stone."

"So says Iolo Goch," said I to myself, "in his description of Sycharth; I am on the right road."

I asked the cook to whom the property of Sycharth belonged and was told of course to

Sir Watkin, who appears to be the Marquis of Carabas of Denbighshire. After a few more questions I thanked her and told her she might go. I then finished my breakfast, paid my bill, and after telling the landlady that I should return at night, started for Llangedwin and Sycharth.

A broad and excellent road led along the valley in the direction in which I was proceeding.

The valley was beautiful and dotted with various farmhouses, and the land appeared to be in as high a state of cultivation as the soil of my own Norfolk, that county so deservedly celebrated for its agriculture. The eastern side is bounded by lofty hills, and towards the north the vale is crossed by three rugged elevations, the middlemost of which, called, as an old man told me, Bryn Dinas, terminates to the west in an exceedingly high and picturesque crag.

After an hour's walking I overtook two people, a man and a woman laden with baskets which hung around them on every side. The man was a young fellow of about eight-and-

twenty, with a round face, fair flaxen hair, and rings in his ears; the female was a blooming buxom lass of about eighteen. After giving them the sele of the day I asked them if they were English.

"Aye, aye, master," said the man; "we are English."

"Where do you come from?" said I.

"From Wrexham," said the man.

"I thought Wrexham was in Wales," said I.

"If it be," said the man, "the people are not Welsh; a man is not a horse because he happens to be born in a stable."

"Is that young woman your wife?" said I.

"Yes;" said he, "after a fashion"—and then he leered at the lass, and she leered at him.

"Do you attend any place of worship?" said I.

"A great many, master!"

"What place do you chiefly attend?" said I.

"The Chequers, master!"

"Do they preach the best sermons there?" said I.

"No, master! but they sells the best ale there."

"Do you worship ale?" said I.

"Yes, master, I worships ale."

"Anything else?" said I.

"Yes, master! I and my mort worships something besides good ale; don't we, Sue?" and then he leered at the mort, who leered at him, and both made odd motions backwards and forwards, causing the baskets which hung around them to creak and rustle, and uttering loud shouts of laughter, which roused the echoes of the neighbouring hills.

"Genuine descendants, no doubt," said I to myself as I walked briskly on, "of certain of the old heathen Saxons who followed Rag into Wales and settled down about the house which he built. Really, if these two are a fair specimen of the Wrexham population, my friend the Scotch policeman was not much out when he said that the people of Wrexham were the worst people in Wales."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SYCHARTH.—THE KINDLY WELCOME.—HAPPY COUPLE.—SYCHARTH.—RECALLING THE DEAD.—ODE TO SYCHARTH.

I WAS now at the northern extremity of the valley near a great house past which the road led in the direction of the north-east. Seeing a man employed in breaking stones I inquired the way to Sychnant.

"You must turn to the left," said he, "before you come to yon great house, follow the path which you will find behind it, and you will soon be in Sychnant."

"And to whom does the great house belong?"

"To whom? why, to Sir Watkin."

"Does he reside there?"

"Not often. He has plenty of other houses, but he sometimes comes there to hunt."

"What is the place's name?"

"Llan Gedwin."

I turned to the left, as the labourer had directed me. The path led upward behind the great house round a hill thickly planted with trees. Following it I at length found myself on a broad road on the top extending east and west, and having on the north and south beautiful wooded hills. I followed the road, which presently began to descend. On reaching level ground I overtook a man in a waggoner's frock, of whom I inquired the way to Sycharth. He pointed westward down the vale to what appeared to be a collection of houses, near a singular-looking monticle, and said "That is Sycharth."

We walked together till we came to a road which branched off on the right to a little bridge.

"That is your way," said he, and pointing to a large building beyond the bridge, towering up above a number of cottages, he said, "that is the factory of Sycharth;" he then left me, following the high road, whilst I proceeded

towards the bridge, which I crossed, and coming to the cottages entered one on the right-hand of a remarkably neat appearance.

In a comfortable kitchen by a hearth on which blazed a cheerful billet sat a man and woman. Both arose when I entered: the man was tall, about fifty years of age, and athletically built; he was dressed in a white coat, corduroy breeches, shoes, and grey worsted stockings. The woman seemed many years older than the man; she was tall also, and strongly built, and dressed in the ancient Welsh female costume, namely, a kind of round half Spanish hat, long blue woollen kirtle or gown, a crimson petticoat, and white apron, and broad stout shoes with buckles.

"Welcome, stranger," said the man, after looking me a moment or two full in the face.

"Croesaw, dyn dieithr — welcome, foreign man," said the woman, surveying me with a look of great curiosity.

"Won't you sit down?" said the man, handing me a chair.

I sat down, and the man and woman resumed their seats.

"I suppose you come on business connected with the factory?" said the man.

"No," said I, "my business is connected with Owen Glendower."

"With Owen Glendower?" said the man, staring.

"Yes," said I, "I came to see his place."

"You will not see much of his house now," said the man—"it is down; only a few bricks remain."

"But I shall see the place where his house stood," said I, "which is all I expected to see."

"Yes, you can see that."

"What does the dyn dieithr say?" said the woman in Welsh with an inquiring look.

"That he is come to see the place of Owen Glendower."

"Ah!" said the woman with a smile.

"Is that good lady your wife?" said I.

"She is."

"She looks much older than yourself."

"And no wonder. She is twenty-one years older."

"How old are you?"

"Fifty-three."

"Dear me," said I, "what a difference in your ages. How came you to marry?"

"She was a widow and I had lost my wife. We were lone in the world, so we thought we would marry."

"Do you live happily together?"

"Very."

"Then you did quite right to marry. What is your name?"

"David Robert."

"And that of your wife?"

"Gwen Robert."

"Does she speak English?"

"She speaks some, but not much."

"Is the place where Owen lived far from here?"

"It is not. It is the round hill a little way above the factory."

"Is the path to it easy to find?"

"I will go with you," said the man. "I

work at the factory, but I need not go there for an hour at least."

He put on his hat and bidding me follow him went out. He led me over a gush of water which passing under the factory turns the wheel; thence over a field or two towards a house at the foot of the mountain where he said the steward of Sir Watkin lived, of whom it would be as well to apply for permission to ascend the hill, as it was Sir Watkin's ground. The steward was not at home; his wife was, however, and she, when we told her we wished to go to the top of Owain Glendower's Hill, gave us permission with a smile. We thanked her and proceeded to mount the hill or monticle once the residence of the great Welsh chieftain, whom his own deeds and the pen of Shakespear have rendered immortal.

Owen Glendower's hill or mount at Sycharth, unlike the one bearing his name on the banks of the Dee, is not an artificial hill, but the work of nature, save and except that to a certain extent it has been modified by the hand of man. It is somewhat conical and consists of two steps

or gradations, where two fosses scooped out of the hill go round it, one above the other, the lower one embracing considerably the most space. Both these fosses are about six feet deep, and at one time doubtless were bricked, as stout large, red bricks are yet to be seen, here and there, in their sides. The top of the mount is just twenty-five feet across. When I visited it it was covered with grass, but had once been subjected to the plough as various furrows indicated. The monticle stands not far from the western extremity of the valley, nearly midway between two hills which confront each other north and south, the one to the south being the hill which I had descended, and the other a beautiful wooded height which is called in the parlance of the country Llwyn Sycharth or the grove of Sycharth, from which comes the little gush of water which I had crossed, and which now turns the wheel of the factory and once turned that of Owen Glendower's mill, and filled his two moats, part of the water by some mechanical means having been forced up the emi-

nence. On the top of this hill or monticle in a timber house dwelt the great Welshman Owen Glendower, with his wife, a comely, kindly woman, and his progeny, consisting of stout boys and blooming girls, and there, though wonderfully cramped for want of room, he feasted bards who requited his hospitality with alliterative odes very difficult to compose, and which at the present day only a few book-worms understand. There he dwelt for many years, the virtual if not the nominal king of North Wales, occasionally no doubt looking down with self-complaisance from the top of his fastness on the parks and fish-ponds of which he had several; his mill, his pigeon tower, his ploughed lands, and the cottages of a thousand retainers, huddled round the lower part of the hill, or strewn about the valley; and there he might have lived and died had not events caused him to draw the sword and engage in a war, at the termination of which Sycharth was a fire-scathed ruin, and himself a broken-hearted old man in anchorite's weeds, living in a cave on the estate of Sir John

Scudamore, the great Herefordshire proprietor, who married his daughter Elen, his only surviving child.

After I had been a considerable time on the hill looking about me and asking questions of my guide I took out a piece of silver and offered it to him, thanking him at the same time for the trouble he had taken in showing me the place. He refused it, saying that I was quite welcome.

I tried to force it upon him.

"I will not take it," said he; "but if you come to my house and have a cup of coffee, you may give sixpence to my old woman."

"I will come," said I, "in a short time. In the meanwhile do you go; I wish to be alone."

"What do you want to do?"

"To sit down and endeavour to recall Glendower, and the times that are past."

The fine fellow looked puzzled; at last he said "Very well," shrugged his shoulders, and descended the hill.

When he was gone I sat down on the brow of the hill, and with my face turned to the east began slowly to chant a translation made by

myself in the days of my boyhood of an ode to Sycharth composed by Iolo Goch when upwards of a hundred years old, shortly after his arrival at that place, to which he had been invited by Owen Glendower :—

Twice have I pledg'd my word to thee
To come thy noble face to see ;
His promises let every man
Perform as far as e'er he can!
Full easy is the thing that's sweet,
And sweet this journey is and meet ;
I've vow'd to Owain's court to go,
And I'm resolv'd to keep my vow ;
So thither straight I'll take my way
With blithesome heart, and there I'll stay,
Respect and honour, whilst I breathe,
To find his honour'd roof beneath.
My chief of long lin'd ancestry
Can harbour sons of poesy ;
I've heard, for so the muse has told,
He's kind and gentle to the old ;
Yes, to his castle I will hie ;
There's none to match it 'neath the sky :
It is a baron's stately court,
Where bards for sumptuous fare resort ;
There dwells the lord of Powis land,
Who granteth every just demand.
Its likeness now I'll limn you out :
'Tis water girdled wide about ;
It shows a wide and stately door
Reached by a bridge the water o'er ;
'Tis form'd of buildings coupled fair,
Coupled is every couple there ;
Within a quadrate structure tall
Muster the merry pleasures all.

Conjointly are the angles bound—
No flaw in all the place is found.
Structures in contact meet the eye
Upon the hillock's top on high;
Into each other fastened they
The form of a hard knot display.
There dwells the chief we all extol
In timber house on lightsome knoll;
Upon four wooden columns proud
Mounteth his mansion to the cloud;
Each column's thick and firmly bas'd,
And upon each a loft is plac'd;
In these four lofts, which coupled stand,
Repose at night the minstrel band;
Four lofts they were in pristine state,
But now partitioned form they eight.
Tiled is the roof, on each house-top
Rise smoke-ejecting chimneys up.
All of one form there are nine halls
Each with nine wardrobes in its walls
With linen white as well supplied
As fairest shops of fam'd Cheapside.
Behold that church with cross uprais'd
And with its windows neatly glaz'd;
All houses are in this comprest—
An orchard's near it of the best,
Also a park where void of fear
Feed antler'd herds of fallow deer.
A warren wide my chief can boast,
Of goodly steeds a countless host.
Meads where for hay the clover grows,
Corn-fields which hedges trim inclose,
A mill a rushing brook upon,
And pigeon tower fram'd of stone;
A fish-pond deep and dark to see
To cast nets in when need there be,
Which never yet was known to lack
A plenteous store of perch and jack.

Of various plumage birds abound;
Herons and peacocks haunt around.
What luxury doth his hall adorn,
Showing of cost a sovereign scorn;
His ale from Shrewsbury town he brings;
His usquebaugh is drink for kings;
Bragget he keeps, bread white of look,
And, bless the mark! a bustling cook.
His mansion is the minstrels' home,
You'll find them there whene'er you come.
Of all her sex his wife's the best;
The household through her care is blest;
She's scion of a knightly tree,
She's dignified, she's kind and free.
His bairns approach me, pair by pair,
O what a nest of chieftains fair!
Here difficult it is to catch
A sight of either bolt or latch;
The porter's place here none will fill;
Here largess shall be lavish'd still,
And ne'er shall thirst or hunger rude
In Sycharth venture to intrude.
A noble leader, Cambria's knight,
The lake possesses, his by right,
And midst that azure water plac'd,
The castle, by each pleasure grac'd.

And when I had finished repeating these lines I said, "How much more happy, innocent, and holy, I was in the days of my boyhood when I translated Iolo's ode than I am at the present time!" Then covering my face with my hands I wept like a child.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CUP OF COFFEE.—GWEN.—BLUFF OLD FELLOW.—A RABBLE ROUT.—ALL FROM WREXHAM.

AFTER a while I arose from my seat and descending the hill returned to the house of my honest friends, whom I found sitting by their fire as I had first seen them.

"Well," said the man, "did you bring back Owen Glendower?"

"Not only him," said I, "but his house, family, and all relating to him."

"By what means?" said the man.

By means of a song made a long time ago, which describes Sycharth as it was in his time, and his manner of living there."

Presently Gwen, who had been preparing coffee in expectation of my return, poured out

a cupful, which she presented to me, at the same time handing me some white sugar in a basin.

I took the coffee, helped myself to some sugar, and returned her thanks in her own language.

"Ah," said the man, in Welsh, "I see you are a Cumro. Gwen and I have been wondering whether you were Welsh or English; but I see you are one of ourselves."

"No," said I in the same language, "I am an Englishman, born in a part of England the farthest of any from Wales. In fact, I am a Carn Sais."

"And how came you to speak Welsh?" said the man.

"I took it into my head to learn it when I was a boy," said I. "Englishmen sometimes do strange things."

"So I have heard," said the man, "but I never heard before of an Englishman learning Welsh."

I proceeded to drink my coffee, and having finished it, and had a little more discourse I got up, and having given Gwen a piece of silver,

which she received with a smile and a curtsey, I said I must now be going.

"Won't you take another cup?" said Gwen, "you are welcome."

"No, thank you," said I, "I have had enough."

"Where are you going?" said the man in English.

"To Llan Rhyadr," said I, "from which I came this morning."

"Which way did you come?" said the man.

"By Llan Gedwin," I replied, "and over the hill. Is there another way?"

"There is," said the man, "by Llan Silin."

"Llan Silin!" said I; "is not that the place where Huw Morris is buried?"

"It is," said the man.

"I will return by Llan Silin," said I, "and in passing through pay a visit to the tomb of the great poet. Is Llan Silin far off?"

"About half a mile," said the man. "Go over the bridge, turn to the right, and you will be there presently."

I shook the honest couple by the hand and

bade them farewell. The man put on his hat and went with me a few yards from the door, and then proceeded towards the factory. I passed over the bridge, under which was a streamlet, which a little below the bridge received the brook which once turned Owen Glendower's corn-mill. I soon reached Llan Silin, a village or townlet, having some high hills at a short distance to the westward, which form part of the Berwyn.

I entered the kitchen of an old-fashioned public-house, and sitting down by a table told the landlord, a red-nosed elderly man who came bowing up to me, to bring me a pint of ale. The landlord bowed and departed. A bluff-looking old fellow somewhat under the middle size, sat just opposite to me at the table. He was dressed in a white frieze coat, and had a small hat on his head set rather consequentially on one side. Before him on the table stood a jug of ale, between which and him lay a large crabstick. Three or four other people stood or sat in different parts of the room. Presently the landlord returned with the ale.

"I suppose you come on sessions business, sir?" said he, as he plated it down before me.

"Are the sessions being held here to-day?" said I.

"They are," said the landlord, "and there is plenty of business; two bad cases of poaching. Sir Watkin's keepers are up at court and hope to convict."

"I am not come on sessions business," said I; "I am merely strolling a little about to see the country."

"He is come from South Wales," said the old fellow, in the frieze coat, to the landlord, "in order to see what kind of country the north is. Well at any rate he has seen a better country than his own."

"How do you know that I come from South Wales?" said I.

"By your English," said the old fellow; "anybody may know you are South Welsh by your English; it is so cursedly bad. But let's hear you speak a little Welsh; then I shall be certain as to who you are."

I did as he bade me, saying a few words in Welsh.

"There's Welsh," said the old fellow, "who but a South Welshman would talk Welsh in that manner? It's nearly as bad as your English."

I asked him if he had ever been in South Wales.

"Yes," said he; "and a bad country I found it; just like the people."

"If you take me for a South Welshman," said I, "you ought to speak civilly both of the South Welsh and their country."

"I am merely paying tit for tat," said the old fellow. "When I was in South Wales your people laughed at my folks and country, so when I meet one of them here I serve him out as I was served out there."

I made no reply to him, but addressing myself to the landlord inquired whether Huw Morris was not buried in Llan Silin churchyard. He replied in the affirmative.

"I should like to see his tomb," said I.

"Well, sir," said the landlord, "I shall be

happy to show it to you whenever you please."

Here again the old fellow put in his word.

"You never had a prydydd like Huw Morris in South Wales," said he; "nor Twm o'r Nant either."

"South Wales has produced good poets," said I.

"No, it hasn't," said the old fellow; "it never produced one. If it had you wouldn't have needed to come here to see the grave of a poet; you would have found one at home."

As he said these words he got up, took his stick, and seemed about to depart. Just then in burst a rabble rout of gamekeepers and river-watchers who had come from the petty sessions, and were in high glee, the two poachers whom the landlord had mentioned having been convicted and heavily fined. Two or three of them were particularly boisterous, running against some of the guests who were sitting or standing in the kitchen, and pushing the landlord about, crying at the same time that they would stand

by Sir Watkin to the last, and would never see him plundered. One of them, a fellow of about thirty, in a hairy cap, black coat, dirty yellow breeches, and dirty white top-boots, who was the most obstreperous of them all, at last came up to the old chap who disliked South Welshmen and tried to knock off his hat, swearing that he would stand by Sir Watkin; he, however, met a Tartar. The enemy of the South Welsh, like all crusty people, had lots of mettle, and with the stick which he held in his hand forthwith aimed a blow at the fellow's poll, which, had he not jumped back, would probably have broken it.

"I will not be insulted by you, you vagabond," said the old chap, "nor by Sir Watkin either; go and tell him so."

The fellow looked sheepish, and turning away proceeded to take liberties with other people less dangerous to meddle with than old crabstick. He, however, soon desisted, and sat down evidently disconcerted.

"Were you ever worse treated in South

Wales by the people there than you have been here by your own countrymen?" said I to the old fellow.

"My countrymen?" said he; "this scamp is no countryman of mine; nor is one of the whole kit. They are all from Wrexham, a mixture of broken housekeepers, and fellows too stupid to learn a trade: a set of scamps fit for nothing in the world but to swear bodily against honest men. They say they will stand up for Sir Watkin, and so they will, but only in a box in the Court to give false evidence. They won't fight for him on the banks of the river. Countrymen of mine, indeed! they are no countrymen of mine; they are from Wrexham, where the people speak neither English nor Welsh, not even South Welsh as you do."

Then giving a kind of flourish with his stick he departed.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LLAN SILIN CHURCH.—TOMB OF HUW MORRIS.—BARBARA AND RICHARD.—WELSH COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.—THE SWEARING LAD.—ANGLO-SAXON DEVILS.

HAVING discussed my ale I asked the landlord if he would show me the grave of Huw Morris. "With pleasure, sir," said he; "pray follow me." He led me to the churchyard, in which several enormous yew trees were standing, probably of an antiquity which reached as far back as the days of Henry the Eighth, when the yew bow was still the favourite weapon of the men of Britain. The church fronts the south, the portico being in that direction. The body of the sacred edifice is ancient, but the steeple which bears a gilded cock on its top is modern. The innkeeper led me directly up to the southern wall, then pointing to a broad discoloured slab,

which lay on the ground just outside the wall, about midway between the portico and the oriel end he said :

"Underneath this stone lies Huw Morris, sir." Forthwith taking off my hat I went down on my knees and kissed the cold slab covering the cold remains of the mighty Huw, and then, still on my knees, proceeded to examine it attentively. It is covered over with letters three parts defaced. All I could make out of the inscription was the date of the poet's death 1709. "A great genius, a very great genius, sir," said the innkeeper, after I had got on my feet and put on my hat.

"He was indeed," said I : "are you acquainted with his poetry ?"

"O yes," said the innkeeper, and then repeated the four lines composed by the poet shortly before his death, which I had heard the intoxicated stonemason repeat in the public-house of the Pandy, the day I went to visit the poet's residence with John Jones.

"Do you know any more of Huw's poetry ?" said I.

"No," said the innkeeper. "Those lines,

however, I have known ever since I was a child and repeated them, more particularly of late since age has come upon me and I have felt that I cannot last long."

It is very odd how few of the verses of great poets are in people's mouths. Not more than a dozen of Shakespear's lines are in people's mouths; of those of Pope not more than half that number. Of Addison's poetry two or three lines may be in people's mouths, though I never heard one quoted, the only line which I ever heard quoted as Addison's not being his but Garth's:

"'Tis best repenting in a coach and six."

Whilst of the verses of Huw Morris I never knew any one but myself, who am not a Welshman, who could repeat a line beyond the four which I have twice had occasion to mention, and which seem to be generally known in North if not in South Wales.

From the flagstone I proceeded to the portico and gazed upon it intensely. It presented nothing very remarkable, but it had the greatest interest for me, for I remembered how many

times Huw Morris had walked out of that porch at the head of the congregation, the clergyman yielding his own place to the inspired bard. I would fain have entered the church, but the landlord had not the key and told me that he imagined there would be some difficulty in procuring it. I was therefore obliged to content myself with peeping through a window into the interior, which had a solemn and venerable aspect.

"Within there," said I to myself, "Huw Morris the greatest songster of the seventeenth century knelt every Sunday during the latter thirty years of his life, after walking from Pont y Meibion across the bleak and savage Berwyn. Within there was married Barbara Wynn the Rose of Maelai to Richard Middleton the handsome cavalier of Maelor, and within there she lies buried, even as the songster who lamented her untimely death in immortal verse lies buried out here in the graveyard. What interesting associations has this church for me, both outside and in; but all connected with Huw; for what should I have known of Barbara the Rose and

gallant Richard but for the poem on their affectionate union and untimely separation, the dialogue between the living and the dead, composed by humble Huw, the farmer's son of Pont y Meibion?"

After gazing through the window till my eyes watered I turned to the innkeeper, and inquired the way to Llan Rhyadr. Having received from him the desired information I thanked him for his civility, and set out on my return.

Before I could get clear of the town I suddenly encountered my friend R——, the clever lawyer and magistrate's clerk of Llangollen.

"I little expected to see you here," said he.

"Nor I you," I replied.

"I came in my official capacity," said he; "the petty sessions have been held here to-day."

"I know they have," I replied; "and that two poachers have been convicted. I came here in my way to South Wales to see the grave of Huw Morris, who, as you know, is buried in the churchyard"

"Have you seen the clergyman?" said R——.

"No," I replied.

"Then come with me," said he; "I am now going to call upon him. I know he will be rejoiced to make your acquaintance."

He led me to the clergyman's house, which stood at the south-west end of the village within a garden fenced with an iron paling. We found the clergyman in a nice comfortable parlour or study, the sides of which were decorated with books. He was a sharp clever-looking man, of about the middle age. On my being introduced to him he was very glad to see me, as my friend R—— told me he would be. He seemed to know all about me, even that I understood Welsh. We conversed on various subjects: on the power of the Welsh language; its mutable letters; on Huw Morris, and likewise on ale, with an excellent glass of which he regaled me. I was much pleased with him, and thought him a capital specimen of the Welsh country clergyman. His name was Walter Jones.

After staying about half-an-hour I took leave

of the good kind man, who wished me all kind of happiness, spiritual and temporal, and said that he should always be happy to see me at Llan Silin. My friend R—— walked with me a little way and then bade me farewell. It was now late in the afternoon, the sky was grey and gloomy, and a kind of half wintry wind was blowing. In the forenoon I had travelled along the eastern side of the valley, which I will call that of Llan Rhyadr, directing my course to the north, but I was now on the western side of the valley journeying towards the south. In about half-an-hour I found myself nearly parallel with the high crag which I had seen from a distance in the morning. It was now to the east of me. Its western front was very precipitous, but on its northern side it was cultivated nearly to the summit. As I stood looking at it from near the top of a gentle acclivity a boy with a team, whom I had passed a little time before, came up. He was whipping his horses, who were straining up the ascent, and was swearing at them most frightfully in English. I addressed him in that language, inquiring the

name of the crag, but he answered Dim-Saesneg, and then again fell to cursing his horses in English. I allowed him and his team to get to the top of the ascent, and then overtaking him I said in Welsh: "What do you mean by saying you have no English? you were talking English just now to your horses."

"Yes," said the lad, "I have English enough for my horses, and that is all."

"You seem to have plenty of Welsh," said I; "why don't you speak Welsh to your horses?"

"It's of no use speaking Welsh to them," said the boy; "Welsh isn't strong enough."

"Isn't Myn Diawl tolerably strong?" said I.

"Not strong enough for horses," said the boy; "if I were to say Myn Diawl to my horses, or even Cas András they would laugh at me."

"Do the other carters," said I, "use the same English to their horses which you do to yours?"

"Yes," said the boy, "they all use the same English words; if they didn't, the horses wouldn't mind them."

"What a triumph," thought I, "for the English language that the Welsh carters are obliged to

have recourse to its oaths and execrations to make their horses get on!"

I said nothing more to the boy on the subject of language, but again asked him the name of the crag. "It is called Craig y Gorllewin," said he. I thanked him, and soon left him and his team far behind.

Notwithstanding what the boy said about the milk-and-water character of native Welsh oaths, the Welsh have some very pungent execrations, quite as efficacious, I should say, to make a horse get on as any in the English swearing vocabulary. Some of their oaths are curious, being connected with heathen times and Druidical mythology; for example that Cas András, mentioned by the boy, which means hateful enemy or horrible András. András or Andraste was the fury or Demigorgon of the Ancient Cumry, to whom they built temples and offered sacrifices out of fear. Curious that the same oath should be used by the Christian Cumry of the present day, which was in vogue amongst their pagan ancestors some three thousand years ago. However, the same thing is

observable amongst us Christian English: we say the Duse take you! even as our heathen Saxon forefathers did, who worshipped a kind of Devil so called and named a day of the week after him, which name we still retain in our hebdomadal calendar like those of several other Anglo-Saxon devils. We also say: Go to old Nick! and Nick or Nikkur was a surname of Woden, and also the name of a spirit which haunted fords and was in the habit of drowning passengers.

Night came quickly upon me after I had passed the swearing lad. However, I was fortunate enough to reach Llan Rhyadr, without having experienced any damage or impediment from Diawl, András, Duse or Nick.

END OF VOL. II.

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